

U.S. Government Report:

Carlton is lowest.

Box or Menthol:

10 Carlton have <u>less</u> tar than 1:

	tar mg./cig	nicotine mg./cig
Kent	12	0.9
Marlboro Lights	12	0.8
Merit	8	0.6
Salem Lights	10	0.8
Vantage	11	0.8
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	1	0.1
Carlton Menthol	less than 1	0.1
Carlton Box	less than 0.5	0.05

Less than 1 mg. tar, 0.1 mg. nic.

Of all brands, lowest...Carlton Box; less than 0.5 mg. tar and 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78.

Carlton.

The <u>lighter</u> 100%.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box Less than 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine: Soft Pack and Menthol: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. FTC Report May '78, 100 mm; 5 mg. "tar," 0.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

AFTER DEVELOPING THE WORLD'S MOST PRECISE METERING SYSTEM, SUCCESS WENT TO OUR HEADS.

Most any audio manufacturer today would be completely content with a cassette deck that offered the incredible Fluroscan metering system found in Pioneer's CT-F950.

But Pioneer isn't just any audio manufacturer. And the CT-F950 isn't

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Instead of slow-to-react VU meters that give you limited resolution, the CT-F950 has a Fluroscan metering system that gives you a far more accurate picture of what you're listening to. It even has Peak, Peak Hold, and Average Buttons that let you record without

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A DIGITAL BRAIN WITH AN ELECTRONIC MEMORY.

Pioneer's CT-F950 has a digital brain with a memory that performs four different functions. Memory Stop. Memory Play. Counter Repeat. And End Repeat.

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monitor.

The CT-F950 allows you to bias by ear. So you have as much control over

your tape deck as you would over any musical

instrument.
Of course

Of course, these are just a few of the virtues of the CT-F950. But there are also features like a Double Dolby noise reduction system. And direct function switching.

Obviously, all that went into Pioneer's CT-F950

sounds impressive. But it's not half as impressive as what comes out of it.

So we suggest you go to your Pioneer dealer and listen to it. You'll hear what's really

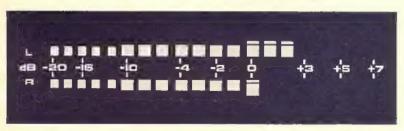
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SS: We bring it back alive.

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fear of overload.

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PLAYBIL

IT'S Showers-And-Flowers time again, and that means it's time for our annual Year in Music issue. And what better way to kick it off than with a Playboy Interview with Linda Ronstadt, America's first lady of country-soul music and (according to the ever-present rumors) a possible candidate for First Lady period. Speaking of rumors, Linda's conversations with her old friend Jean Vollely dispel a few and confirm a few. After you finish the interview, turn to Playboy Music '80, written by Carl Philip Snyder, Contributing Editor David Standish and Assistant Editor Kote Noton. The whole package, designed by Associate Art Director Skip Williamson, includes the results of the latest Playboy Music Poll.

Music seemed to go downhill as the Seventies rolled on, and, according to Erico Jong, so did sex. Jong, who last appeared in PLAYBOY when we excerpted her second novel, How to Save Your Own Life, in January 1977, says some elements of the women's movement have taken the humor (and most of the fun) out of sex. In You Have to Be Liberated to Laugh, Erica proves that at least she hasn't lost her sense of humor.

No laughing matter is health, the subject of Medicine and the Mind, by David Block (illustrated by Jean Michael Folon). Black brings us the message from the frontiers of medical research that the causes of physical illness are far more related to our states of mind than previously had been suspected and that, conversely, good health has more to do with positive thinking than with keeping your feet dry. Ironically, Black says, "During the research for the article, I developed terrible stomach cramps and nausea. I felt as if I were dying. Only by regularly practicing a stress-reducing technique I learned while doing the article was I able to finish it "

While Black was probing the benefits of a sound mind, Irocy J. Johnston was learning about the pluses of having a bent one—the particular mind in question belonging to Chuck Borris, the television producer who spawned The Gong Show and other popular atrocities. As Johnston finds out in All the Freaking Way to the Bank (illustrated by Chorles Shields), Barris may not be a genius, but he sure knows what America thinks is funny. He doesn't have the corner on screwballs, though. Joy Cronley creates several of his own in (what else?) Screwballs (illustrated by Low Beach), the story of the wackiest baseball team in history. It's an excerpt from Cronley's forthcoming novel of the same title, to be published by Doubleday. Says Cronley: "I wrote the book because I think the majority of big-shot major-league baseball players are jerks; but don't get me wrong-these days, jerks are among this country's most important people." Cronley adds that his future plans include "avoiding big-shot major-league baseball players in bars."

Running into an irate jerk, er, jock sounds risky to us, but not as dangerous as the life of top spy William King Horvey. David C. Martin profiles Harvey and the frustrations he had with his boss, the Federal Government, in The American James Bond: A True Story, from the book Wilderness of Mirrors, due soon from Harper & Row. Already in bookstores from Harper & Row is Different Dances, from which this month's Shel Silverstein offering, Some Enchanted Evening, is taken. Also dangerous, but in a completely different way, is April's Playmate, Lix Glozowski. Ken Morcos photographed her deadly assets, and, as you'll see, she's a killer. To round out the issue, we have Playboy's Playmate Reunion, a once-in-aquarter-century experience; our annual Playboy's Spring and Summer Fashion Forecast, by Fashion Director David Platt; Washington Contributing Editor Peter Ross Ronge's account of his Travels with Teddy; and Women of the Armed Forces, a pictorial that's sure to start your patriotic juices flowing, so to speak. May the Easter bunny smile upon you.



























PLAYBOY

PLAYBILL

vol. 27, no. 4-april, 1980

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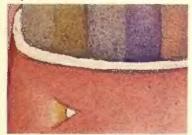
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COVER STORY

Shari Shattuck, the lady holding the Rabbit mike so very delicately, is an Atlanta model whose extraordinarily cute tush is attributable to her years of training as a competitive ice skater. Executive Art Director Tom Staebler designed and photographed the cover and Jerry Adams styled Shari's hair. And what's Shari trying to tell you? That we've got a great music issue for you, with The Year in Music (on page 181) and a Playboy Interview with Linda Ronstadt. Boogie!

TO THE BANK—personality		
We discovered Polish Playmate Liz Glazowski in our home town during our 25th-anniversary hunt, and you wrote us hundreds of letters asking to see more of her. So feast your eyes.		
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor		
YOU HAVE TO BE LIBERATED TO LAUGH—article ERICA JONG 154 The sexual revolution has taken the humor out of sex and, in the process, has taken a lot of the fun out of sex as well.		
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In The Year in Music, by Carl Philip Snyder, we find that it was a rough year for record companies and concert promoters, but the beat went on. Also: Hits, Hypes & Heavies; the results of the Playboy Music Poll; and a pop-music quiz to test whether or not you were paying attention.		
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MEMOREX HIGH BIAS TEST NO. 2.

WHICH HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH "LUCILLE"?



Select any blues solo where B.B. King really lets "Lucille" sing, and record it on your favorite high bias tape.

Now record the same solo on MEMOREX HIGH BIAS tape, and listen to the two tapes back to back.

We're convinced you'll have a new favorite for two important reasons:

- 1. At standard record levels, no high bias tape has a flatter response across the entire frequency range
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In short, you can't find a high bias cassette that gives you truer reproduction. And, after all, isn't that what you buy a high bias tape for?

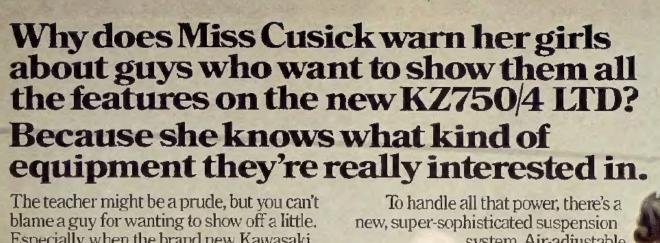
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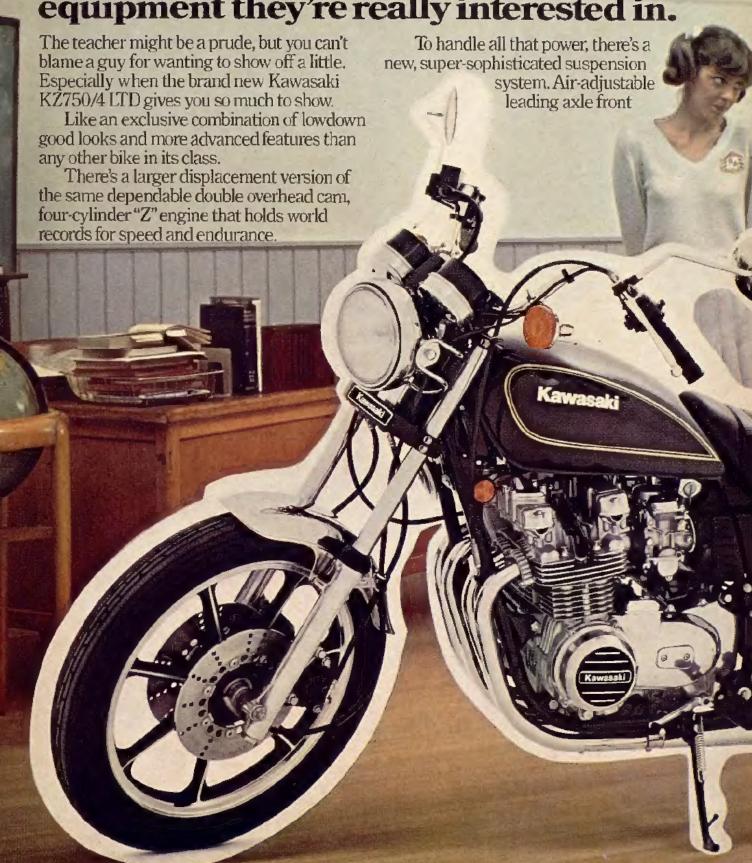
The legendary "Lucille" is a Gibson ES 355 made especially for B.B. King.

HIGH BIAS

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Cafe // classy coffee



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



STEVE MARTIN IN TERRE HAUTE: NO HARD FEELINGS

Steve Martin, in his Playboy Interview (January), described Terre Haute, Indiana, as "the most nowhere place in America," Mayor Bill Brighton retorted: "Well, excusuuse me!" and invited the comedian for a mock tour of the town. At left, Martin, with Bunnies Marsha Jones (left) and Grace Mika helping him autograph copies of the issue. Below, Terre Haute radio personalities Mel Browning (left) and Larry Trimmer show their support for the city's "High on Haute" promotional campaign.



BLACK'S TIE AFFAIR

Chicago's Playboy Mansion was the scene of a party honoring actress Karen Black during the Chicago International Film Festival. At right, she and actor Maximilian Schell chal. Below, film-festival founder and director Michael J. Kutza, Jr., and columnist Iry Kupcinet are seen rubbing elbows. Literally.





A PRESENT FOR HEF

Hugh M. Hefner's enthusiasm for the razzle-dazzle pop group Manhattan Transfer was responsible for some of its early big bookings—and the Transfer returned the favor with a Christmas-gift live performance at Playboy Mansion West (below). In bottom photo, Hef and Heather Waite clap their thanks,





MONIQUE OPTIQUE

A lot of eyes were glued on Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre In front of her Optyl Corporation poster at the Southeastern Society of Dispensing Opticians Convention in Atlanta. Optyl manufactures Playboy eyewear; it's clear that men would make passes....



BELABORING THE OBVIOUS

Dr. Hook's single When You're in Love with a Beautiful Woman got a boost in the country's record stores with this poster of October 1978 Playmate Marcy Hanson, who certainly is one.





HONK IF YOU LOVE MISS SEPTEMBER

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

If you're stuck in San Francisco traffic and notice this personalized license plate, relax. Yes, it is our Phi Beta Kappa Playmate, Vicki McCarty (September 1979).



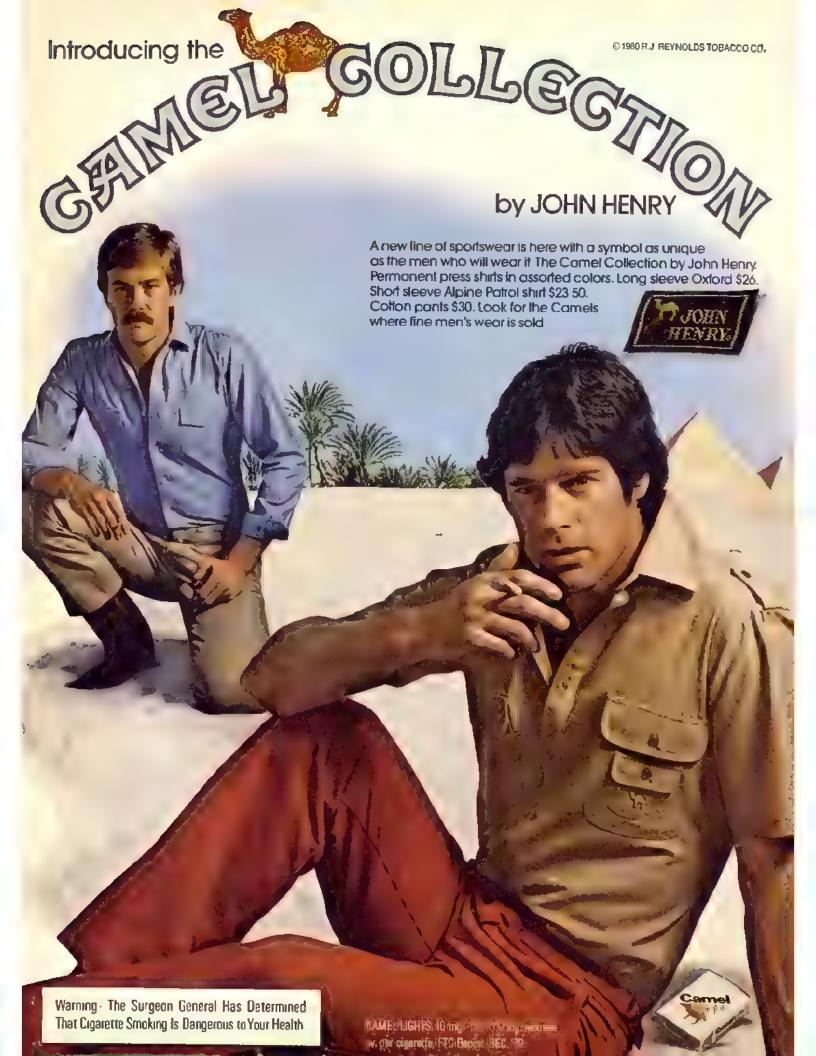


ROLLING INTO

Playmate Dorothy Stratten (August 1979) is shown at the concession counter during a scene from Skatetown U.S.A. Her shtick in the movie is to keep asking for a pizza. Gary Mule Deer, who in this scene plays a guy behind the counter, fordles some tomatoes; we suspect he has other things on his mind, too.

Two great naturals together for the first time. Leroux Coffee Amaretto.







DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS DEAR PLAYBOY PLAYBOY BUILDING 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611

TOAST OF TERRE HAUTE

It's about time! I first saw that you were going to do an interview with Steve Martin in your "Coming in the Months Mead" section in the January 1979 issoe. And after reading the excellent Janpary 1980 interview, I found that my wait was well rewarded. Eve been a fan of Steve's for three years, but it seems I didn't know much about him until after 1 read Lawrence Grobel's interview 1 thought that it might be fun to perform in front of thousands of people, but now I realize that comedy isn't pretty.

Phil Kr egler Omaha Nebraska

Steve Martin's interview unfortunate ly, reveals him to be a classic comic stereotype irreverent, unstable and highly uninteresting offstage. His comments proclaiming Bernadette Peters to be a "landmark singer" are almost as gresponsible as his suggesting that 'businessmen and executives" only "make and sell shit," though that remark is not completely without insight. When it comes to the businessmen and executives who promote his cireer and market his record albums, a very strong argument could be made in his favor.

Somebody needs to remind Steve Mai tin that his movie shooting is over and he can stop behaving like a jerk. So-Lerre Haute and other stops on his long stretch tours in the Midwest" are not like Aspen or Beverly Hills, Few places in the real world are. Terre Haute is a place a touring entertainer has been known to breeze into on a leased bus, give no interviews, sign no autographs. permit no backstage photography, per form onstage for an hour, leave immediately and lead down the interstate toward another "nowhere" concert but taking along \$25,000 or so to spend later in Aspen and Beverly Hills, Sorry, Steve, but your attitude is inexcusable.

Lawrence Beymer Lerre Haute, Indiana

Steve has since apologized for that un fortunate ship of the tip He had meant to say Abilene Or was it Buffalo?

Methodical bizarre behavior that reaps hoge linancial rewards doesn't seem wild or crazy to me at all. Steve Martin's got to be the most sensible person I've ever heard about. I hope he'll continue his personal-appearance concert tours, keep his creative juices flowing and continue to challenge himself-all for our benefit!

Lynn W. Gregg Canton Michigan

Thank you for exposing Steve Martin on the January cover. His hairy chest is absolutely gorgeous.

> Monica 5. Ruybalid. Phoenix, Arizona

GAYS ON THE RISE

After reading your January arucle The San Francisco Experience, by Nora Gallagher, I would like to comment. I was born and raised in San Francisco, I two great children. We live in San Fran-

Greg Madson am straight. I have a beautiful wife and Ames, lowacisco because we love living here. I work with gay men and women and my wife and I have gay friends. The gay people my wife and I socialize with are not lump-wristed, nor are they sex-crazed maniacs looking for cock every waking moment, as the author would have us believe. The gay people we know have the same problems, wants and needs as every other person in this country. The author makes a big deal about the weird people who hang out on Castro Street but neglects to mention they are a small lunatic fringe element most gay people avoid themselves. Furthermore, I think PLAYEDY (53N CO32 > 478) APP L 1980 YOLLWE 27 NUMBER 4 PLBLISHED MONTHLY BY PLAYEDY FLAYBOY BLDG BIT N MCHIGAR AVE CH AGO ILL GOIT BLOBGGRIPYIONS IN THE UNIFEC STALES ARE 15 PG55555 ONS \$18 FOR 38 F850ES \$23 FOR 24 ISSUES \$13 FOR 12 ISSUES \$13 FOR 12 ISSUES \$14 FOR 12 ISSUES \$14 FOR 12 ISSUES \$14 FOR 12 ISSUES \$14 FOR NEW SUB 15 TO TOME AND BERKWAL LEARCH OF ARDER 5 FOR NEW SUB 15 TO TOME AND BERKWAL LEARCH OF ARDER 5 FOR NEW ADDRESS TO TOWN FOR THE WAS THE MAKETING RELACED.

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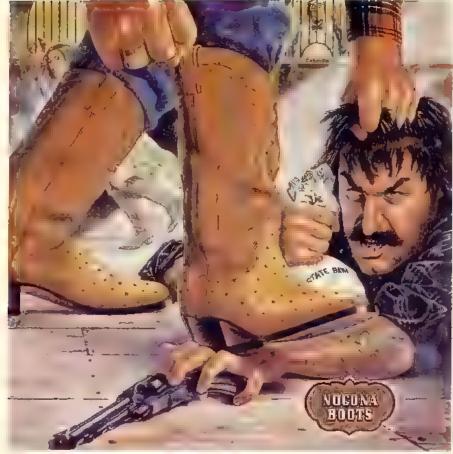
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Ask for Novona Boots where quality western boots are sold. Style shown #9056 with Genuine Ostrich Domp NOCONA BOOT COMPANY ENID JUSTIN. PRESIDENT DEPT PL9056 BOX 599 NOCONA, TEXAS 76255 817 925 3321



a private glory-hole club makes a lot more sense than walking into a public bathroom and finding men engaged in sex. Should I ever decide to suck a cock, and wish to do so in safety, anonymity and privacy, I'll go to a glory-hole club, but first I'll make dainn sure that Gallagher is not in San Francisco.

(Name withheld by request) San Francisco, California

Let's see . . . we used to be sexless, now we are whores; we used to be effete. now we come on like male athletes. Belore, we were objects of pity, now we are people to fear. When will the straights stop projecting their fears onto us? Obviously, these attitudes have come full turn and are now the opposites of their original forms. Who could satisfy you? My dears, you sound like a beyy of virgin junior high school girls, thalled and giddy yet frightened out of your wits at the more idea of being seduced! That is the real issue! Because gays will never rule anywhere! Not even in San Francisco. We must remain a minority power, as a fact of nature. Come on now You're not alraid of a few sissies are you?

> Bud Larsen Los Angeles, Calitornia

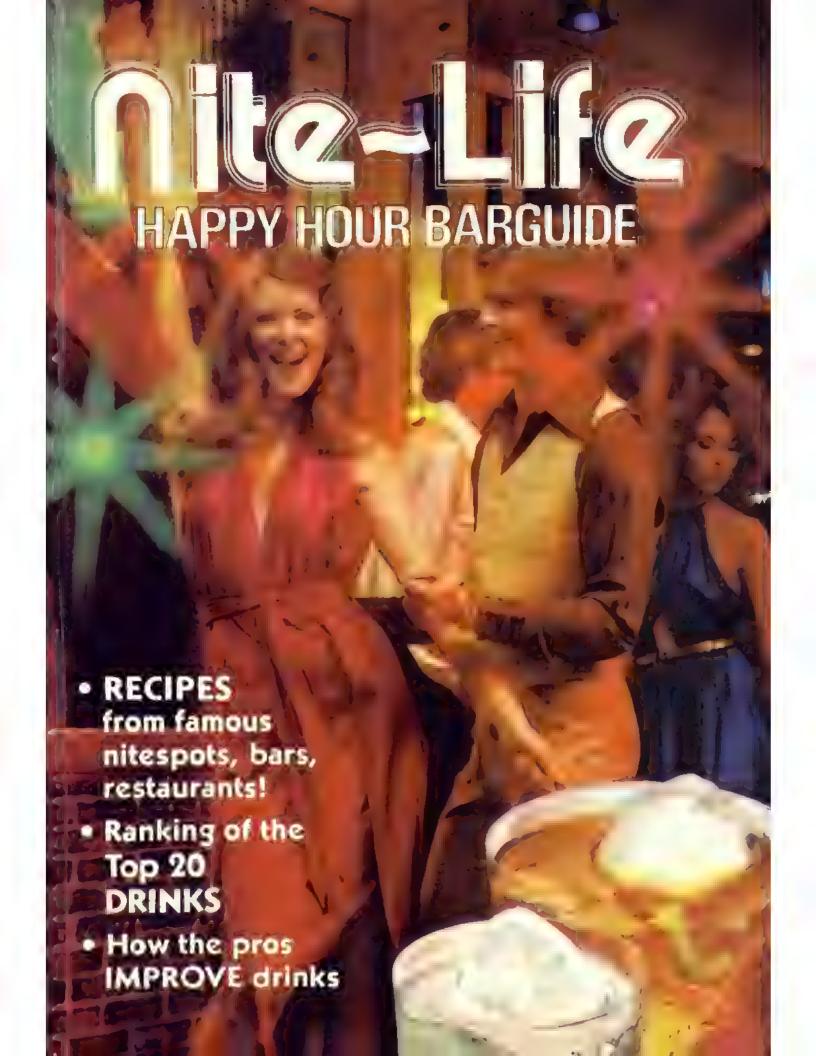
The news that straight society is hostide to us gays is no news at all, but I was surprised to find that they are of fended by our wearing jeans. I shirts short hair, etc. They did not like us in lay ender blouses, white shoes and bleached hair, either. Maybe they could save us all a lot of trouble by just telling us what gays are supposed to wear though I know of nothing that will render us invisible.

(Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

Nora Gallagher condemned homosex tasts by depicting them as "sluts" Not all homosexuals cruise the streets of Castro, or go to clubs with private booths, or cast away lovers every five minutes. And the majority of homosextasts are not militants. Let's hope Gallagher will follow her article with another on the homosexuals who are focusing their sexual crives on the finding of lasting love and companionship

Galata Joseph

McKeesport, Pennsylvania The entire spectrum of gay life cannot be covered in one article, and that was not our intention in publishing Gallagher's piece. "The San Francisco Experience" does, however, represent one aspect of the scene as newed by our writer and we have no reason to doubt the veracity of her report. We do intend to cover other facets of the gay culture as the occasion warrants and will publish jurther commentary both in article form and in "The Playboy Forum," where





CAN YOU RANK THEM? Test your skill! Write your quess in the boxes below

YOUR Old-Fashioned Sour **Bloody Mary** Stinger **Tequila Sunrise** Martini Pina Colada Tonic **Bacardi** Cocktail Daiguiri Wallbanger Gimiet Black Russian Manhattan Sombrero Rob Roy Margarita Collins Rum 'n Cole Screwdriver

Answers are on the following pages, with their recipes

Drink ratings indicate relative popularity of best sellers on an annual nation wide basis. Individual rank may vary by locale climate season, etc.

GREAT DRINKS

at home...the same way professionals make them at famous nitespots and bars

When the lights come on, it's time for fun. In bars, discos and dining spots, professional barmen are adding to your pleasure. Spurred by adventurous young adults, they're catering to new tastes in drinks, with different, better-tasting combinations of liquors and mixes. Even classic favorites are taking on new flavors! Examples of this are in this guide. Drinks you and your friends order determine national popularity rankings, and thus the drinks you'll want to serve at home.

Learn how to make the top 20 drinks:

This guide shows you how to mix all today's popular drinks, including the "top 20" best sellers in bars and restaurants. It has easy-to-use recipes for drinks made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, vodka, tequila, rum. Southern Comfort, You'll even be able to improve favorite drinks...when you learn the experts' secret of "switching" basic liquors. An example is their use of Southern Comfort as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans. Sours, even Collinses, etc. The difference is in the unique, delicious taste of Southern Comfort itself. First mix one of these drinks in the usual way: then mix the same drink with Comfort. Compare them The improvement is truly remarkable.

C 1979 SOUTHERN COMPGET CORPORATION





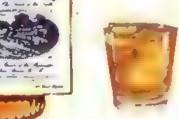
What is Southern Comfort?

Although it's used just like an ordinary whiskey. Southern Comfort tastes much different from any other basic liquor. And there's a reason. In gracious old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients, to create this superb, unusually smooth, special kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. It tastes good, right out of the bottle! Its formula

is still a family secret, its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor. First try it on-the-rocks. Then you'll understand why it improves mixed drinks, too. You'll

realize why more and more leading bars and restaurants are switching to Southern Comfort as a base for new

drinks and famous classics. It is the secret of creating the really good-tasting drinks that set today's trends



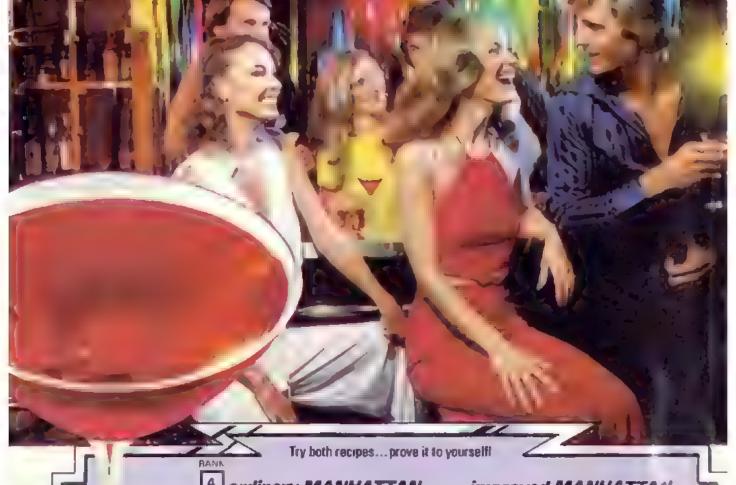
How to improve drinks—secret of the pros

The flavor of any drink you mix is controlled by the taste of the liquor used as a base. Therefore, knowledgeable barmen improve many drinks just by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe—to one with a more satisfying taste. The taste test at right shows why this is true.



Meke this simple taste test. prove it to yourself

Fill short glasses with cracked ice. Pour a jigger of Scotch or Bourbon into one, rum into another, gin into a third, and Southern Comfort into a fourth. Sip the whiskey, then the rum, then the gin. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it, and you've found a completely different kind of liquor. It tastes good with nothing added. That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base will make most mixed drinks taste much better. It adds a deliciousness that no other basic liquor can. Just try Comfort in your favorite drink, at home or next time you order it in a bar. One sip will convince you.



ordinary MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye 15 jigger sweet vermouth Dash of Angostura bitters (optional) Stir with cracked ice, strain into glass. Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret; use recipe at right. See how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink

improved MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort 1/3 jigger dry vermouth Dash of Angostura bitters (optional) Mix like ordinary recipe. But you'll enjoy it far more. Comfort®'s delicious flavor makes a better-tasting drink Comfort* Manhattan, in the spotlight at Paul Young's

Restaurant, Washington, D.C.



GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka

1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice Shake with cracked ice and strain into a cocktail glass. (Optional serve with small slice fresh lime)

ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch 1/2 sigger sweet vermouth Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice, strain into cocktail glass. Add a cherry or twist of lemon peel (This drink's often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")



RANK

DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka I part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice, strain into gla. Add green olive or twist of lem. n pee

Gibson, 5 parts girl to 1 part vermouth. Add pearl or an

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

First line combo on stage at the Hotel Ambassador Los Angeles

1/2 pigger (% oz.) Southern Comfort 1/2 jigger Bourbon • 1/2 jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in a short glass and add water Stir Serve with a twist of lemon peel It's a delicious combination!

Mix top-ranking drinks with these top recipes:

9

MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) tequila ½ oz. Triple Sec

1 oz fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind, spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice Strain into glass



Great love of sun lovers at Joe Murphy's Lounge, Tampa

2 parts Southern Comfort 1 part Amaretto di Saronno

Pour over crushed ice in short glass, stir Southern Comfort mates deliciously with this romantic liqueur from Italy





Try both recipes...one sip will convince you!

3 ordinary SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye ½ jigger fresh lemon juice 1 teaspoon sugar

Shake with cracked ice: strain into glass. Add orange slice on nm of glass and a cherry. Now use recipe at right. Discover how a switch in basic liquor greatly improves this drink.

the smoother SOUR

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort ½ jigger fresh lemon juice ½ teaspoon sugar

Mix like ordinary recipe. Then sip it. You'll agree that Southern Comfort makes tha smoothest Sour ever!

Comfort^e Sour, a top drink at the Top of the Mark, The Mark Hopkins, San Francisco



15 BACARDI COCKTAIL

Juice ½ lime or lemon ½ tspn_sugar • 1 tspn. grenadine 1 jigger Bacardi* light rum

Shake well with cracked ice and strain into cocktail glass

B DAIOUIRI

Juice ½ fime or ¼ femon 1 teaspoon sugar 1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice, until the shaker frosts Strain into cocktail glass

For a new accent, use Southern Comfort instead of num, only to tspin sugar

Manien's clothes by Funks - I California



Use these easy-to-follow recipes: be the leading mixer in your crowd!

RANK



TEQUILA SUNRISE

2-3 dashes grenadine
1 jigger tequila • orange juice
Put grenadine into 8-oz glass, fill
with ice cubes. Add tequila Fill
with orange juice. Do not stir!
A brighter survise swap tequila for Comfon?



SOMBRERO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Café Comfort^a or other coffee liqueur Chilled milk

Fill 8-oz glass with ice cubes Add liquor; fill with milk, stir A tip of the hat to a cool one!



BLOODY MARY

2 jiggers tomato juice ½ jigger fresh lemon juice Dash of Worcestershire sauce 1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka

Salt, pepper to taste. Shake with cracked ice, strain into 6-oz glass.

SCREWDRIVER

1 jigger (1½ oz.) vodka
Orange juice
Put ice cubes into 6 oz. glass
Add vodka, fill with juice, stir
Put a new handle on your screwdriver
Use Southern Comfort instead of yodka



Simple drinks are most popular

...and Southern Comfort makes them taste much better. Its delicious flavor and smoothness enhance the taste of any mix you use.

Try COMFORT® and:

Cola • 7UP • Club Soda • Ginger Ale • Tonic Squirt • Lemonade • Milk • Juices: orange, pineapple, grapefruit, apple, Cranapple®

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS A headliner at Anthony's Pier 4, Boston

1 agger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Pour over cracked ice in short glass, add twist of lemon peel. Comfort® over ice is as smooth and delicious as a cocktail

MIST: Use crushed ice in above recipe. This dilution frees even more of Comforte's superb flavor



From Las Piramides bar, Mexico City

1 oz Southern Comfort
½ oz tequila • crange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes. Add liquors. Fill with orange juice; stir. Add cherry. Unusual, delicious. Carambal.

LEMON COOLER

Big at Brennan's Restaurant, Houston

I jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour Comfort* over ice cubes in tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon, stir.



Juice and rind ¼ kme • cola 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall

Squeeze lime Over ice cubes in tall glass, add rind. Add Southern Comfort, Fill with cola. stir

16 Rum 'n Cola Use rum instead of Comfort*

Southern Comfort*









COMFORT COLLINS

Talented tall cool one at Bal

Harbour's Americana Hotel 1 jigger Southern Comfort

Mix Southern Comfort and

lime jurce in tall glass. Add ice cubes, fill with 7UP Best

-and easiest - Collins of all!

7 Tom Collins Dissolve 1 tspn. sugar in

ly jugger femon juice in tall glass. Add ica, I rigger gin. Fill with sparkling water, stir

Juice ¼ lime • 7UP

14 PINA COLADA

RANK

1 jigger (1½ oz) rum or Southern Comfort 1 oz Cream of Coconut 2 oz. pineapple juice

Shake with 1/2 cup crushed ice or use blender. Pour into tall glass filled with ice cubes Add cherry. Superb coconut accenti

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice, rind ¼ lime • 1 jigger gin Schweppes Tonic Water

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass and add rind. Pour in gin. Fill with tonic and stir.

Switch to a better-tasting drink. Slop the oin; enjoy Comfort 4 's talent for tonic.

SLOW 'N COMFORT' ABLE

Swinging screwdriver served at disco bars, coast to coast

1/2 pager (% oz.) sloe gin 1/2 jigger Southern Comfort 2 juggers orange juice

Fill highball glass with ice cubes Add liquors, orange juice, stir Add a cherry, sip slow 'n easy!

COMFORT® WALLBANGER

Famous with fun-seekers at the Alta Mira Hotel, Sausalito, CA

1 oz Southern Comfort 1/2 oz Liquore Galliano Orange Juice

Fill tall glass with ice cubes. Add houors. Fill with orange juice, stir.

20 HARVEY WALLBANGER Lise voolka arstead of Comfort* Add Galliano last, floating it on log-



COMFORT OLD-FASHIONED

A highlight of a night at the Gaslight Club, Chicago

Dash of Angostura bitters 1/2 oz sparkling water 1/2 tspn_sugar (optional) 1 jigger Southern Comfort

lemon peel, orange slice, cherry Superbl

10 Regular Old-Fashioned. Use 1 tspn sugar, Bourbon or ave instead of Southern Comfort



Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass, add ice cubes, Comfort.* Add twist of



STINGER

1 jigger (1½ oz) brandy ½ jigger white creme de menthe Shake with cracked ice, strain

> Comfort* instead of brandy makes a stinger that's a humdinger

ALEXANDER

1 part fresh cream 1 part creme de cacac 1 part Southern Comfort or gin or brandy

Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until chilled and strain into a cocktail glass

COMFORT" EGGNOG

1 cup (8 oz.) Southern Comfort 1 quart dairy eggnog

Chili ingredients. Blend in punch bowl by beating, dust with nutmeg. Serves 10, pleases all!

> 1 Orink. Stir 4 parts aggrog, 1 part Comfort* in short glass; add nutmeg.

BLACK RUSSIAN

1 jigger (1½ oz) Cafe Comfort* or other coffee liqueur ½ jigger vodka

Pour over ice cubes in short glass and stir thoroughly

SCARLETT O'HARA

Stars at Antoine's, New Orleans

1 jigger (1½ oz) Southern Comfort Juice ¼ fresh lime

1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktai

Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. As intriguing as its namesake!

BARN BURNER

Hot trend at the Red Lion Vail CO

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort Small stick cinnamon Slice lemon peel • hot cider

Put cinnamon, lemon peel, Southern Comfort in mug, fill with cider stir (Put spoon in mug to pour hot cider)

OPEN HOUSE PUNCH

Tastes like a super cocktail! Serves 32.

One fifth (750 ml) Southern Comfort 6 oz. fresh lemon juice • 3 quarts 7UP Dne 6 oz. can frozen lemonade One 6 oz. can frozen orange juice

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, 7UP last Add drops of red food coloring (optional), stir Float block of ice, add orange, lemon slices

HAPPY HOUR PUNCH Serves 25.

One fifth (750 ml) Southern Comfort

- 1 cup (8 oz) pineapple juice
- 1 cup grapefruit juice = 1/2 cup temon juice
- 2 quarts champagne or 7UP

Chill ingredients. Mix in punch bowl, adding champagne last. Add ice cubes, garnish with orange slices. Puts punch in any party!



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R BL

the subject of civil liberties for homosexuals has been a major topic of discussion for years.

RETURN TICKET REQUESTED

Just finished the January installment of Playboy's New Age Primer 1 found "Mystery Booms" quite provocative, Latter-Day Gnosis Fever" intriguing a go at "Astral Projection," though, was as tempting as a whirl with January's gatelold Gig on Gangel's Island Thopethe Primer becomes a permanent addition to your peerless pages, especially since I, uh heh heh , well, just how does one reverse the effects of the out-ofbody-experience formula? My spirit is willing, but the flesh you see. . . . In the meantime, could you get another peek at drool drawer Gig ready for when I return, please?

> Jack G. Saltsman Kent Ohio

PJS ON TV

I have been getting PLANBOY by subscription for eight months now and I've never enjoyed a magazine more. I am writing in particular about your January pictorial essay *Playboy's Pajama Parties*. Fantastic! I want to see more. Unfortunately I have no invitation. However, I'm a subscriber to Home Box Office cable TV. Maybe good of Hel could send an invitation for his next New Year's party to the big shors at H B O, and tell diem to bring their cameras. Just an idea.

Mike Werkema Wyoning Michigan

A compliment to Jim Harwood for Playhoy's Papina Parties. Very superbly done. My compliments also to the rest of the contributors, layout people and Hel Dia very nicely arranged issue.

(Name withheld by request) Eugene, Oregon

Please please, please take Liz Clazowski off your prospective Playmate list and put her on your must list soon! Since your pictures of her in previous issues and again on page 126 of the January issue, I (and the rest of the world) have been waiting anyiously Please don't disappoint us.

Lee Hafe

Columbus, Mississippi

We wouldn't think of it, Lee As you'll see in this month's centerfold, your anx tous wait is over

KEEP ON TREKKING

Your pictorials on the latest heart-throbs are always outstanding; but when I read the article "Mar Treks" Enterprising Return, by Gretchen McNeese in your January issue, you convinced me that your magazine had intelligent life forms that didn't function on hormones alone. The article and pictures

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are great. Long live *Star Trek!* Thanks to the lans and the media for knowing a good thing when they see it.

Phyllis Curtis Tulsa, Oklahoma

It's good to ran across a non Trekker who can open his or her mind enough to perceive the real meaning of Star Trek. It doesn't have to compete with Star Wars and similar movies, because they're different concepts, Star Wars promotes Iun and entertainment (and is very good at it, I must say), whereas Star Trek promotes a possible future for mankind, if we wisen up. My hat is off to Gretchen McNeese and to jeff Martini.

Joel Grav Fayetteville, Arkansas

SKIPPED BEAT

Many thanks to Bruce Williamson (Playboy After Hours, January) for his kind words about Hemt Beat, but the photograph that accompanies his review is miscaptioned. Those are my friends Ann Dusenberry and Ray Sharkey in the shot with Nick Nolte, not John Heard and myself.

Sissy Spacek Topanga, California

You have our apology for the mistake, Sissy Or perhaps our sympathy, since the scene looks like it was a lot of fun

GRATEFUL FOR GIG

Our college-dorm hall will never be the same! January's Playmate. Gig Gangel, has an overwhelming "healthy" appearance that makes college life a hell of a lot easier. Thanks, Playboy, for making exam week very enjoyable!

Bates House, Tenth Floor B University of South Carolina Columbia, South Carolina

If this is a sample of PLAYBOV of the Fighties, I'll be clipping out all the subscription cards in upcoming issues for all my friends! Thanks for Gig! More!

Carl R. Gimm St. Paul, Minnesota

Eve thought of a great movie for 1980. It stars Gig Gangel and it's called "12"

k. C. O'Brien Louisville, Kentucky

Gig Gaugel is a real beauty. No trick photography there! For the new year, why not resolve to let us see more by Ken Marcus and more Playmates of Gig's caliber (if you can find them)?

Harry Rogers Chillicothe, Missouri

My sincere thanks for choosing Gig Gangel as your first Playmate of 1980 If she's an omen of what's to come, your sales should triple. I first fell in love with her as a prospective gatefold girl in Ken Marcus' pictorial in May and again with her cover photo in October. I hope your editors share my enthusiasm by sefecting her Playmate of the Year.

Steven Lasky Las Vegas, Nevada

Gig Gangel is the most voluptuous woman any of us has ever seen. Her perfect body has become the object of an almost unnatural obsession with us. She raised our spirits (among other things) for the holiday season. How about another look at those exquisite frontal features?

The Appreciative Males, First Floor Marshall Franklin and Marshall College Lancaster, Pennsylvania

We find nothing at all unnatural about your obsession with Gig, men. As



for those frontal features, we, too, have a particular fondness for high cheekbones.

NAMING THE GAME

In the January Playboy Advisor, you comment on the dearth of common terms for female masturbation. In doing sexuality workshops with mental-health professionals, we, too, have noticed this unhappy lack of terms. Although the word masturbation can be used by autocroticists of either gender, it lacks the rich imagery of expressions such as chaking the chicken, pulling the pud or beating the meat. But the creativity of some of my workshop participants has provided a few choice terms for the women of America Initially, the expressions were derivatives of male terms: jilling off instead of jacking off, for example. But now we have a few of our own. Tickling the chtty and rubbin' nubbin were two expressions generated at a recent NOW sexual-awareness workshop; but my personal favorite came

from a woman who had recently discovered the joys of a vibrator. She calls her new autoerotic practice catching a b.uzz. Hm-m-m!

Ronni Rittenhouse, Acting Director Northern Panhandle Mental Health Center New Martinsville, West Virginia

My collegiate associates and I attempt ed to arrive at a few synonyms for female masturbation. Here are some of the results, bit the clit, primin' the hymen teasing the twat, beating the beaver, poking the puss and, of course, working out at the Y.

> (Name withheld by request) Hendrix College Conway, Arkansas

GROOVY MOVIES

I just want to say that Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson deserve a big hand for their production of *Playboy's Photo Fucks* in your January issue. Terrific! Quite a brilliant idea—I hope to see more flicks in future issues to add to the collection.

Terry E. Elkington Salt Lake City, Utah

Could Jay Lynch and Skip Williamson have been under the influence of something stronger than, say. Hefner's pipe smoke when they read Thomas Edison's biography? I doubt the sage of Menlo Park intended to show movies on the phonograph. (He always napped 20 minutes between major inventions.) Still, if they put the sussors to prayaov in inventors' heaven. Tom just may be misspending his days going blind in front of the flickering turntable

Ross R. Whimey Spokane, Washington

CALLING DR. FREUD

There is something curious about the cover of your January issue, I am referring to the balloons above Steve Martin's head. Although I pride myself on having a vivid imagination, I did not have to use it at all to see penis heads, breasts and or asses in those balloons. 1 understand enough about commercial art to realize that no color, shadow or shape would appear by accident, and in this case, the forms I allude to have been intentionally highlighted. Perhaps your publication is not trying to be subtle and I have only noticed the obvious. I would appreciate any comments on the thought behind the balloons. Are your readers supposed to see body parts?

J. Fiker Painesville, Ohio

Readers are free to see whatever they want in our balloons, but, frankly, when we want body parts, we show body parts!



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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



THE POLITICAL MACHINE

Every Presidential election gives ofith to a plethora of caudidates—who, in turn, give credence to the fact that, more often than not, there are plenty of nuts loose in the political machine. This year's election, however, has the distinction of actually having a few nuts, bolts and gearshifts in the race as well. The latest politico to declare his candidacy in Washington is FUBAR, a D.C.-based promotional robot who has his sockets on the Oval Olice.

FUBAR (Futuristic Uranum Bio-Atomic Robot) is running on an independent ticket and is already well versed in the ways of political double talk. Quizzed on how he stood on the Iranian issue, he gamped, "I love Uranum"

Asked about his stamma, he parried with, 'These lips are able to process one hundred and eight babies per minute.'

And as to why a robot has decided to run for the office of President, FUBAR, calmly stated, "The time has come for the many robots already in Government to have a leader."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

Overheard at a (where else?) Hollywood party: "Know how I make it nine mehes? I fold it in half."

TIME TO NAG

Science, that wonderful area of study that has brought the world Silly Putty, child proof aspirin bottles and the H bomb, has triumphed once again, coming up with yet another way to make day-to-day living just a wee bit more exasperating. The latest boon to mankind to hit the market is a solar-powered, talking wrist watch that only a mother could love. The watch not only tells you the time but also harps at you until you get

out of bed. The little bedmate begins the day by belching: "Time to get up. Go! Go! Go!" If that doesn't work, it prattles, "You are now ten minutes [20 minutes, and so on] past your alarm time," until you either get out of bed or harl the contrapuon across the room and into the lar wall, thus proving that time can, indeed, fly when you're having fun.

And we thought his har was his own. The Philadelphia Doily News reports that kick-ass rocker Jerry Lee Lewis has been on probation after being convicted "of driving under the influence of rugs."

NO NUDES IS BAD NUDES

Alongside the snail darter and the bald cagle on the endangered-species list add the Michigan nude model A budget cut at Michigan State University may have caused an end to the practice of using nude models in the art classes Hornfied, students banded together,



signing petitions urging college officials to keep the bodies beautiful before their easels. "Live models are an essential element in the education of artists" the students explained. "Your removal of the live model from these classes is analogous to removing the piano from the musician." In other words, administrators, a pretty girl is like a melody

The Rutland Vermont, Herald reports that a 19 year old man who pleaded gailty to the charge of lewd and lasery-ous behavior "was masturbating white nude outside the Sticky Fingers Bakery"

THE GIRL'S ALL HEART

For strictly professional reasons that we will divulge in a moment, we found ourself in the orgy room of Plato's Retreat around 11 one recent evening We were sitting on a red mattress about three feer in front of a very attractive naked woman named Tara Alexander who was lying on her back with her legs spread wide, enthusiastically and simultancously having sex with four men. One man was stroking away vigorously from the missionary position, a second was being attended to orally, a third manually, and the fourth was fondling Tara's right breast and nipple while waiting patiently for a position to open up (her other hand was temporarily missing in action). This would not be an unusual sight at Plato's, except that these menwere the 19th, 50th, 51st and 52nd to have sex with Tara so far this night-and 23 more were waiting for their turn, not including her husband, who was schedided to be number 76, and last

All of this timescence was officially billed as a Spermathon a chance for 75 ordinary citizens, each of whom had asked for an invitation in response to an offer in *Screw* magazine, to help the

SPRING FEVER: MYTH OR FICTION?

an investigative report on one of mankind's most mysterious maladies

Spring-fever sufferers complain alternately of pain in the heart, ants in the pants and lire in the blood But just because Blue Cross doesn't pay off spring-fever claims, don't jump to the concouston that it's all in your acad.

Stephen Rosen, author of Future Facts and II cathering. reports that in northern climates, high relative blood acidity (low pH) coin cides with the idvent of spring. "Resistance to in

fection, to intoxication, to trauma and to emotional impacts is at its lowest level then. Conceptions are diminished, while stillburths and deaths in the population peak during this Rosen attributes another spring-lever symptom to the unpredectable alternation of warm and cool temperatures: 'You will sleep long and tire easily one or more days after a sharp dip in temperature, memicking spring fever "

In warm weather blood pressure lowers and vitamin, mineral and protem deficiencies develop. Blood vessels expand to carry internal heat to the body surface and the body must produce up to a quart of new blood. Since plasma is manufactured more quickly than corpuscles are, the blood becomes diluted. An old home remedy for thin spring blood was sulphinand molasses tonic, but a more popufar contemporary treatment would be a diet with lots of milk, vegetables and fresh greens.

In spring, the body undergoes a major metabolic shift from a phase of lat storage to one of consuming stored fats, an important seasonal change that may severely influence daily mood.

Experiments with animals have connected the longer days of spring with sexual changes. In squirrels, in creased light triggers a chain reaction



from the brain to the pituitary gland, releasing hormones that enlarge sex glands. Blinded ducks never at tain full sexual maturity and, among many species of birds, gonadal development is clearly stimulated by longer days.

In humans. light affects the pineal gland which is located in the brain and controls the production of melatonin, a hormone thought to retaid sexual activity On longer days melatonin pro

duction decreases and other bughly turces begin to flow

S atist cally, there are more mentalhospital admissions and suicides in spring than in other seasons-with the exception of the Christmas holidays. In spring, college students possess maximum energy and, inexpheably, male panhandlers experience their most successful sponging

Since spring fever's cyclical symptoms can't be prevented or cured, and if neo-Dionysian rites such as Fort Landerdale Easter and Kentucky Derby week don't expresse demon dol drum melt down your torpor at the annual Snowman Burning at Sauli Sainte Marie, Michigan, on March 20, which features the reading of antiwinter poetry, distribution of Frostbite Certificates and the ritual torching of snowpersons; toss your gloom away at the World Cow Chip Throwing Championship at Beaver, Oklahoma, April 19, or the Hell-Hole Swamp Festival in Jamestown, South Carolina, May 2-4, where you can drown your lethargy in country music and the crowning of Miss Hell-Hole Swamp herself,

So scoff, if you must, but spring fever happens to be a semiverifiable disease and, as such, is entitled to the same honorary-malady status accorded to the blues, beartache and pains in the ass. -THEODORE FISCHER

chesting baired actress fack and suck her way into the Gunness Book of World Records. Unofficially, it was a good natured publicity stunt that failed to attract a representative from Gunness but did draw enough reporters and photographers to cover a moon shot. We arrived in time for a precoual press conference during which Tara posed in a transparent negagee and answered such questions as "Do you have medical insurance and "Are you nervous?" (Answer: 'Only with anticipation,") Screw editor and publisher Al Goldstein gave Tara a send off embrace and young Gary Goldstein (no relation) had the honor of tossing Tara the first ball while the recruits, having been given numbers miked on large squares of pink paper wandered around, adjusting then wraparound white towels. Fortunately, every one had been issued a sheet of rules that answered a lot of questions about Tara's performance. For instance, anyone who wanted to enter her vaginally was required to wear a prophylactic (courtesy of the house). If you took too long to come, you were subject to disqualification, but, on the other hand, Tara would not be allowed to employ a (luffer (someone to get you hard in advance) to speed up the action. Fair is fair

As events got under way, the first four men entered the orgy moon to cheers and shouts of encouragement. Tara was assisted by a statuesque woman clad in a see-through leotard who was referred to anly as Nurse Nurse's dones involved rubbing each man's genitals with a clean towel soaked in alcohol, applying a prophylactic if one was needed and wishing the participants a good time. She also sprang into action any time someone called out "Lubrication!"-grabbing a tube of lubricating jelly and delthy reaching into the mass of grunting bodies to apply the slippery stuff to the sporwhere it was needed without breaking anyone's rhythm.

Even though Nurse gave a virtuoso performance, the evening belonged to Tata. At half time, the score was 23orgasms and only four disqualifications. She looks fresh as a daisy," remarked a knowledgeable observer. "I think she'll reach 75 easily." Tara resumed slowly, though, and things dragged for a bit before perking up as number 49 approached. Many of the men were waiting for oral sex, even though other options were available. Finally, about 1:30 a.m., Tara not only had provoked 75 orgasms but also had gone on to service every towel-clad body in the house, 82 in all. A photographer on the scene said she looked eager enough to begin all over again as she embraced number 83, her patient hisband, who presumably was not the jealous type. - TOM PASSAVANT

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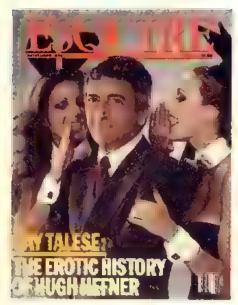
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MEDIA



Does sex sell magazines? Don't ask us, ask Esquire. The venerable but rocky men's magazine promised its readers it would cover every area of male interest except sex and nudity-you know, that marginal stuff. In two recent issues. Esquire gave its readers a hot look at Hugh Hefner's private life in excerpts of Thy Neighbor's Wife, Gay Talese's forthcoming study of sex in America, We'll refrain, dear Esquire, from pounding the sexval ironies into the ground, but we'd like to know: Was it good for you guys, too?



And they wonder what got into Roman Polanski: Above is one of a series of five fullpage ads touting the charms of ten-year-old Hollywood mappet Tina Payne. The publicity compoign was apparently the idea of the kid's mother, one Dorothy Payne, who went West from Texas, family in tow, to get Ting into showbiz. Variety turned down one ad as in poor taste, but the Hollywood Reporter (for \$7500) bit for all five.

Our You Get What You Poll For Award, When Did You Stop Beating Your Wife? Division, goes to the editors of Glamour magazine for this egregious example of the loaded question. We note, by the way, that Glamour cites books, newspapers, advertising and the motion-picture business as exploiters of sex and degraders of women—but carefully avoids emphasizing the mogozine industry,





WOMEN AND VIOLENCE

The media have a long way to go in their treatment of women, say most of you who answered our regular monthly survey. You do believe that books and newspapers, advertising and the motion picture industry exploit sex to show women in a degrading way. The right of freedom of speech is used, you feel, to legitimize humiliating and abusive material of all kinds—and you want it stopped. At the same time, you seem to feel that banning certain ads or the more violent movies may create an unwanted black market for such material. For more results of Glamour's survey, read on

HERE'S WHAT YOURE SAYING:

 Does the media's image of women as wetims offend you?

Eighty-four percent of you say the media portray women not ee human beings but so "things."

The way women are portrayed is degrading and insuling. It's important for young gets to see women tepresented as intelligent and capable human beings. Instead we are shown as precty-headed sexteds

 Should all violence against women be cut from the media?

Sixty-live percent of you believe that the more victorics merings, the more it seems normal and reinforces contampt and fested of women.

Even though we say we want equality and respect, the media help men believe we have a hidder desire to be dominated.

 Does pomography plorifying women as victims lead to violent crime?

at of your -78 percent -bei that such persography effects res-title behavior. The message in that woman desire such treatment, or at least expect it.

"Frem lonces the machiness that we like hand want—such down lation and watence. And this helps men legt iess pully alviol they actions

 Can a person safety get rid of sexual urges by watching violent movies?

Eighty-six percent of you say no, even though nome psychologists believe that executing violent films can actually help a person get rid of sexual and violent urgan in a sufe way

What's most offensive to you?

Most of you-50 percent—say pornographic books and mogestines offered you must. Another 37 percent say movies or selevision shows that portiny women es being bound, degradad or killed for saxual stirmistion or plessu offend you. And 13 percent are offe by wolant images on record covers.

What would a barnmean?

Some \$6 percent of you believe that batteing certain ade or more violent movies sould probably create a block morket for the material.

When it is common it becomes common place. I think to ban it would make

AND MORE

degarting regarine hidden in one of the mildem-used cebinate at work. I'm reputed when I think of my co-workers drooting over this sort of possoprephic garbage. No wonder they make stupid, degrading comments about woman."

I shudder when I picture young boys watching a move about rape and thinking 'So that's the way to beat a woman ...'"

"Most man know the differen between the women in the media and the women of real life."

WHAT YOU TOLD US

1. Do you find the image en the media of

women as victima affacsiva? B4 percent say yes LZ percent say n 4 percent are not sure

2. Do you think all violence—as suggestion of violence— ogainst vermen should be all released in the media?

Effi percent say yes 28 percent say no 7 percent are not sure

3. Do you think that pernography glorifying woman as victims affect rani-life behavior and leads to violent crimes such se repe?

78 percent say yes 20 percent say not necessarily 2 percent are not suite

4. Some psychologists believe that watching violent movies can actually help a person get old of sexual and violent urgan in a rate way. Do you ap 14 percent say yes

\$6 percent say no

5. Which do you find offensive? 50 percent say parragraphic books

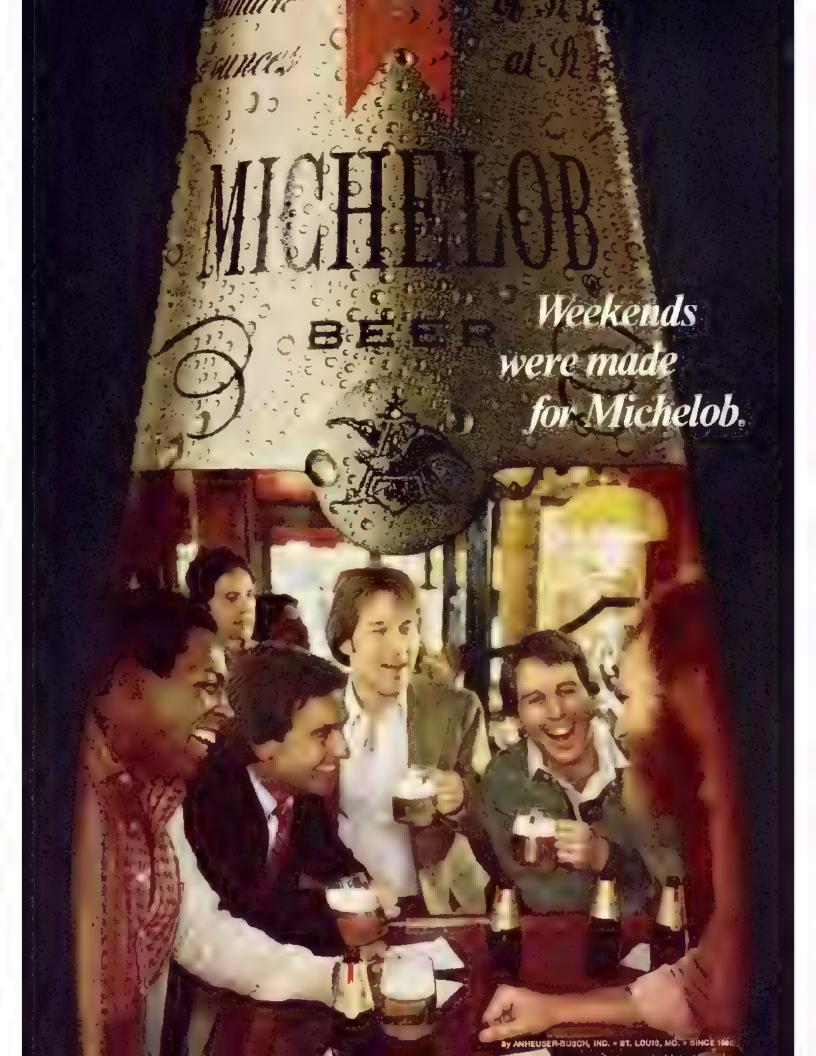
and makabnes

13 percent say violent images on record revers 37 percent say moves or TV shows that portray women as being bound, degraded or fulled for seveal stimulation or pleasure

8. Do you think that berning certain ada or the more yiolent movies would create a black market For the meterial?

65 percent say probably 22 percent say no 12 percent are not sure

Turn the page to fall out this month's survey, which is on women and religion.





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MUSIC

ADNESS: Cross-cultural permutations are nothing new in pop music, but a British skinhead playing the dread-lock music of Jamaica? The knuckle-heads who call themselves Modness play an early variation of reggae called ska, a horn-happy, jump-tempoed dance music that is the fave of the moment in Britain. And when Madness cakewalked onto the stage at Hurrah, one of New York's influential New Wave discos, the



place lit up like a spliff. Roots music can sometimes taste like forbidden fruit, but Madness comes on like the Bowery Boys in Trenchtown. With the momentum from a new album released by Sire and a recent American tour, Madness is committed to drive us "one step beyond." If it succeeds, we'll start either sporting crewcuts or digging out those old porkpie hats.



TILT: Our Hot Wax Award for April goes to Pinball Playboy (Motown), by Cook County, on which our own venerable theme goes disco.

Willer!

Throughout history, man has sought to make curious sounds come out of his mouth. The human voice is, after all, the original musical instrument. A few millennia's worth of experimentation has produced yodeling (both Alpine and



blues), African click singing, Tibetan simultaneous harmonics, North African ululations, religiously inspired glossolalia, jazz scat singing and, now, Bob Gurland and his voice trumpet.

Gurland does not play the trumpet, understand. He sings like a trumpet. Really. He sounds like Louis Armstrong's singing and trumpet playing combined. Listen to Goin' Down Slow on Richard T. Bear's Captured Alwe (RCA). That extremely funky, muted trumpet solo came out of Gurland's mouth. Check out Get Outta Yourself on Rupert Holmes's Partners in Crime (Infinity): That's his solo, all right, but he also overdubbed the entire horn section.

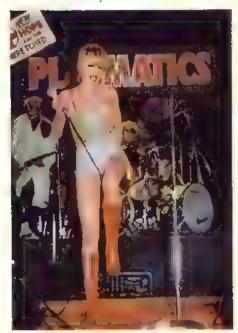
Gurland has been amazing people with his singular talent for over a decade, but it's only lately that he's felt ready to put together his own band. "I realized that people weren't treating it as a gimmick or a novelty," he said recently, "when I was asked to do a TV show with Dizzy Gillespie." Having established his chops, Gurland is now thinking more in terms of jazz scat singing. There are also a few side benefits to his art. "You meet a lot of girls doing this," he reflected. Oh, yeah? "Right. They usually ask me what else I can do with my mouth."



DEMOLITION DERBY: Maybe we should have been forewarned when we ran into those two dared youths who were standing (barely so) outside the Palladium in New York City. They were dressed in faded, grimy denim jackets embroidered with large link chains, and their dirty, chewed-down fingers were wrapped around bottles of cheap wine. Their teeth were chipped, their hair was mottled, they hadn't shaved and they looked like they could give a shit less. They also held two tickets to The Plosmotics.

"We're gonna see some destruction tonight," they chorded.

Inside the Palladium, the buzz was centered on how The Plasmatics were going to wreck a used-car-lot Caddlac onstage. Mitch Ryder, the middle act, was being booed off when we arrived. A blood-lusty bunch, this audience. They weren't anxiously awaiting The Plasmatics' music, either: The group has an extended-play single that is pretty much a secret saleswise, but the 3300-seat Palladium was nearly filled.



We knew a little about The Plasmatics, having seen their premiere performance in July 1978 at CBGB. The group had been put together by a fellow named Rod Swenson, a holder of a master's degree in fine arts from Yale who long before that grew bored with the idea of painting and became a promoter of live sex exhibitions in two Times Square theaters under the name Captain Kink. After (by his count) 1700 performances, the Times Square vice crackdown of then mayor Beame gave the boot to Captain Kink, who emerged again as Rod Swenson, rock-'n'-roll video and film maker for the likes of Patti Smith and The Ramones, Swenson also took with him his top performer from the sex

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band around her; thus were The Plasmatics spawned. Their debut was appropriately raunchy and their central presence, Wendy Orleans Williams (christened to spell WOW), reduced singing to mere oral stimulation

A short film preceded The Plasmatics' appearance at the Palladi im, and it pretty much set the tone of things to come While the audience watched the group cavort in a burger and fries joint, they heard Wendy shricking "Let's cat out tought"; and if they didn't get it, they were also treated to close ups o, red booths, thighs, Wendy's hand and a microphone cord nestled solidly in her folds, etc., etc.

Once the film ran out, a man who sported a Mohawk haircut dyed teal blue and a kind of maid's uniform mounted a platform and, with a sledge hammer, proceeded to smash three television sets in the center of the stage-before the band had struck a note. He then strapped on a left-handed Gibson Vbody guitar, Wendy popped in from the wings and, whamino, The Plasmatics were on. The next hour or so was filled with sound that can only be likened to taut of a freight train from the perspective of having one's head pinned to the tracks underneath. Thematically, the band ranged from songs that centered on Wendy's privates to stuff about the Guyana massacre. From the rear of the Palladium, where we were standing, we noted that Wendy's prominent tits remained remarkably stationary, even while she bounced and skipped like a schoolgirl; that the Mohawk-headed guitarist demonstrated more ways to use a guitar as anything but a musical instrument than even Kiss's Ace Freliley, and that the speciators were mesmer zed by this excess of sound and sight.

Finally, the moment we'd been waiting for arrived. Wendy gleefully picked up the sledge hammer and began smashing in the windows of the Cadillac. Then what appeared to be sticks of explosives were shoved into the Caddy's interior and, boom, the doors and dashboard blew off. More explosives were shoved into the car as the band played on. Boom, the roof, trunk and hood covers blew off. The crowd roared. The band was showered with debris and glass. Suddealy, crew members dressed as firemen were on the scene, hosing down the burning Gaddy, Several members of the band, notably the Mohawk-headed guithrist, appeared to be bleeding from exposed areas. Once the fire and smoke cleared, Wendy stepped up to the microphone and yelled, "Now here's our A.M. lot, Butcher Baby." We didn't know how to react to that The camas to Butcher Buby had our favorite gunarist chamsawing his guitar while Wendy and the crew members toppled the overlicid hgl ting grid. We knew how to react to that: We left -STANLEY MUSES

REVIEWS

On first seeing Wazmo Nariz, it seems perfectly natural that the man is wearing two neckties. You know something's wrong, but you don't know what it is Unlike fine wines and Beethoven, Wazmo is not an acquired taste—you either like him or you don't. Coming out of Chicago's North Side New Wave c.ubs, Nariz has that rare ability to get half of a room. up on its collective feet to whistle and cheer, while the other half takes to its collective feet and storms out the door. In his debut album, Things Aren't Right (I.R.S.), Wazmo jerks and shakes his voice up and down scales heretofore frequented only by the late Minine Riper ton and Yma Sumac, all the while being backed with the infectious beat of the Wazband, As for us, well take Wazmo Nariz over Montrachet any time.

The music of Ornette Coleman, like the man aimself, is adiosynciate. Some of the few people who can work Ornette's musical turf with the same virtuosity and feelings are the members of his former band. Don Cherry, Dewey Redman, Charlie Haden and Ed Blackwell; so it's fitting that two of the best cuts on their LP, Old and New Dreams (ECM), are by Ornette. What's even better, though, is that the rest of the album is terrific, too.

Solomon Burke is such a great soul singer that he could use the telephone book as a libretto and still make his audience cry Fottunately, he's got better stuff on Sidowolks, Forces and Wolfs (Infinity)—notably, the title time, a country/ Gospel ballad of childhood love written by coproducer. Jerry Williams, a k a. Swamp Dogg. The rest of the album basa tendency toward overproduction but the material is good, the basic concepts are sound and, regardless of what the orchestra may be doing. King Solomon always gets in a few sensational licks.

Pat Benatar's first album, to the Heat of the Night (Chrysalis), comes to us from the same folks and (m part) the same producer who brought you Blondie-and it seems as if every effort possible has been made to clone success. Miss Benatar is just as cute as Debbie Harry, and there's even a New Wave disco cut (would that be called NeWisco2) a la-Heart of Glass But, to Benatar's credit, she manages frequently to cut free from this and show herself as her own New (Wave) Woman, with a voice that has more edge to it and that goes more places than Debbie Harry's does these days. The most satisfying songs here are the non-Blondie clones, dramatic excursions closer to Meat Loaf than to Blondie's minimalist/futurist Buddy Holly revisited Bat, unlike Mr. Loaf, instead of

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MEZDE

The more you look, the more you like.



looking like a bushel of theeseburgers, Miss Benatar is a fashionably lean threeoctave beauty. Definitely one to watch.

There has been a lot of evidence lately that the mainstream of jazz is still a pretty powerful current. The latest testimony comes from Bill Henderson, a sophisticated singer in the Joe Williams tradition who strikes the perfect combination of angst and verve on Street of Dreoms (Discovery) as he delivers an outstanding selection of tunes by authors ranging from Ellington to Elton. Especially telling are a pair of interpolative cluets—Angel Eyes/This Masquerade and The Gentleman Is a Dope My Funny Valentine—arranged by pianist Joyce Collins, who shares the vocal thores.

SHORT CUTS

Aerosmith / Night in the Ruts (Columbia): Down-to-earth rock 'n' roll that gets you right in the guts.

Pink Floyd / The Wolf (Columbia) This band has been on the run for 15 years and it figured that when it finally hat the wall, it would be an overproduced one.

Blue Steel / No More Lonely Nights (Infinity): Ah, but think of all those empty days. Southern rock guaranteed to cure the most cursed of insommacs.

XTC / Drums and Wires (Virgin): Devoclones that sound more like the old Maxwell House percolator than like a rock band.

Jefferson Storship / Freedom at Point Zero (Grunt): The world's second favorite starship continues its mission to seek out and convey fine music Beam aboard.

Willie Nelson Sings Kristofferson (Columbia): If 1978's Stardust album was fine wine, this is champagne. Kristofferson the way God intended. When are they going to declare Willie a national monument?

Sergio Mendes Brasil '88 / Magic Lody (Elektra) Great traftsmanship wasted on trivia. But it figures to play in both Peoria and Brasida

Tyrone Davis / Can't You Tell It's Me (Columbia): Honestly, Ty, it's hard, since those torchy ballads and disco tunes don't sound like your usual soul groovers. Also, you're singing them, not whispering them as you used to.

Webster Lewis / 8 for the 80's (Epic): It's doubtful that any of these disco-fusion times—coproduced by Herble Haucuck swiff be remembered in 1983 but it's a rhythmic way to usher in the decade.

Gorland Jeffreys / American Boy & Gul (A&M): Garland is the grand master of roots, rock and reggne, New York City division, and this LP finds him in top form. His music is terrifying, beautiful urban rock, something Lou Reed might produce if he'd grown up in the South Brong and lived to sing about it.

FAST TRACKS



THE KISS-OFF OF THE MONTH: More than 700 people gathered recently outside the Amarillo, Texas, Civic Center to hold a "pray-in" protesting an appearance by Kiss. These days, even protests feature special effects: Highlight of this one was a flashing arrow pointing to a sign bearing the words a KISS BETRAYED JESUS

RANDOM RUMORS: Fish gotta swim. birds gotta fly department: Brit ain's Royal Air Force has come up with a unique way to frighten stubborn birds off the runways of one of its airfields. The birds are subjected to a weekly hit of the U.K.'s top 20 pop songs. As soon as the birds hear the music, they fly away. the United Nations fails to book the Beatles in a reunion concert, big name musicions will be performing on be salf of the Cambodian refugees. . . We heard that Arlo Guthrie outdrew Dylon in Tucson, which made Guthrie feel funny. "I'd kind of like to go over there myself and see what he's up to. The . . . thing is, you'll hear more old Dylan songs here than you would at his show "

REELING AND ROCKING: Sir Lew Grade is making a country music movie based on Michael Merphey's song Hard Country and starting Jon-Michael Vincent and a host of country music stars. Murphey is the musical director and will also appear in the film. . . . Cheech and Chong's second movie will feature Cheech's wife, Chong's daughter and Debbie Harry of Blondie.

NEWSBREAKS: Punk continues to of fend everyone. A new British punk group, The Dead Airmen, has totally outraged a British veterans' association and has been banned from some English night clubs . . . Home taping may be costing record manufacturers any where from 14 to 29 percent of their potential sales volume, according to a survey conducted by The Roper Organization for the National Music Publishers Association and the Recording Industry Association of America. The survey found that 70 percent of those who taped music at home said that if they had been unable to

record or prerecorded tape. . . . The Eagles are just about to launch their world concert tour in L.A. and, in a precedent-setting move, will be promoting themselves. Music industry sources predict that if they are successful, other acts are sure to follow suit, and that could have a disastrous. effect on the fortunes of many local. promoters. . . . Researchers at the University of Nebraska are current ly testing a new group of drugs called beta blockers, that can prevent performance anxiety, better known in showbiz as stage fright The new drugs may be effective alternatives to tranquilizers or alcohol, both of which have proved to be dangerous when taken to case life in the fast lane. . . . Reetwood Moc will begin negoriations soon with the majot TV networks for broadcast rights to a one-hour special. The group also hopes to ofter the special to cable-TV systems and perhaps market it on video casseties and video discs. Mac has to do something to recoup from the expense of making Tusk Roger Doltrey continues to discuss The Who's Cincinnati tragedy with the press. Even though they haven't yet gotten over that awful night. Daltrey says he and the other Who members would like to play there again "That would be the best way to show what we feel toward the people of Cincinnati" . . . Robert Fripp's forthcoming album will feature a new process that allows him to accompany himself in live performances using a special modified guitar and two type recorders. Fripp describes one side of the record, to be called Under Henry Manners, as "electronic New Wave disco." -BARBARA NELLIS

do so, they would have purchased a



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BOOKS

e're sure there's a logical progression here somewhere. Reay Tannahill's first book was Food in History. Her next was Flesh and Blood: A History of the Cannibal Complex Now she has tackled Sex in History (Stem and Day). The menu . . . uh, the table of contents is delightful, and definitely to our taste. Tannabill's cross-cultural analysis of the traditional beggar's banquet is fascinating: We learn that in the Seventh Century, the Cummean Penitential required people who engaged in fellatio to perform a penance of four years (habitual offenders, seven years). Inserting the penis between the thighs of a passive partner (Interfemoral Connection) required a penance of two years, or 100 days for the first offense and one year for the second. Honest, Officer, we were sure it was all the way in. Altern. In comparison, a 13th Century Clunese moral calorie count rated "Spur of the Moment Passion" 200 demerits in the case of a married woman, only 100 if she was a servant's wife, 500 for a widow or a virgin, 1000 for a nun. 100 for a prostitute Boasting about these sins carned a Chinese gentleman 50 dements if his partner was a married woman, 100 if a widow or a virgin, 200 if a nunfive if a prostitute. Keeping crotic pretures on the shelf got ten demerits per picture. Ah, Miss July. This book sounds like an early version of Richard Smith's The Dieter's Guide to Weight Loss Durmg Sev It's the kind of thing that's required reading if you want to be the Playboy Advisor-or just a charming dinner guest

We all suspect that the IRS knows more about us than we would want it to. Now there's a book that will help even the score All You Need to Know About the IRS: A Taxpayer's Guide (Random House), by Paul N. Strassels with Robert Wool, gives us the straight poop on why an IRS agent questions your return, what's going through his mind and how to survive an audit and avoid them in the future. Strassels, a former IRS employee, makes all this information readable, as well. No kidding. We finished the book in a single sitting—and came away with the feeling that the IRS will never strike terror in our heart again, Strassels has done a major public service for the tax boneheads among us. God bless him

The most intriguing woman in rock deserves a lot better than Barbara Rowes's Grace Slick The Biography (Doubleday). Consider this bilarious sentence explaining Grace and Jerry Slick's life as newlywedy. "In the evenings, Jerry studied and Grace withdrew into her



Sexual history à la carte.

Tantalizing tidbits of sexual lore; Grace's bio could use a lift.



Not-so-amazing Grace.

shell to express her feelings through the folk songs of Joan Bacz and The King ston Trio." Rowes is meapable of pulling the White Rabbit out of Grace's hat,

Howard Smith's The Three Biggest Lies (Bantam)—a collection of everybody's

common fibs about almost everything—will give you enough cocktail party fodder to last you through the summer It also has finally institutionalized the lie as a bona fide comedic form

So you want to be a spy? Hey, no problem Read Wolfgang Lotz's A Handbook for Spies (Harper & Row); it will tell you how to do it. It even includes tests for you to give yourself: how to determine whether or not you have the proper qualities, how to handle your recruiters, how to lose a tail, how to build your cover and live under it, how to use and abuse and misuse the opposite sex without, in turn, being used and abused yourself, how to handle an interrogation without dying in the meantime and how to retire from your secret life with some grace and comfort. Lotz claims to have lived in Egypt as a German sportsman and horse breeder while working for the Israeli secret service. Assuming Lotz exists, and assuming he's tedling the truth, those are some credentials! But lest you get too excited, it also has to be said that Herr Lotz has fed us only convenient and samtized revelations. Nothing in here discusses the new est surveillance techniques or the more refused methods of assassination. Lotz's book is fun, but mostly it will help you watch World War Two spy films with more knowledge, unaware of the 1984 aspects of the game

The Man Who Lost the War (Did) is the product of a man who lost control of his book. "W T. Tyler" is the pseudonym for a U.S. Government official (that's code for intelligence officer, field grade), whose publishers compare him to Graham Greene and John le Carré. They are right-up to a point. Tyler truly knows his business. This is a novel filled with rich detail and it will probably be put on the reading list in a lot of spook schools as one of the books to read for background material about field operations. Tyler writes with complete authority about the 1962 Berlin crisis. You know he was there and you know he is telling it like it was. But the author loves detail so much he refuses to compress scenes and focus the action. The beauty of writers like Greene and Le-Carré is that they know when not to go on.

Publisher David Godine, who has brought out some fine short-story collections in the past (Andre Dubus' are our favorates), has done it again with Mary Morris' Vanishing Animals & Other Stories Morris' 12 tales are well crafted and illuminating. We expect—and hope—to see more of her work soon.

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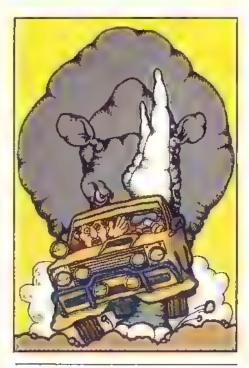
ADVENTURES

We are tearing through the rainy murk of an equatorial African night, six of us stuffed into a steamy Fiat safari wagon. The vehicle's straining suspension slams again and again onto the slick, rutted road, jarring whole sections of our bodies loose from their intended positions. A team of aggressively nouchalant Italian mechanics fills the front seat, two shouting instructions at the third, who is driving and who cannot possibly see ten yards beyond the hood. The wagon's rear spaces are crammed with spare auto parts, sausage remnants, empty Tusker Beer bottles and some journalists who are wondering aloud if this nighttime kamikaze flight represents the best way to see Kenya.

Our wagon belongs to a support squad assigned to the task of keeping the Fiat team entry in the East Africo Sofori Rolly in good mechanical health. At this moment, we are headed for the town of Nakuru, where the rallyists will pause briefly before covering the final 217 kilometers to Nairobi, ending the first leg of the Safari Rally. At Nakuru, should we live to reach it, the wrench pullers in the front seat will work quick-fingered mechanical magic on the green-and-white Fiat rally cars. If we kill ourselves en route, we will die in disgrace, for nothing, not even the war going on at that moment in neighboring Uganda, is supposed to interrupt the conduct of the Safari Rally. We are not involved in some weekend romp around the Connecticut countryside with antique MGs and little sissy stop watches. We're in the middle of the toughest professional rally in the world, in the company of a legion of competitors who can make Bear Bryant look indifferent about winning.

Of all the world-championship rallies, few combine the treachery of weather, variety of driving conditions and hostility of terrain as diabolically as Kenya's Safari Rally. Held during Kenya's "season of the long rains," the Safari attracts rally drivers from around the world, all prepared to go thrashing over 3000 miles of roads that when wet—as they usually are during the spring—would be considered impassable by rational men. The 3000-mile rally route is to be completed in 49 hours, a time frame that requires an average speed of approximately 60 miles per hour, a laughable objective.

Professional rallying is the strangest and least understood form of motor sports. With good reason; even when understood, it remains incomprehensible. Rallying sounds simple enough: Cover a predetermined route over public roads at a predetermined average speed. In practice, however, few of the roads will be any sane person's idea of "public"—in Kenya, anyway. They will be rut-slashed



Join us on the East Africa Safari Rally, not exactly your Sunday drive.

cowpaths, often under water, and often occupied by giant trucks lumbering in the other direction. This already dreadful prospect is compounded by other hazards unique to the Safari Rally: Ill tempered tribesmen throw rocks at the competitors and huge, grunting wild animals appear unexpectedly in the rallyists' path. Meanwhile, through all of this, the driver goes flat-out, aided by a navigator who sits strapped into the passenger seat shouting news of upcoming blind turns, decaying bridges and oncoming traffic. All of this is going on at this moment, in the 64 cars behind us, at speeds that make us appear sluggish . . . even though we have observed speeds over 80 mph too often for comfort. The rally drivers, over even worse roads, regularly hit 120, but their cars are built for this madness; all of the rally cars that contest the world championship are specially prepared versions that differ considerably from their showroom counterparts. They are buttressed from within by steel-tube roll cages and from without by an assortment of spread-steel animal guards and other protective devices. Inside, they look like muddy World War Two fighter planes, with a bewildering array of instruments that calculate distance covered, elapsed time and average speed spread in matteblack efficiency across the dashboard.

By ten A.M., the sun has conquered the

night's ram clouds and we are speeding down a paved road, nearing Nakuru. One of the mechanics is pointing out a small Catholic chapel built during World War Two, when our vehicle goes suddenly sideways, accompanied by shrieks from the driver. We have just missed a giant water buffalo that appears to be no more afraid of our vehicle than it would be of a gnat.

As we come flying into the outskirts of Nakuru, we find ourselves the object of great curiosity displayed by a throng of people. The entire population of Nakuru (approximately 50,000) has apparently turned out early for a good view.

Two hours later, to the vocal delight of the population, the first rally cars come blowing into town. While the drivers take a mandatory one-hour rest, the mechanics go over all four of the Fiats, changing the occasional wheel, tire or brake pad but fir ding no serious problems. But this is only the first day.

During the ensuing two legs, the problems increased. By the end of the second leg, a killer trek to Mombasa and back, no fewer than 30 cars were out of action. victimized by wrecks and mechanical failures. Local hero Joginder Singh, only man to win the Safari three times, ran afoul of a zebra (Singh survived; the zebra didn't). The Fiats suffered double trouble, the kind found only at the Safari. Silvio Maiga, navigating for former world champion Sandro Munari. sustained a direct but on the neck at the hands of a rock-throwing Masai tribesman. Markku Alen, in another Fiat, survived a high-speed encounter with a low-flying falcon that took out his windshield and very nearly his navigator. Those and other problems of more conventional mechanical origin put Alen's car into third place behind a Mercedes 450SL and a Datsun sedan that won a surprise victory.

Rallying may be an obscure undertaking in the United States, but it's Kenya's Super Bowl and Mardi Gras combined. A growd of more than 25,000 was on hand at the finish to welcome the 17 cars that survived. Incredibly, less than one hour separated the first four cars after three days of defying rain, mud, hostile villagers and the dictates of common sense to complete the 27th running of the Safari Rally. Tired, battered beyond soreness from hours on the road, sunburned and badly in need of extended sleep, we watched the winners spray their champagne. What they had done seemed no more comprehensible or sane after having seen it than it had beforehand. But the courage and raw recklessness of the professional rallyists do not have to be comprehended to be respected. Or admired. - WILLIAM JEANES

MOVIES

All the ingredients of a standard star-is-born biography are present in Cool Miner's Daughter, yet the surprising. poignant movie based on the book about country-music queen Loretta Lynn is something pretty special. First, Sissy Spacek makes a quantum leap to major stardom as an actress and a singer, for she performs a big batch of Loretta's own songs-many of them recorded live in a strong down-home style that sounds exactly right without sounding like an imitation and should help revive interest in pure country music. Sissy also portrays Loretta, from her early teens to maturity, with total conviction and fantastic range-a gal from the Kentucky hills who starts out virtually as a child bride and has four children before her hustling husband perceives that she's got a voice destined for better things than singin' while she mops kitchen floors. As Doolittle Lynn, the husband who creates a star so big he can hardly handle the hype surrounding her, Tommy Lee Jones has the strongest part of his screen career, and plays it with strength and subtletywell enough to dim my memories of his head-on collisions with such tripe as The Betsy, Equally fine in a brief but significant role is Beverly D'Angelo as country star Patsy Cline, who died in a plane crash but had enormous influence on Loretta's taste in everything. D'Angelo also handles her own singing chores in the film, for a stunning follow-up to her success as the well-bred heroine of Hair.

The entire cast of Coal Miner's Daughter is perfect, though country singers Levon Helm and Phyllis Boyens, as Loretta's parents, are scene stealers who look like hillbilly cousins of Grant Wood's classic American Gothic couple. Neither poverty nor sickness can ever quite crush their spirits, and when their crowded hovel explodes with the vitality of an impromptu family hoedown, it's beautiful. Not just beautiful but a telling vignette that carries you right back to the roots of country music. English director Michael Apted, who did a flashy Beatles-style musical called Stardust several years ago, has topped himself here, showing remarkable sensitivity to the rhythms of life in Nashville, Butcher Holler, Kentucky, and all the actual locations where the movie was shot. For me, Daughter's early scenes are more exciting than the price-of-fame sequences when Loretta becomes a lonely superstar, subject to nervous breakdowns and fits of depression as she tours the country in her private luxury bus. At the end, she's driven by ambition and dresses like an aging Barbie doll. But this image of an unsteady lady of song was done definitively by Ronee Blakely in Robert



Singing Spacek in Daughter.

Sissy dazzles as songstress Loretta; Caan debuts behind the camera in *Hide*.



Caan and kids.

Aliman's Nashville. The music should sustain you through the more conventional docudramatic details of Coal Miner's Daughter, by which time Sissy has the audience eating out of her hand in a manner that does Loretta proud. YYYY

James Caan, who directed and stars in Hide in Plain Sight, is confidently stretching his talents in a couple of directions to tell the story of Thomas Hacklin, Jr., a Buffalo blue-collar worker whose dramatic ordeal was the subject of a novel

by Leslie Waller. It's an awesome reallife tale of official injustice brought about by the U.S. Government's Witness Relocation Program. The trouble started back in the Sexties, when Hacklin's divorced wife and mother of his children married a Mafia informer whose chances of staying alive in Buffalo were worth less than a nickel. The Feds relocated the stool pigeon in another state under a changed name-and Hacklin's two children disappeared with their mother into anonymity. The frustrated father's indefatigable efforts to find the youngsters, thwarted by Government agencies at every turn, make the kind of story that triggers instant empathy.

In his debut behind the camera, Caan unobtrusively accomplishes what he set out to do. In front of it, he performs with quiet, completely persuasive intensity. He also gets fine performances from Jill Eikenberry as the patient, longsuffering girl who stands by Hacklin and finally marries him, and from Robert Viharo and Barbra Rae, as the fugitive couple. Everyone is believable, yet Hide in Plain Sight has script problems that seem to stem from someone's desire to sacrifice credibility for a happier ending. The real Hacklin spent a good eight years searching for his son and daughter and has filed suit against the Government for that time irretrievably lost. Caan's film hero finds his kids after a year or so. That's a different story and a somewhat diminished one in terms of emotion al impact. Thus watered down for mass consumption, Hide in Plain Sight looks like material for two timely, intelligent hours of semidocumentary drama on TV. A good place to see this one is at home, James, Cood work but hardly the main event in any Caan festival. **

One dubious pleasure as we varoomed into the Eighties was sitting through the year-end holiday bonanza of bigbudget bombs. After Meteor's fizzle, the best of a sorry lot of space-age sagas was the long-delayed, costly Stor Trek-The Motion Picture, extensively previewed in our January issue. Although all the old Star Trek gang came back, they seemed to pass eons of time in front of monitors ogling the film's elaborate special effects; and director Robert Wise ran every piece of machinery past in slow motion, as if he hoped some of us might want to memorize the parts. I suspect that space hardware has begun to lose its visual impact, however, for the same reasons that an actual NASA launch became old news after the novelty wore off. There's a plot here showing signs of intelligent life (a couple of Star Trek TV retreads, according to one seasoned watcher), and

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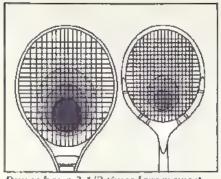
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my favorite bit involves newcomers Stephen Collins as Decker (Captain Kirk's second-in-command on the Starship Enterprise) and bald, beautiful Persis Khambatta (as an extraterrestrial navigator) in a climactic come-together save-the-world scene that I took to be a superduper cosmic fuck. I wonder what the kids make of it. Anyway, confirmed Trekkers probably get more or less what they expect. That may be exactly why I sat through most of Star Trek feeling vaguely as if I had been conned into attending a class reunion at someone else's school. ***

If Star Trek (ell short of perfection, what can you say of The Block Hole after you've said it's the pits? Maximilian Schell plays a mad scientist, with Anthony Perkins, Robert Forster, Yvette Mimieux, Joseph Bottoms and Ernest Borgnine out there scrambling over intergalactic debris that's indubitably worth millions but hardly worth five minutes of your valuable time. According to this abortive epic hatched at the Disney studios, all there is to see in a so-called black hole in space is an unidentified flying angel-she wears chif-Ion-plus some laser-beam lighting tricks that might do wonders for a new disco. ¥

Bruno Barreto, the young Brazilian director of Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands, looks at sex on the seamy side in Amor Bandido. A police detective (Paulo Gracindo) and his wayward teenaged daughter (Cristina Ache), a go-go girl and hustler in a sleazy club in the Copacabana district of Rio, are brought together by her involvement with a ruthless young pimp. The pimp's off-hours hobby is murder-he specializes in robbing and killing taxi drivers, leaving his victims locked in their cars with their brains blown out and the radio blaring pop music. There are elements here of the father-daughter conflicts in last year's intriguing but neglected Hardcore with George C. Scott. Barreto's film is no less a downer, perhaps, though it has other dimensions as a gritty suspense melodrama-well acted and wildly atmospheric, all of it set to the subversive rhythms of Rio's teeming slums and fleshpots. Although Dona Flor had greater sex appeal, Amor Bandido has a tantalizing air of danger about it. Makes you feel like a voyeuristic tourist on a strictly forbidden side trip. **

Nearly any film from France's Claude (A Man and a Woman) Lelouch might be described as slick and slight and charming. Robott of Robott runs true to form, with Charles Denner and Jacques Villeret teamed as an irascible taxi driver and a rookie gendarme who get together through the miracle of computer



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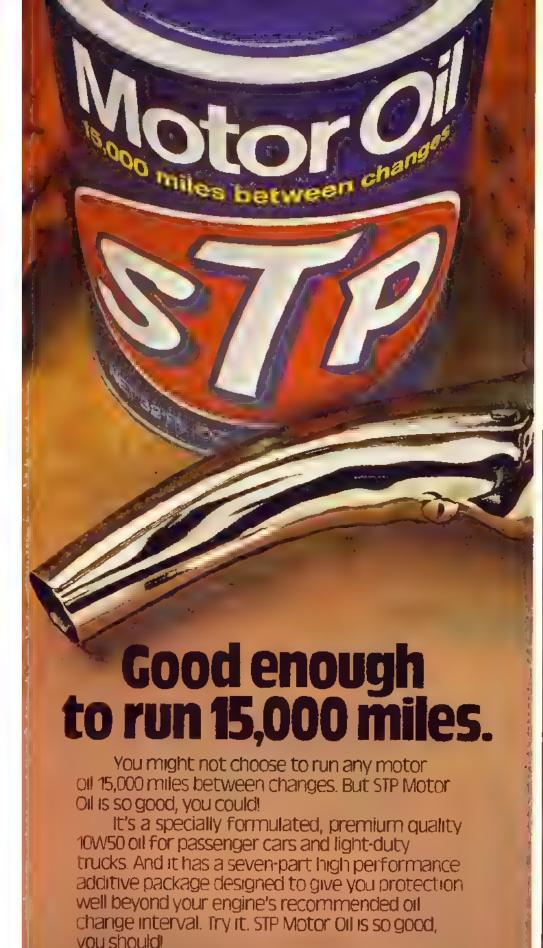
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dating. They are, in fact, looking for women, not for each other. As rejects, they become fast friends during a disastrous singles weekend at a country hotel. Eventually, the cabdriver discovers the policeman's mother (played by café owner-chanteuse Regine, for whom le cinéma is slumming); the stout young top turns his private disappointments into a standup comedy routine that makes him rich and famous and favored by beautiful women. As the fat, baby faced policeman, Villeret won the French equivalent of an Oscar in a role tailor-made for him by Lelouch. Villeret's chef-d'oeuvre is his instant re-creation of an Ingmar Bergman movie, a symphony of Swedish grunts and sighs that blows away language barriers. YY

The heroine of Roger Vadam's Night Games is an unhappy, affluent Beverly Hills housewife who experiences some rather extravagant crotic fantasies. As a star maker well known for launching such names as Bardot, Deneuve and Fonda into the movie firmament, Vadam may have another winner in Cindy Pickett. An alumna of the CBS soap opera The Guiding Light, Texas-born Cindy plays Games as if she were playing for keeps, even when the material she is given seems thinner than a see-through mightie. Y

Having confronted the future (Close Encounters...) after winning his stripes as a certified boy wonder with Jaws, Steven Spielberg was given at least \$26,000,000 to try his hand at a comedy called 1941. I'd swear they forgot to give him a script as part of the deal, except that at least three writers (among them John Milius) claim story-and/or-screenplay credit. No credit is due. Supposedly, 1941 recaps all the crazy things that happened in L.A. one night just a week after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, when everyone expected an imminent invasion of the West Coast. What Spielberg has tried to do is combine a wartime Animal House with bits of Dr. Strangelove, as well as an opening-scene spoof of Jaws. The Japanese arrive in a submarine commanded by Toshiro Mifune, whose mission is to destroy Hollywood. We'll let that one pass without comment. Spielberg's perverse achievement here is to make a comedy almost devoid of humor, which seems to demonstrate that John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd of Saturday Night Live fame can be very unfunny if they try hard. Demolishing a submarine, a large cliff-top house, a paint factory, a Ferris wheel, a couple of airplanes, countless cars and part of downtown Los Angeles is not intrinsically sidesplitting-and having hordes of actors outshouting an aggressive musical score simply adds insult to overkill. Talented though he is, Spielberg should go

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back two giant steps—and the executives who thought that a hot shot young director could do no wrong may be chastened to learn that their boy has wrought one of the most crashingly inept comedies of the past decade ¥

The foxes in foxes, unless I missed something, are a bunch of precocious L.A. teenagers who have come a long way, baby, since the dear dead days when growing up meant goodinglit kisses or getting a prom date. Jodie Foster plays the foxiest kid in her set, the bosom chum of several misfits whose experiments with sex and drugs can be blamed, it would seem, on their stupid, selfish or psychopathic parents. Only Sally Kellerman as Jodie's mother, a more or less desperate divorcee who sleeps around a lot, dares challenge what she sees on the far side of the generation gap. "You may look like kids, but you don't sound like them" she charges. "You're short 40year-olds ... tough ones." Among those ancient youngsters. Cherie Currie is particularly effective as a punk rock blonde who comes to a very bad end. British director Adrian Lyne is obviously a film maker with skill and energy, though his vision of young America in L.A. could not be bleaker. Foxes finally depressed the hell out of me. By the time this orgy of youthful aimlessness and self-destruction was over, I felt in need of a fix . . like sitting through a revival of Love Finds Andy Hardy WY

All the announced candidates should throw in their towels already and let George Burns run for President, Burns wouldn't even have to run, he could probably walk away with it Easy. That's the way everything looks when you let George do it, and he does it again in Going in Style, a small, delectable human comedy with charm to burn as well as Burns to tharm It's not my intention, though, to underpraise George's worthy co-stars, Art Carney and Lee Strasberg They make perfect harmony with Burns as a trio of old geezers-collecting moss and Social Security while warming the park benches out in suburban Queenswho decide to vary their routine by robbing a bank. Heavily disguised, of course. They all wear Groncho Marx masks and their caper is the sort of modest enterprise that necessitates considermg the cost of subway tokens for the get ovay after the heist. George as ring leader comes up with most of the ideas, and he, naturally, can make the wildest proposition sound simple and sensible

To tell too much about Going in Style might spoil what is already subtle and delicately balanced trivia. Just don't expect a rollicking farcical caper for octogenarians in the style of The In-Laws Style represents another kind of moviemaking. The best kind, I suspect, in the



Foxes' precocious Foster.

Teenage trauma in Foxes; Strasberg, Burns and Carney join forces for a stylish caper.



Going in Style's threving trio.

vein of vintage Capra and Sturges. Credit for that goes to fledgling writer-director Martin Brest, an American Film Institute al immus, aged 28, whose first fulllength commercial feature delivers on its promises right away-which means we don't have to wait for his next movie to see that Brest is really good. He's also so confident in his technique that he doesn't resort to arm twisting overstate ment to make a comic point. Brest adapted his screenplay from an original story talked into a cassette tape by Ed ward Cannon, a Long Island carpenter who died before the film was made. It's a dandy little amoral tale. After they successfully steal \$35.555, the Groucho gang can't decide what to do for an encore "You wanna go to the movies" Berns suggests, Instead, two of them wind up going to Las Vegas, where they get lucky and soon have ill gotten gains

beyond their wildest dreams. They hide the cash with a nephew named Pete (marvelously played by Charles Halla han) while Going in Style moves with measured steps toward a wry and satisfying conclusion. It may be genative comedy, but it makes the frenzied low jury of 1941 look very old and tired by romparison. You wanna go to the movies? Go in peace, WYV

Quite a different breed of comedy is director Sidney Lumet's slick, hard edged Just Tell Me What You Want, from the novel by Jay Presson Allen (who adapted and coproduced it for the screen). What we have here resembles an old Hepburn-Tracy romance with all the heart taken out of it. What's left, though seldom lovable, is often interesting also fast, classy and cutcingly cruel. Ali MacGraw plays a New York career bitch who seems the ephome of the high fashion supergalmean, rich and skinny. She's also the mistress of a ruthless supertycoon, played to the hilt by comedian Alan King, who emphatically projects all the attractions (enumerated by Ali) that bind an ambinous younger woman to an older manhe's powerful, well to do, generous, exciting and fine company. Better than good, King makes you wonder why he has stuck to stand-up comedy all these years, and that's a compliment. While I can think of accomplished actresses who might have added nice nuances to her role, MacGraw looks dead right for this part and, under Lumet's expert direction, leagues alread of anything she's done before. In a knockdown, drag-our fight scene that's the lummest bit of violence I've seen recently, she swings her purse at King while he's shopping at Bergdorf Goodman, floors lum pummels him, tackles him again and finally pursues him all the way to his limo outside the Plaza as bystanders theer

The running battle that keeps Just Tell Me What You Want in motion is triggered by an unwanted abortion, a quarrel, a marriage on the rebound and a bittersweet reconciliation. Augertal when his girl impulsively clopes with a young playwright (played well enough by Peter Weller, reportedly Ali's frequent offscreen companion), the tycoon sets out to ruin them both, and muady retaliates by describing some of his nefarious business schemes on a T.V special. Rather nasty people, these two, if one examines their closely. The movie nevertheless has the strength of its convictions. with interest compounded by Myrna Loy as King's acerbic girl Friday, Dina Merrill as his drunken wife, Tony Roberts as a homosexual Hollywood mogul and Keenan Wynn as the mogul's disgusted father. This is sophisticated comedy in cold blood, sans candlelight and violens-Boliday fun for a school of sharks. **

-REVIEWS BY BRUCE WILLIAMSON

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

All Thei Jeax In a brilliant but over done showbiz saga about a guy pretty much like himself, director Bob Fosse has his heart attack set to music for Roy Scheider and les girls. Ergot rhythm, or is it Broadway biofeedback? YYY

Amor Bundido Reviewed in this issue W

Being There If you've wondered who's kissinger now, it's Peter Sellers paired with Shirley MacLaine in a fine cerebral satire from Jerzy Kosinski's novel about an illiterate gardener whose political green thomb captivates Washington YYY

The Black Hole Reviewed in this issue ¥

Chapter Two While James Caan skulfully underplays his Simonized writer Marsha Mason (Mrs. Neil Simon) has the part of her life in her husband's metal romantic autobiographical comedy. XXX

Coal Miner's Daughter Reviewed in this issue, YYYY

The Electric Horsemon Two genuine superstars. See how they share. Red ford literally lights up this girl meets boy steads horse comedy with Jane Fonda live from Las Vegas as another IV news hen. XXX

Foxos Reviewed in this issue. VV

Going in Style Reviewed in this
ISSUE VVV

The Great Samusi When you're a war lover, the whole world is boot camp And Robert Duvall is sensational as a feisty Marine fighter pilot who appears to be losing the peace. YYY

Hide in Plain Sight Reviewed in this issue. VY

Just Tell Me What You Want Reviewed in this issue, YY

Kromer vs. Kramer No winners, no losers in this realistic drama of marital conflict, though Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep and he picture itself should clean up at Oscar time. ####

Night Games Reviewed in this issue ¥

1941 Reviewed in this issue. Y

Robert of Robert Reviewed in this issue YY

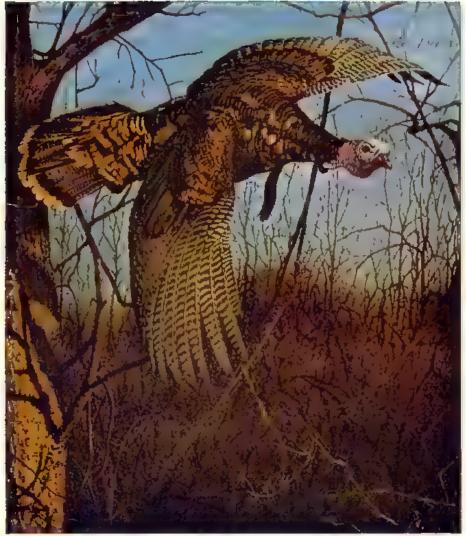
The Rose Bette Midler going for broke as a self-destructive rock star, with Frederic Forrest's solid support to give the girl a brake YYY

Stor Trek-The Motion Picture Reviewed in this issue. ¥¥

YYYY Don't miss YYY Good show

WY SOME

¥ Forget it



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☆ COMING ATTRACTIONS ☆

pot cossin. At presstime, publicists at 20th Century-Fox were describing the film Nine to Five as 'the story of three secretaries and their misadventures with a tyrannical boss," but other sources tell me that the Jone Fonda-Lily Tomlin-Dolly Parion starrer has a somewhat han aer feminist punch to it. Apparently, the so-called tyrannical boss is the type who demands certain extracurricular favors from his female employees and, in response, the three secretaries kidnap him. . . . Actors Robert De Nico and Robert Dovall will remite in United Artists' Time Confessions, based on the book by John Gregory Dunne. The two actors (De Viro plays the priest, Duvall the cop) haven't costarred in a film since Godfather II. . . Peter Bogdonovich will write, produce and direct They All Laughed, starring Ben Gozzere, Audrey Hephum and John Ritter The film concerns three detectives on a weird assignment in the Big Apple . . . Dustin Hoffman





Fonda

Parton

will play a New York actor in the contemporary comedy Footsie, scripted by Morroy Schagel. . . . Yet another comic strip will probably be finding its way to the big screen Word has it a 515 000,000 production of Brenda State stairing Bo Derok, is in the works. Michoel Cimino's next planned film, Proud Dieamer, is shaping up to be even bigger than his Oscir winning The Dier Hunter and possibly bigger than the soon-to-be-released Heaven's Gales which cost in the vicinity of \$30,000,000. Dreamer will toyer four decades in American life

Kio stuff: Richard Pryor makes his delait is a film producer with Family Dream. set for release this August Starring Prior Cicely Tyson, Vincent Price and eight kids, the film is about a Philaderphia teacher (Tyson) whose school is closed when funcing is rescinded. Rather than allow her kids to attend a poor ghetto school, she kidnaps eight of them and takes them to a farm in Seattle. Her planis to higher the kids in an old bus but the bus is in desperate need of a mechanic. Enter Pryor, a parolee and exmechanic whose two pet peeves are women and children. He ends up going all the way to Seattle with them, a fact

that produces some comical coofficts Interestingly enough although the film involves kids, it'll be R rated, mainly





Tyson

Pryor

due to its street language. The idea for the film was Pryor's and the Tyson character is based on his own high school teacher from Peoria, Juliette Whateker. Vincent Price, by the way, plays a wino.

SOB STORY: Diene (A Little Romance) tone's new film effort, To Elvis with Love, presented a new problem for the 15 year-old actress-staying awake. Her part as the congenitally handicapped Karen required her to spend large amounts of time immobile in hed Movie shooting is slow at the best of times and, well. Diane sometimes simply nodded off, relying on co-stars Deboroh Roffin attel Michael Learned to wake her for the action. To Elvis . . . we're glad to report, contains no Presley clonesit's the true story of how a severely handicapped drild's devotion to the late singer enabled therapists to break through to her. The correspondence between the child and Elvis lasted until her death. The film was shot on location in Canada's Banft National Park and 17 children from nearby Alberta Caildren's Provincial General Hospital appear in it. Get out your handkerchiefs.

musical wars: So far, it looks like a neck and neck box office contest is shaping up between the two forthcoming big-



Newton John

Kelly

budget musicals Can't Stop the Music and Xanadu. The former, you'll recall, features the Village People, Valorio Perrine

and Bruce Jenner, and used to be called Discoland Where the Mune Novel Stops, until it was determined by some soothsayer that disco would be in the dumper before release time. Xanada stars Olivie Newton-John and Gene Kelly, with Kelly playing some sort of Pied Piper on roller skates. There is not, thank Cod, a gasp of disco music in the film and the skates are just a small part of the dancing action. Kelly, says first time-feature director Robert Greenwold, took to those skates "like a disck to water. (He's been on them before, in the Fift.es for It's Always Fan Weather.) Both films are musical spectaculars, with Xanadu offering a visual least of clothes and color from Busby Berkeley-style sets to zoot suits, leatherclad punk fashion and space-age fantasy Musically, Gan't Stop . . . is betting on the sounds of the Village People, While Xanadu is putting its money on Electric Light Orchestra's Jeff Lynne and ou John forms, the man behind the hit You're the One that I Want

MUSICALS, PART II: Although I find it hard to believe, I'm assured that the Blues Brothers movie will be a "traditional Hollywood musical comedy." not a contert film. Musical numbers, in other words, will take up where dialog



Aykroyd

Belushi

leaves off and will not be presented in concert situations. Sturring Don Aykroyd (who also wrote the script). John Bolushi, James Brown, Cab Calloway, Carrie Fisher, Aretho Franklin, Henry Gibson and Steve towrence, the flick had its share of onlocation (in Chicago) crazmess. Among other stunts, a Pinto was dropped by helicopter from 1200 feet into the Clucago River and another car was driven right smack through the window of the Daley Center Aykroyd earned the nickname Dudley Do-Right when, during filming, actress Carrie Fisher choked on a Brussels sprout and he saved her life through the Heimhelt maneuver. Also, I'm told, smoking was not allowed on the set, since director John Landis is an avowed nonsmoker. That alone would have been enough to make me crazy. JOHN BLUMENTHAL



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SPACE: 1980



PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL GUIDE

By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

snorms is no idle undertaking for travclers, as anyone who has ever tried to stuff six bursting shopping bags under an airline seat will ruefully attest. Otherwise sane citizens suddenly find themselves wholly out of control in the face of a bonanza of foreign made merchandise, and it's not at all uncommon to observe a crazed consumer stumbling down Rome's Via Condotti, eyes glazed, numbly marmuring, "Gucci! Gucti!"

And if tourists routinely come a cropper on New Bond Street or the Rue Faubourg St. Honore, it's nothing compared with the quiet frenzy of purchases made in the supposedly bargain-filled airport areas called duty-free shops. For the term duty-free may be the most abused term in foreign commerce, and it's probable that more tourists have been deceived in innocent looking airport shops than in the back-alley sooks of Morocco.

Don't get me wrong. Duty free shops are not inherently dishonest. In fact, the prices of all merchandise are clearly marked and I can't recall ever seeing any high-pressure selling tactics. It's the traveler's own ignorance that so often costs him money.

The fact is that only a fraction of the merchandise displayed in airport shops is even remotely connected to any dutyfree designation. That's a perfectly sensible conclusion, if you think about it, since there's very little import duty you should expect to save on merchandise manufactured in the country you're visiting. The truth is that most airport shops operate very successfully (if a hit cynically) on a cheap-by-association basis, with only a small area of true dity-free items--usually liquor, cigars and cigarettes and perfume-surrounded by reg ular retail shops where customers are not discouraged from believing that the whole area is duty free.

Huat's not to say that there aren't some very real bargains in duty free shops: the problem is how to determine which items represent real values and which are no bargain at all. That is especially difficult in times (like now) of rapidly changing rates of international currency exchange extremely erratic product price fluctuation and the far from universal availability of all brands and all models.

Not too long ago we checked prices of several popular camera-and lens combinations at the world's most famous duty-free shop—the one at Sleumon, Ireland What we discovered was that we could buy all the cameras checked for less money or New York City, and my report of that fact has prompted shan non to go out of the camera business. But that doesn't mean that nonbargauts in



THE DUTY-FREE DILEMMA

In search of duty-free bargains abroad? Before you go on a spree, take heed....

cameras no longer tempt unknowing travelers. For example, a Nikon EM with a 50mm lens recently cost 465 guilders—approximately \$250—at Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport. In New York City, that same camera was recently for sale for \$210, in Chicago, for \$215, and in Sam Francisco, for \$197. The bottom line is that European duty-free shops are generally lousy places to buy expensive cameras, with the possible occasional exception of one or two that are manufactured in Germany.

Now, that doesn't mean that cameras are a bad buy every place in the foreign world and the best general advice is to save your camera shopping for a trip to the Orient where most of the fine camera products are manufactured, But you'c better watch yourself even in a shoppers' paradise like Hong Kong, for despite the fact that Hong Kong camera prices are generally lower than those even in Tokyo, cameras cost less at the regular downtown camera shops than they do at the duty-free shop at Hong Kong's Kai Tak Airport

Quite clearly, the only consistent protection against overpaying for much covered gear in a foreign duty-free shop is knowing just what each desirable item costs at home. Frequent travelers (at least the smart ones) often make a short list of the home-town prices of the five or six items they're most likely to find abroad, so they have an up to-date basis for judging prospective foreign buys. There's no substitute for this research.

The general rule is that locally manufactured products (with the notable exception of liquor) are almost never the best buys at foreign airport shops. Again, it takes only a little simple logic to confirm that conclusion. There's just no reason for them to be any less expensive than anywhere else in the country, and high airport-store reuts (and occasional profit-sharing arrangements) sharply retard any potential discount instructs. So such Irish goodies as Donegal tweeds, Moygashel linen, Waterford crystal or Belleek china are certainly not particularly good buys at Shannon Airport, 28 lower prices for those items usually can he found in virtually every other area of the country-with far larger selections of styles and sizes. Far more alluring pricewise are items of "foreign" European origin, which have been imported to Ireland and are available in Shannon without any duty levied in their price.

As noted previously, spiritous libations are generally the very best buys in duty-free shops, and the way to maximize your price advantage is to buy potables that have been fermented within the country you're visiting. Scotch whisky, for example, is cheapest in the United Kingdom, while champagne costs far less in France than elsewhere. And you should never—repeat, never!—buy American-made liquor in a foreign duty-free shop, since part of its price is the cost of shipping it out of the U. S.

Furthermore, travelers regularly ignore the very real bargain opportunity to buy duty-free Inquor when going abroad. Liquor purchased at an American duty-free shop (in the airport from which you are departing) is often almost as great a bargain as it is when you return, especially when compared with the cost of bottles of Inquor purchased in retail liquor shops overseas. So if you happen to be headed for a destination such as Mexico (where imported whiskey can cost more than your hotel room), the savings can be very meaningful, indeed

One last note about duty-free drink ibles: It's often possible to find brands of local liquor that are not widely distributed anywhere else in the world. II you ever find yourself at Kastrup. Virport in Copenhagen, for instance, check out a brand of aquavit called Loiten, a Nor wegran brand generally unknown outside Scandinavia. For reasons known only to the Norwegians, this stuff is sailed across the equator in a cask, and when finally bottled, each precious vial bears the date of its tropical voyage and the name of its ship. Last time I looked, Lorten cost about five bucks a bottle, and one shot was enough to drop King Kong,

OUTTHE DOOR. ONI INTO THE RECORD B

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Though it may take a little time getting used to saying. "Jameson Irish on the rocks, please."

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

As a single woman. I've grown tired of the inevitable late-evening wresting match on a first date—especially the question "Your place or mine:" Is there an advantage to home court? Is there a nice way to tell a guy that you'd like to see him again but that you are not interested in doing it that night?—Miss M. L. New York, New York

According to our sources, the question most frequently asked in singles bars is "Your face or mine?" As for home courts, we took a survey of the office and discovered that most women have an caster time dealing with dates on their men ground than effecting an exit from someone else's lair. Most guys view then apartments as extensions of their bedrooms. If it's a studio apartment, it is his bedroom. If you enter a mon's private quarters, then you have already crossed a threshold On the other hand, if you mude someone over for coffee, you can always ask him to leave (or sleep on the couch). But the best strategy is to announce your intention early in the evening. You don't have to be overly aggressive. Something this side of Jill Clayburgh in "Starting Over" ("Get the fuck away. I've got a knife. I'll cut your balls off") should do

have an answering machine that I put to novel use. Sometimes I leave obscene phone messages for my girlfriend, so that when she calls, there's something to warm the fires. I'm curious: Are we breaking any laws?—C. M., New Canaan, Connecticut

Look at it this way: If someone dials your number by mistake and gets "I'd like to slip my dipstick into your Arabian oil fields" or some such, chances are he won't remember what number he dialed. What a great way to deal with those idiots who call asking you to subscribe to the Podink News. If you leave obscene messages on someone else's answering machine (an entirely appropriate response to the dawn things), be sure to use an alias. That way, if Ma Bell hears the tapes, they can't be traced to you.

For some reason, my girlfriend cannot achieve orgasm during intercourse. I have suggested that she learn to masturbate, but she doesn't feel comfortable with it. She says that she has read that masturbation makes a person dependent on one kind of stimulation. Can you settle this argument?—D. W., Dallas, Texas.

You've seen the motto on dollar bills: In hibition we trust, Most sex therapists feel that if a person is too anxious to masturbate—because of parental guilt



or whatever-then he or she will be too anxious to reach orgasm during intercourse. Kinsey found that women who did not masturbate were three times as likely as masturbators to have problems achieving orgasm. Feminists suggest that self-help is the only cure. If nothing else, all your gulfriend has to lose is a couple of humared orgasms. She seems to have encountered what we call the masturbation backlash. Some shrinks do feel that too much masturbation will make a woman dependent on clitoral stimulation. Consequently, she will be unable to reach orgasin during normal intercourse. That sounds like sour grapes. We define intercourse as everything that happens between two people in bed . . . including touching, watching "The Tonight Show" and playing with Block & Decker vibrators. Go to it

ave you heard of a substance called vitamin B₁₃? One of my friends claims that Russian athletes use the superdrug to drastically increase their endurance. I would love to have something that would allow me to make love all night and then do the 100-yard dash in ten flat, Is that it?—P. W., Alta, Utah

We've heard of one thing that fits your requirements—the sudden arrival of a jealous husband. Of course, you have to do the 100-yard dash in your bare feet. As for vilamin B₁₆—it exists, but it isn't a vilamin. The Russians call it pangamic acid, but that, too, is a misnomer. The chemical involved is N,N dimethyl glycine (DMG). Right now, the FDA is trying to decide whether it is a vilamin, a food additive or worse. Consequently, you may have a hard time locating a source. Most of the supplies

are bought up by pro teams—the Pittsburgh Steelers, the New York Yankees, et al. DMG does appear to live up to its claims. One study found that taking fire milligrams daily increased oxygen in the blood by 27.5 percent and increased endurance (the time to exhaustion) by 23.6 percent. The chemical apparently reduces the amount of lactic acid that collects in muscles during exertion. The researchers would have conducted a follow-up study, but their subjects went out and bought all available supplies.

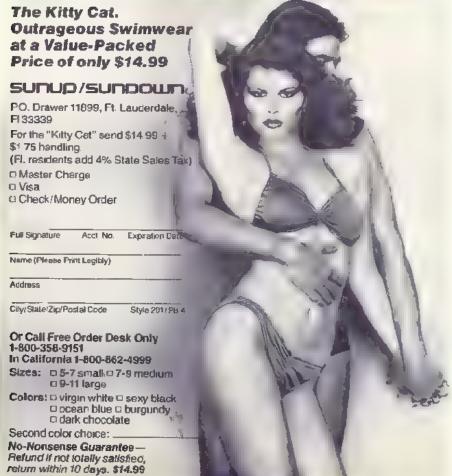
y lover and I are into bondage. We both get really turned on when he hand cuffs me. With my arms behind me, the handcuffs cut into my wrists and hurt. We have tried leaving my arms in front, but that is not as much of a turn on forme. There are times when he has me wear them on my legs all night. That leaves marks on my ankles that take hours to disappear. Any suggestions?—Mrss S. H., Hitchtock, Lexas

The November 1979 "Sex News" features some soft restraints (velvet-lined wrist cuffs) that might do the trick. You might also try some old school ties, ny lon stockings or silk scarres. They are easier to sneak through airport security, for those trips away from home. For more information, write to The Pleasure Chest (20 West 20th Street, New York, New York 10011) for a catalog of other B&D regalia. Then tie one on.

Potholes in my part of the country take a big toll on my car during the winter. I usually have to have my front end aligned after an especially large crop appears in the spring. And that brings to mind an old confusion: the difference between caster and camber What is it and how does it affect my car?—R. J., St. Paul, Minnesota

The annual Pothole Statom is such an exciting event that we're surprised it hasn't been included in the winter Olympics. But if it ever is, here's what the pit crews will be doing First, they'll theck the angle of the wheels from the front of the car to make sure that the tread is perpendicular to the road at speed. That's the camber, and properly set, the tread will be flat on the road. Obmously, if it doesn't, uneven tire wem will result Second, the easier is checked from the side of the car. Caster is the angle of the wheel spindle itself. The car wheels must lead the car, not be dragged along by it Correct caster is necessary for handling and steering and to keep the wheels tracking straight. Too much caster creates shimmy and wander at





high speeds. Your crew will also check your toe. Toe is the difference between the distance at the front of your trees and that at the rear. A slight toe-in situation is necessary, since wheels tend to tine up parallel at speed. Make sure that is checked, since it will have the greatest effect on your tire life. Be aware that mis alignment caused by potholes requires only an adjustment and seldom means that there is any physical damage to your car.

Suisemilla is a form of marijuana that I ve heard a lot about lately It's supposed to be very strong and almost seedless. How is it possible to grow grass without seeds and why is it so powerful?—R. D. Mendocino, California.

Smsemilla is the result of a cruel inpustice perpetrated on pot puints. As you know, there are male and female Cannabis plants. Ordinarily, they coexist in a plot, the males fertilizing the females willy uilly in a kind of garden Sodom and Comorrah, Unfortunately, mules produce nowhere near the THO potency of female plants. As a result growers have taken to killing off the male plants as soon as they appear, leaving the females lonely and seedless. Then they clip off the lower leaves of the lemales, forcing all the patent THC into the top leaves and buds. The result is a better high for you.

could spend my life looking for a surrise sensualist. Why is it that men like to make love in the morning and women don't?—T. P., New York New York

It sounds like you've had a run of bad luck-we've known women who like to do it morning, noon and night. One of the primary ingredients of desire in both men and women is testosterone (the male hormone). For men, there is a peak in testosterone production every marning. So it's early to rise Also-during the nighta male experiences four or five creations during REM (rapid eye movement) sleep Stimulation facilitates sperm production; therefore, in the maining, he may feel primed and ready. (The more ejaculate, the more pleusurable the or gasm) Now look at it from the woman's point of view. She wakes to a lover who is unshaven and suffering from morning mouth. She may require courtship or conversation as prerequisite to sex-That's not likely to happen until after the coffeecake. Our advice: Try a candle light breakfast in bed. Take in a bedside table with toothbrush and mouthwash Let her shave you. If you take your time, you'll be rolling by evening

seem to be the victim of male-pattern baldness. My roommate tells me that baldness is related to virility Of course, I believe her but I wonder. Is there a relation between aan loss and masculmity?—] J. P., Atlanta, Georgia.

We'd like to think so, It gives us something to look forward to. As a boy becomes a man, two things happen: He begins to grow hair on his chest, legs, arms, armpits, pubic area and face; and he begins to lose hair on his head. This is directly related to the production of testosterone (see preceding letter). If you had been castrated at the age of ten, you would have developed a hisimious head of hair. You could even have sung back up for the Bee Gees. This is pure speculation. If your griffiend believes the all power to you

Las, my physician tells me that I suffer from an enlarged prostate. One of the symptoms seems to be a tendency toward premature ejaculation. I come almost immediately—a problem I never had before. Are the two relateds—S. F., Chicago, Illinois.

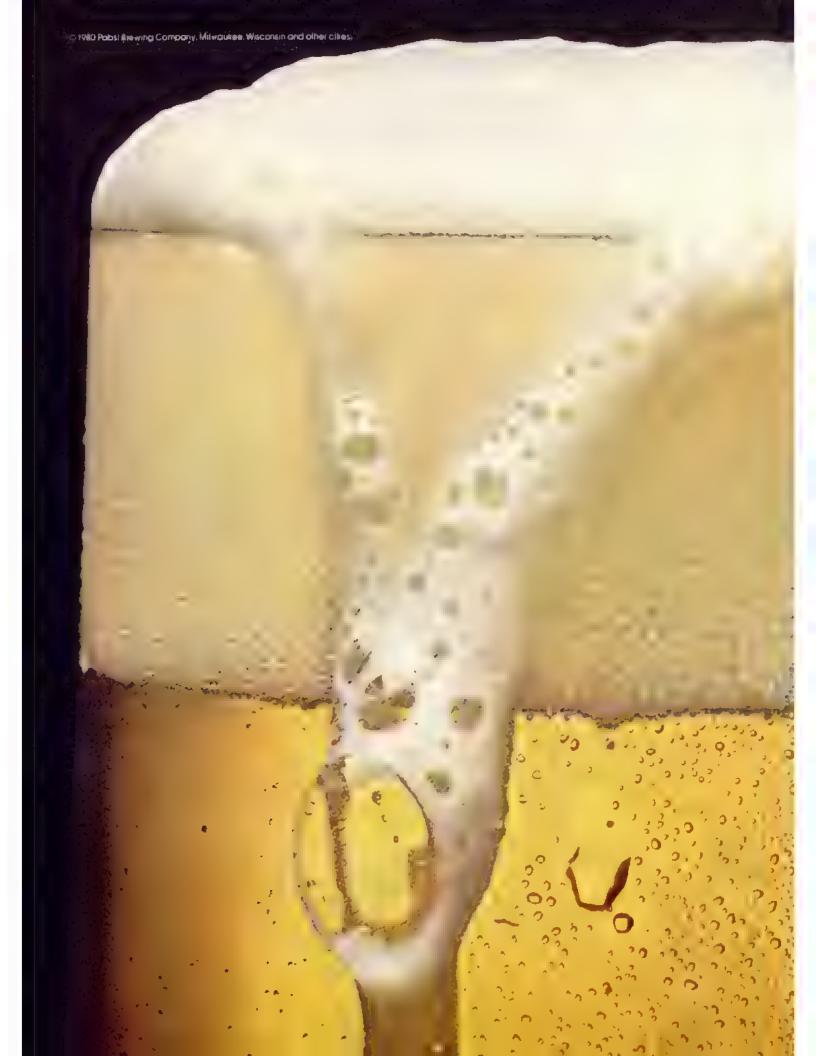
An inflamed prostate gland may contribute to premature ejaculation. One expert compared the effect to "a foreign body in the eye causing rapid blinking." Check with your doctor, follow his instructions and the situation should improve.

have two questions, and both are about tipping. I belong to a health spa/ racquetball club, where I go three times a week to work out in the gym. There is a locker-room attendant who shines shoes, replenishes the hair-grooming supplies and does general cleanup work Now, a sign in the locker room says that one must pay 50 cents for a shoeshing and 25 cents for use of the hair grooming supplies, these are supplied as a cour-TESY, the sign says, and, accordingly, one is to pay the attendant the 25 cents or 50. cents for them. I don't use any of taem. Am I supposed to tip the attendant, nevertheless? Does his more presence in the locker room warrant a tip? If so, how much? (T1 c spa costs \$400 a year) Secondly, I have my hair shampooed, cut and blown dry at a haircutting place in a mall nearby. I know I should up both the shampoo girl and the haircutter/stylist, but how much?--W. J., Huntington Valley, Pennsylvania.

It isn't necessary to tip someone in a health club who doesn't provide you with any service. Of course, if he take your workout for you, then, by all means, tip. When in a hair-styling establishment, a 15 percent gratuity should go to the stylist, while 50 cents to one dollar should go to the shampoo girl. Watch others and see what the accepted amount is.

My new video-cassette recorder has enabled me to develop a pretty good collection of my favorite TV programs and









movies. Unfortunately, I've got a good collection of TV commercials as well. It's impossible for me to sit with the machine while it's on to edit out the commercials, so what's the answer?—R. T. Los Angeles, California

Are you sure you really want to get rid of those commercials? Even recorded commercials can serve the same purpose as the originals. That is, provide time for a quick trip to the kitchen or the bathroom. And, as everyone knows, they are indispensable for quickies during bedroom watching. But if you must have uninterrupted viewing, there is a device called The Editor, made by Shel ton Video Editors in Vashon, Washington, that will do the trick. The Editor does it by shutting itself off when the screen fades to black with no audio before a commercial. It remains off for certain standard lengths of time, such as 10, 30 or 60 seconds, until the device determines that the ads are over. The only problem is that the machine is a little slow in starting again, so you could lose up to 30 seconds of programing. If that doesn't bother you, your problem is :olved. At least until nature calls.

Please help. I often experience acute pain upon ejaculation. Sometimes it lasts for days. I thought it might be prostatitis, but an examination proved negative. Do you have any knowledge of that reaction?—L. F., New Orleans, Louisiana.

Helen Singer Kaplan, author of "Disorders of Sexual Desire," has suggested that men undergo something akin to vaginismis (in which a woman experiences pain at the moment of penetration). "In this syndrome, the man experiences a sharp pain at the moment of ejaculation, or more typically, a short time after he ejaculates. This pain may last for minutes or hours or even days It is frequently so intense as to be disabling." Bummer. Apparently, the genital muscles go into an involuntary spasm. The problem appears to be psychological. Kaplan notes: "In males, the underlying causes range from mild masturbatory guilt to projound and severe sexual conflict. Sometimes no underlying cause can be detected," You might review your attitudes about sex and see if any of the above fits. Self knowledge is the first step toward improving the condition.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michgan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

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Was and Fluid	Helphory Message	3/10
A Section with the second	20Hz-20kHz(metal) OHz-18kHz(FeCr/CrO ₂)	
	20Hr-17kHz(normel)	

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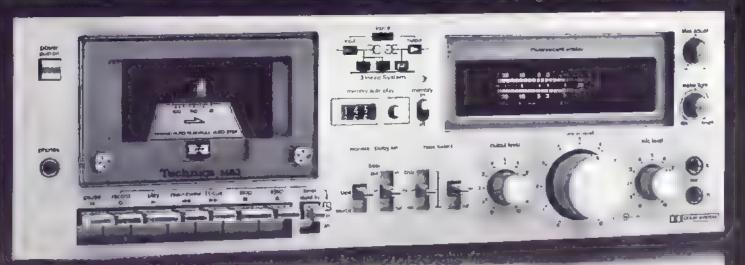
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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialog on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

SLOPE SIGNALS

Re the Aspen skier who, distracted by the sight of a pants-down female on the slopes, managed to cream himself referring, of course, to his resulting broken ankle. Whatever the circumstances, attractive women skiers definitely contribute to the intrinsic hazards of this otherwise wholesome sport (I say with tongue firmly in cheek) and something has got to be done about it I suggest this:

Just as most ski areas have posted symbols to indicate the relative difficulty of the trails, women's ski apparel should have appropriate markings, if not for the slopes, then for the social interactions that are part of the whole scene. Traditionally, a plain circle indicates easy terrain, suitable for beginners, a square means intermediate difficulty-challenging but quite cruisable for those with a bit of skill and experience. Now, the black-diamond symbol means definite risks are involved and only seasoned experts should stick their necks out very far. Terrible things can happen when amateurs taugle with these black diamond girls, for sure

> (Name withheld by request) Carlsbad, New Mexico

Clever, if a bit chaus inistic, how about comparable markings for men? Or would every male wear only markings indicating he was a pushover? (For readers who missed the original letter, the "pantsdown female" referred to was an unfortunate lass who had been answering nature's ingent call behind some bushes and accidentally schussed off before she was ready)

FRIENDLY SKIES

I was amused to read Cynthia L. Duffy's letter (The Playboy Forum, December), in which she comments on "Santa Monica Private Pilot's" organiac experience while flying and watching the sunset (The Playboy Forum, September). I'm not sure why Miss Duffy thought that hanta Monica was a male—could have been a woman. The letter doesn't say.

Anyway, I have a story that literally tops that one. It happened approximately ten years ago. I was flying over west I exas one night at 43,000 feet in a single-seat Air Force fighter. The skies were perfectly clear and not only could I see thousands of stars but I to ild see the cities and towns hundreds of miles away. Being alone with such beauty was too

much for me. I got a hard-on that wouldn't quit.

I tried to ignore my feeling, but there was no way; it wouldn't go down I had about five minutes before I had to change headings and make a radio call, so I unzipped my flight suit and started some manual massage. For those who have never experienced an orgasm at 600 unles an hour while breathing pure oxygen, I can only say that it's incredible. I almost lit the afterburner when I came.

"I was making some pretty serious gestures toward back-seat, mile-high sex."

Since I had no automatic pilot, I had to control the stick and throttle with one hand while I throttled my own stick with the other. (I would not recommend this activity to an inexperienced aviator') If Cynthia had been there, I'm sure I could have trimmed the plane to fly itself for a few minutes.

California Professional Pilot Orangeville, California

The letter from the private pilot who got his rocks off to a spectacular California sunset inspires me to share my own adventure in the skies, which was somewhat less poetic at least as it



turned out. A friend of mine owns a Bellanca and my girlfriend and I were flying with him and his wife from Texas to California several years ago. In the course of the flight, we all got talking, mostly joking, about how we should make a real effort to have some high alutude sex so we chuld submit our applications to the Mile-High Club. (I don't know if the club truly exists, but it's legendary and a perfectly good excuse for screwing, regardless.)

After a lot of bullshitting one another, the four of us were getting library enough to overcome our inhibitions and were deeply into the logistical problems of performing any kind of sex under such space limitations.

By the time we had crossed Las Vegas and were nearing the California-Nevada border, we were all psyched up and sorted out and I was making some pretty serious gestures toward some back seat mile-high sex (we were about 10 000 feet but it never hurts to be safe), when the aircraft nearly flipped upside down, for no apparent reason. Actually, it only bumped up and sideways and put us into a panic for a few seconds, but I hate to ruin a good story.

As soon as the pilot recovered control, he turned on the radio and we learned that we had just been hit by the shock wave from an underground nuclear test: apparently, the warning had been on for hours, but we hadn't been listening. It was no big deal, but it was sufficiently distracting that my boner wilted, my girliftend buttoned up her blouse, the pilot and his wife became preoccupied with the radio and the trim and other matters associated with airplane flying, and that was the end of that

Since that day, I have been an ardent opponent of nuclear testing.

(Name withheld by request) 5an Antonio, Texas

THE HOMOSEXUAL ISSUE

PIAYBOY has been so long an uncritical supporter of homosexuals that I impleased to see a little common sense creep into the magazine I'm referring of course, to The van Francisco Experience, by Nora Gallagher, in the January issue. Despite the usual (and perhaps deserved) sop to those gays who do not make a dedicated effort to be offensive, she describes quite clearly why there is such a thing as prejudice against

homosexuals. They've worked hard for quite a few years to bring it on themselves.

(Name withheld by request) Palo Alto, California

A letter from a homosexual in our fanuary "Playboy Forum" makes somewhat the same point, if a little more sensibly. Letters in our March issue both thank us and denounce us for our positions on the subject, which is debated continually in these columns. But let us clarify something: We are not uncritical supporters of homosexuals, we do strongly support the rights of all citizens, including homosexuals. Now, for some further comments, wise and otherwise:

In order to show what makes straights apprehensive and emaged. Gallagher takes us where? Into the glory holes and the leather bars—to the private, not the public side of gay life, an exclusive night time world that heterosexuals and many homosexuals, rarely if ever visit. Gallagher would have done better to stick with what straights like herself might encounter of gay life during the course of an ordinary day and examine her feelings regarding those more common exchanges.

Michael Rubin San Francisco, California

To be homosexual and live in San Francisco and not fit into the local gay lifestyle, as Gallagher describes it, virtually ensures isolation. You inhabit a kind of no man's land where you are, on one hand, ignored or even shunned by your wonderful gay brethren and on the other, an object of contempt to heterosexuals who have had enough of tags. Fortunately, my stay in gay mecta was short (one year) and I have returned to greener pastures.

John Forth New York, New York

Part of the reason some people don't approve of homosexuality may be that they don't approve of heterosexuality, either. Note the common expletives Fucker, Get fucked, You fuckhead; phrases like fuck over, fuck around and the ubiquitous fuck up

The questions I want to confront all heterosexuals with are simply these: What have you got against fucking? Why do you use the word as if it's the nastiest thing you can think of? Your grandparents never used it, because they thought it was dirty—both the word and what it stood for. You use it all the time, for the same reasons, even if the shock value has gone.

The main idea behind all this kind of language is that the way to dominate, humiliate and hurt a person is to stick a penis into her or him. Such talk reflects the way rapists think. I don't know

FORUM NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

IS NOTHING HARMLESS?

McDonald's coffee stovers have become something of a collector's item since the company announced it was redesigning them to eliminate their possible use as "drug paraphernalia." The issue came up, to the dismay of



McDonald's officials, when witnesses before a U.S. Senate subcommutee testified that the tiny spoons have been adopted by drug users as a standard measure of and a popular means of snorting cocame.

VACCINE FOR MONO

cambridge. Massachusetts—A researcher at Harvord's Sidney Farber Cancer Institute reports the development of a vaccine that may provide protection against mononucleosis, otherwise known—inaccurately—as the kissing disease. Laboratory tests with rubbits indicate that the vaccine produces antibodies against the virus that causes mono, which has been linked to two types of cancer.

VACATION FROM HOUSEWORK

MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA—A 49-yearold mother of seven is reportedly delighted at the pail sentence of six months to three years that she received for growing marijuana. The woman's 19-year-old daughter told a newsman, "Mum wanted it this way. She went around telling everyone that it would give her a chance to have a rest. She's never had a holiday, except for a day or two in Adelaide or Melbourne on business, and she's always worked very hard So she was really cheerful about it."

GOOD SHOT

BATH, MAINE—A young cormoal barker was acquitted of running a crooked skill game after undergoing a "trial by ordeal." The judge in the case decided that the game would be jound legitimate if the defendant could play it himself and win. On his sixth try, he succeeded in bouncing a softball off the belly of a stuffed green dragon and into a ten-gallon milk can. Courtroom spectators applauded and the judge found him innocent of theft by deception.

LICENTIOUSNESS

SACRAMINTO—A Californian whose last name is Schmuch may sue the state over its refusal to issue a personalized license plate bearing his last name. The motor-vehicles department includes scaimed on its list of words deemed obscene, offensive or insulting. The motorist said he did not intend for his name to be translated into the Yiddish word for penis and might take legal action to uphold his good name, which in German means ornament. He added that he would not settle for a plate with only his first name, which happens to be Peter.

GOOD NEIGHBORS

BEATTY, NEVADA Local citizens, businesses and service organizationsincluding the Veterans of Foreign Wars-have held a special fundraising drive to help rebuild Fran's Star Ranch, one of the area's legal brothels, which was destroyed by fire. The V.F.W. Women's Auxiliary sponsored a "fire dance" that raised more than \$5000 and a saloon owner donated \$1000 in receipts from card playing, "We're not doing this to restore a brothel," explained one contributor, "We're doing this for Fran. She's one of a hind"with a popular reputation for buying uniforms for the local softball team, advertising in the high school yearbook and donating regularly to the volunteer fire department.

PAY POTTIES

WASHINGTON, D.C.—Senator John Warner of Virginia may be stirring up a new controversy over pay toilets, Charging that such toilets discriminate against women and children, because men's urmals are free, the Senator has introduced an amendment that would eliminate pay toilets from all airports that emplane at least 25,000 passengers a year.

VIRGINITY LOSING OUT

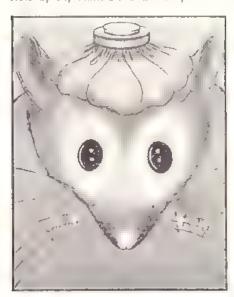
TYMEY, ARICONA—Both male and lemale college stadents now work chartity at the bottom of the list of proportion characteristics they consider important in selecting a mate, according to an Accord State University study. When ementially the same survey was conducted in 1939, chastity ranked tenth on a list of 18 qualities. Popping the list in the new survey were emotional stability and mutual attraction, with dependability - the most important quality in 1939—dropping to third place.

FBI GOES SOFT

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The FBI, which has always been extremely strict about personal conduct, has liberalized certain rules to the point where its agents no longer face automatic dismissal for engaging in premarital or extramarital sex. While rules remain strict on homosexuality and maripiana use, the hireau indicated that eventually some latitude may be shown in individual cases, usually involving past conduct in which the arts in question could have no detrimental effect on an agent swork.

DRINKING TO REMEMBER

tos sscribs—A moderate amount of alcohol may enhance the memory of taken just after a learning experience, according to experiments at the University of Southern California School of Pharmacy researchers found that with mice, at least, a little book seemed to aid in the storage and retention of information a week after the



experiment, but they cautioned against projecting such effects to human learning and memory. Past research indicates that memory impairment is one of the common side effects of alcoholabuse.

TREE SPEECH

KITTEN, MAINT—A district pade has found a New York City woman innocent of littering after she damped a Lox of gar' age and x the police dispatcher's window at the town half. Noting that the act was committed to profest the tack of trash burrels at a local brach, the court held that the woman towrist was exercising her right of symbolic free speech.

TAX AVOIDANCE

washington, p.c.—The Internal Revenue Service has decided to challenge the tax returns of a Maryland couple who three times have divorced and remained twice in order to take advantage of the lower taxes payed by employed single people who are simply hing together. The test case should provide a coart ruling on what the IRS calls "sham divorces" intended to lower tax hability. The defendants found it possible to save some \$2800 in Federal income taxes by obtaining a \$350 divorce in Haiti and then remarrying after the first of the year.

GAYS STILL BANNED

WASHINGTON, D.C .- Despite a recent ruling by the head of the U.S. Public. Health Service, Instice Department lawyers have concluded that the Imimigration and Naturalization Service. still mist enforce a statutory ban on the admission of homosexual foreigness to the Unit d States, Last summer, the U.S. Surgeon Torneral, acknowledging changes in medical ciews, declared that honosexuality should no longer be considered a "mental disease or defect" and that immigration officers would be so advised. An assistant attorney general conceded that this would make enforcement of the ban difficult or impractical but said it did not after the law itself. Gay rights groups are expected to further challenge the 1952 immigration law, known as the McCarran Walter Act, which considers homose quality itself a disease,

DOGS AND DRUGS

MCHIAND, INDIANA—The use of pofice dogs in public schools to search for drugs does not violate the constitutional rights of students a Federal district judge has held. Rubing in a suit brought by the American Creal Liberties Union, the judge decided that the dogs merely acted as aides to the school administrator in detecting the scent of marijuana for the purpose of enforcing school regulations rather than conducting a criminal investigation. The same decision ruled out strap searches of students.

1 OBECT!

wereta—Colombia's most respected contonics organization, the National Issue above of Financial Issue atoms but proposed that marriagna be legal red and that the funds now spent combitting it instead be earmarked for development programs in the regions where the put is now cultivated. Recognizing the problems of taking such action undaterally, the association's yearlong study points out that Colombia presently spends close to \$150,000,000 annually to light the



werd and that its ultimate legalization and marketing could raise at least \$170,000,000 to year in tax revenues

Meanwhile, the president of Colombia's national senate went even further, calling on seven Latin American cointries to legalize the production and sale of both maripiana and colorine, According to Zodiae news service. Senator Hector Echevery: Coivea referred to Peru Bulina Echador Chile, l'enerue la Mexico and Colombia, which would form a kind of "organization of drug exporting countries" along the lines of OPEC, the international oil cartel

CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE

SEXULL The Tennion Chirch alleging that raids on sexual activities at its temple constitute religious intertereine and hurassment, has filed a \$10,020,000 sait against Seattle and the city police. The church acknowledges that sexual activities play a major role. in its beliefs and practices but defends them as being religious in nature and entitled to constitutional protection. The suit claims that the sexual materials, including movies, slides and live performances, are presented at the temple to "serve as a medium for the communication of the principles and philosophies of the church"

why feminists haven't realized there's an issue here more significant than "chair-person."

Roger M. Smith Milwaukee, Wisconsin

In response to the faggots who have written letters to defend gay rights, I say this They may have the right to do what they want in the privacy of their own homes, but nature gave us an urge for sex with the intent that we'd give way to temptation and thus propagate the human species. I've heard gays say that what heterosexuals are doing is just as unnatural as what they're doing—having sex not for the purpose of keeping

the species alive but for pleasure. This may be true, but the attraction between man and woman is natural (all opposites attract). Homosexual attraction is unnatural, despite what auxbody says

(Name withheld by request) Los Angeles, California

All opposites attract? How about the birds of a feather who flock together?

SMOKEY, THE BANDIT

Earl Henry "Smokey" Burris, 66, took his stand in the grand manner of frontier individualism and dared the state of Arizona to stop him from growing and smoking his own marijuana. Arizona accepted the dare and locked him up in prison for three to five years. The case is an embarrassment for both Arizona lawmakers and Artzona law enforcers. In the name of protecting citizens from themselves and from drugs and teaching them respect for the law, they may have pessed a death sentence on a harmless elderly eccentric in failing health Steve Daniels, who has been covering the story as a bureau chief of The Ari zona Republic, sends us this report:

OATMAN, ARIZONA-Here in the rural Southwest, county sheriffs ride Ford LTDs, not horses, but you'll find most of them still wearing Stet sons, pearl-button shirts, boots and paunches in the classic Western lawman tradition. At least that's the case in Mohave County, where law-enforcement personnel have an almost equal distrike for Communists and Federal Government bureaucrats (the Environmental Protection Agency has threatened to fine the sheriff for stripping his patrol cars of their emissioncontrol devices). Local lawmen also dislike dope smokers—make that dope hends, and make the definition real

In the mid- to late Seventies, the U.S. Law Enforcement Assistance Administration pumped a lot of money into Mohave County to combat the flow of drugs, including herom, across the Mexican border. Increased vigilance of the nearly 80 described air strips in the county, plus increased manpower and the paraquat start virtually eliminated the nightly flights from Mexico, and undercover agents have had to change their policies to keep the "war on drugs" going. The result-besides a phenomenal nulla tion of the price of marijuana has been a marked increase in the num ber of small drug busts. Which brings us to the case of Smokey Burris.

For ten years, Burris was one of about 150 residents of this former



gold-mining boomtown, once a hot spot of about 5000 residents on the long, scenic, desolate baul over the old Route 66 between Chicago and Los Angeles. To use the local vernacular, Burris qualified as a colorful but often contrary old codger who nunded his own business and expected other folks to do the same. Since last year however, he has been a resident of the Arizona State Prison. where he is serving a three-to-fiveyear term for cultivation of marijuana. He may well die there, a victim of nonviable drug laws and a melancholy symbol of a justice system that is too often truly blind

Burris entered prison with known respiratory problems and a heart condition yet was assigned to a work detail at Fort Grant in southern Arizona. He was eventually given medication and transferred to a medical section of the state pen at Florence after fellow inmates raised a ruckus over the labor he was expected to perform. They were alread he would die

Burris had been sentenced to prison as a result of his arrest in July 1978, when county narcotics agents found 50 marijuana plants over ten feet tall growing in his side yard. The sentence was handed down by Cochise County Superior Court Judge Anthony T. Deddens, considered a "hanging judge" by several members of the Arizona bar. Some Arizonans wrote to newspapers, suggesting that justice should include an element of mercy and the law an element of common sense; and if poor judgment is a

By STEVE DANIELS

crime, then perhaps Deddens should join Smokey in the slammer—or even take his place. But this popular sympathy has had to acknowledge that Smokey certainly was obstinate and defiant of Arizona's tough drug law.

"Even if sent to jail, he would continue the use of marijuana," a probation officer told the court. "It is the defendant's belief that the courts and the law are wrong concerning

manijuana and he is right."

Judge Deddens agreed. "There is nothing in this man's background that makes him a viable candidate for probation," he said in pronouncing sentence against Burris. "The defendant seems adamant in his determination to decide for hunself whether or not to conform to the laws of society.' He added that Burris was "flagrant in his disregard for the law." Burris had established that beyond much doubt, at least with respect to the law against maripuana. Since 1972, he had managed to get himself arrested three times under the administrations of three county sheriffs, one arrest culminating in a two-month fail term

In 1978, after reading that three young people had received long sentences for marijuana, Burris had be labored the local constable to accept a sample of his own home-grown and then lock him up in their place. The constable refused, but Burris later ended up facing pot charges and was temporarily exiled from the state. About then, he began proclaiming himself loudly and proudly to be "probably the world's oldest pothead." At his trial last year, he smoked a joint on the courthouse steps during a recess.

In short, it wasn't easy for Smokey to get himself into serious trouble, but his efforts finally paid off. He at tracted too much attention and the state decided he was setting a baid example by thumbing his nose at the law. Now it is setting a good example, presumably, by locking him up

Burris' conviction is on appeal, but that protracted and probably futile process may last longer than Smokey.

MADNESS OF THE MONTH

Among the stranger species of non compos mentis inhabiting this state is a group calling itself the Pro-Family Coalition of Utah, which is currently opposing the Planned Parenthood Association of Ogden. In one mailing, the Pro-Family tolks listed the following as the measures Planned Parenthood advocates to "reduce fertility in the United States":

Encourage homosexuality.

Par fertility-control agents in citizens' water suppnes,

Encourage women to work.

Increase taxes for married people and people with children.

Require women to work

Subsidize childless ciuzens to en courage birth control.

Subsidize sterilization to encourage sterilization.

Subsidize abortion to encourage abortion.

Compulsory abortion for out-ofwedlock pregnancy.

Compulsory sterilization of all who have two children, except for a few who would be allowed three

Now, that's what I call a comprehensive program of population control! I don't know what the Planned Parenthood people would call it

(Name withheld by request) Salt Lake City, Utah

Bullshit, most likely, though they might put it a bit more delicately.

STREET STRATEGY

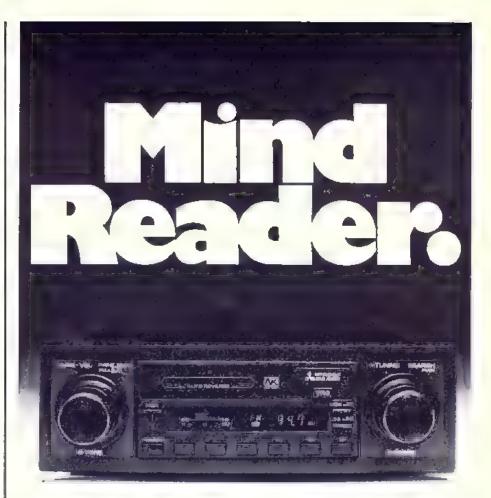
You should have advised the man in Norwalk (The Playboy Forum, December) that there is, in fact, a way to approach a prostitute and practically climinate the possibility of her being a police decoy. Simply ask her if you can buy her a drink and avoid discussing specific sexual acts or any payment until you both are in the tar and have driven several blocks. It's true that some prostitutes might misst on striking a deal in advance, but many will go along with that system. The point is that no policewoman will accept such an offer or be in a position to make an arrest.

John H. Cone Pasadena, California

SIMPLE SOLUTION

You may be interested to know that PLAYBOY has been banned at the Frank Im Pierce Law Student Cooperative. This situation came about after some members of the Women's Caucus, a feminist group at the Law Center, asked the directors of the bookstore to stop selling magazines that supposedly exploit women. Rather than debate which do and which don't, the directors solved the problem by banning the sale of all magazines in the bookstore, including newsmagazines.

So far, those of us who are outraged at this blatant denial of First Amendment



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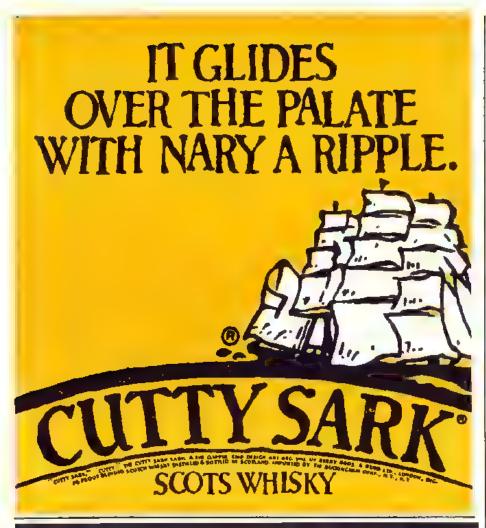
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rights have been unable to convince the directors to reverse their decision. It is especially disturbing to find that the same individuals who so ardently champion freedom of choice in the important area of abortion rights are willing to deny freedom of access to publications. But we can take heart from a recent case. in the Federal district court pertaining to First Amendment rights and access to magazines. The court in that case said it best: "The most effective antidote to the poison of mindless orthodoxy is ready access to a broad sweep of ideas and philosophies. There is no danger to such exposure. The danger is in mind control."

Richard F. Silber

Concord, New Hampshire Some people seem ever willing to

demand freedom for themselves while denying it to others. Only a few years ago, it was a Federal crime to mail information on abortion and birth control

ADOPTION VS ABORTION

It is very apparent that those antiabortionists who offer adoption as a substitute for abortion have not studied the far-reaching psychological effects of that option.

Considering the trauma and the pain connected with giving up a child for adoption, it can be understood why many favor abortion or single parenthood. Birth parents are denied participation in the planning of their child's future and are forced to live with lifelong guilt for having abandoned him Dr. Arthur Sorosky, co-author of *The Adoption Triangle*, has described birth parents' pain as a sense of psychological amputation. They frequently face social and self-induced secrecy and guilt over their decision and experience feelings of depression, anger, grief and loss.

Perhaps anti-abortionists have not considered any of this. Or may be the improper sex 18. proper-punishment principle applies. Whatever the case, it must be remembered that no option is without its penalty and each woman must be permitted to decide for herself which action to take.

Wilma Walkling Gogliantry Kensington, Connecticut

SEXUAL SEMANTICS

I must admit I am thoroughly amused by the argument that rape should not be considered a 'sexual' offensel. The psychologists and criminologists can analyze motives all they want, but it will never change the fact that in rape, a woman is forced to have sex against her will. It's possible that many cases of rape are acts of violence toward another person, and the legal point is assault. But if, in fact, a woman is penetrated and can prove that it was against her will, then that involves her body; and to a virgin woman who

does not believe in premarital sex, something irreplaceable has been lost

Don't misunderstand me. The point is well made It is much easier to convict a person of assault than of rape, and many of the current rape laws could be improved But no matter what law is en acted or enforced or what views are taken into consideration, let's not distort the lacts. When a woman is forced to have sexual intercourse, it is a sexual assault otherwise known as rape.

Timothy C Gimber Huntsville, Texas

Apparently, you're a victim of the same tendency too many jurors have to confuse physiology, emotions and statu tory law when considering the crime of rape. By treating rape as a crime of violence, as in physical assault or battery, leaving sex out of it, the questions of pleasure or enticement are minimized, assault, by definition, isn't unyone's idea of fun.

GOOD-NEIGHBOR POLICY

I refer to the letters addressed to you by Chip G. Younkin and James Douglas Clarke, concerning mistreatment to American tourists by Mexican customs officers and published in your September issue. We strongly disapprove any misbehavior of any of our officers and we are doing our best to prevent these unfortunate occurrences. We have taken several administrative measures to make the entrance and stay in Mexico of all tourists as easy and pleasant as possible.

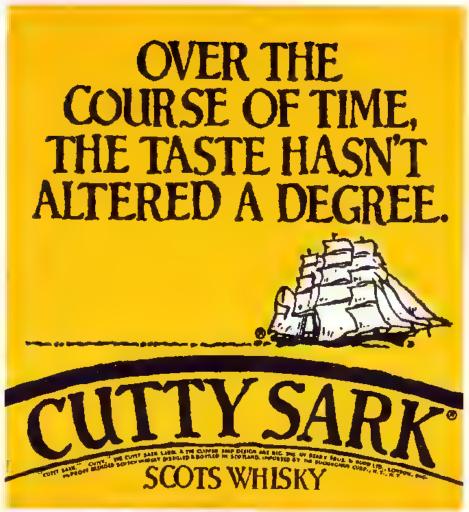
Agustin Acosta Lagunes Assistant Secretary of Public Information Mexico City, Mexico

CRIME CONTROL, MEXICAN STYLE

Some Mexican police may be just as corrupt and offensive as several of your tunista correspondents suggest, but when they do resort to serious "anticrime" measures, their tactics are effective.

When the Baja Peninsula was opened to the regular tourist trade by means of a paved road, a bandit problem de veloped. Americans in campers and pulling trailers were being stopped and tobbed, sometimes killed, which was bad for the local economy. To discourage that sort of thirg, the Mexican federales started trolling up and down the new road in a family-type sedan pulling a trailer loaded with cops. When the banditos took the bait, the cops poured out of the trailer and simply machine-gunned all the bad guys on the spot. There wasn't much due process, but after that there wasn't much of a bundito problem. cither.

That was several years ago. Last summer, another problem developed because of the U.S. gas crisis. Some of the peninsula filling-station operators started gouging American tourists and creating international bad will Again, the





Mexican police rose to the occasion: Masquerading as gringos on holiday, they simply started patronizing various stations up and down the Baja highway and shooting anybody who cheated them.

I can't say I totally approve of such measures, but they do seem to work.

Ed Johnson

Los Angeles, California

We can't verify them, but such stories, we discovered, are at least well-established Baja folklore.

GOOD INTENTIONS

This is a late comment but probably still valid. The Rutgers University police program of handing out "rape cards" (Forum Newsfront, July 1979) strikes me as one of the finest measures yet designed to prevent this particular crime (Women found hitchinking or in other vulnerable situations are given cards that read, if I were a rapist, you'd be in trouble. Naturally, in another knee jerk of intellectual menopause, local women's groups went betserk chanting their manura "Sexist" and an honest effort to protect them bit the shit.

Nobody sane believes women are responsible for being raped. But anybody sane must agree that pretautions can be taken against it. That's what the Rutgers cops tried to point out. If a Detroit policeman handed me a card one dark night that read, if I were an armed robber, you'd be in trouble, I would say, "Thank you."

But if the Rutgers ladies choose to object, I, for one, say fuck 'em

> Russell B. deBeauclair Burningham, Michigan

SPARING THE ROD

On behalf of the National Center, our executive committee, board of advisors, friends and the citizens against the use of force on children, I want to thank the Playboy Foundation for its generous support of and continuing interest in our activities. Your money will be used to further our legal efforts on behalf of children. You might be interested to know that the center is being increasingly utilized by groups such as the Children's Defense Fund and the Center for Law and Education at Harvard in providing social-science evidence to refute ill-founded efforts of punitiveness against children in the schools.

> Irwin A. Hyman, Ed D., Director National Center for the Study of Corporal Punishment Temple University Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Dr. Hyman and James H. Wise have compiled "Gorporal Punishment in American Education (Readings in History, Practice and Alternatives)," a 171 page collection of articles and studies available in hardcover through Temple University Press, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19122.

DEATH PENALTY

Legal execution is not murder, just as a legally imposed fine is not theft. If the Government has a rightful authority to send innocent young men to battle to be mained and slaughtered to protect the country and its citizens, why hasn't it the same authority to execute convicted murderers and terrorists for the same reason? That, I believe, is the real question—the only question.

Archie Hoyanesian, Sr. New Britain, Connecticut

If only it were that simple. To date, there's no evidence that capital funishment deters the one crime—murder—to which it generally applies. Confine your argument to rational, profit-motivated armed robbers and it might have some validity. But then it logically extends to unarmed robbers, burglars, threves and

FORUM FOLLIES

Our frequent coverage of psychological surveys, studies and research in "Forum Newsfront" prompted Andrew Arnesson of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to submit the following bit of doggerei—source, author, era unknown—which he found while sorting through some old papers.

NOTES FROM A PSYCHIATRIC WORKER I never get mad, I get hostile. I never feel sad, I'm depressed. If I sew or I knit and enjoy it a bit, I'm not handy, I'm merely obsessed.

I never regret, I feel guilty; And if I should vacuum the hall, Wash the woodwork and such, and Not mind it too much, Am I tidy? Compulsive is all,

If I can't choose a hat, I have conflicts.

With ambivalent leelings toward it.
I never get worried, or nervous or hurried:

Anxiety, that's what I get!

If I'm happy, I must be euphoric. If I go to a Stork Club or Ritz And have a good time making puns or a rhyme,

I'm a manic-or maybe a schiz.

If I tell you you're right, I'm submissive,

Repressing aggressiveness, too; And when I disagree, I'm defensive, you see,

And projecting my symptoms on you.

I love you, but that's just transference

With Oedipus rearing his head My breathing asthmatic is psychosomatic.

A fear of exclaiming, "Drop dead"

I'm not lonely, I'm simply dependent. My dog has no fleas, just a tic. So if I'm a cad, never mind, just be glad

That I'm not a stinker—I'm sick!

purse snatchers—at least to those professional enough to heed the advice of their attorneys. In short, the death penalty always sounds good to already lawabiding people who tend to support it out of fear and frustration, but it has no known deterrent value

PORN PROBLEM

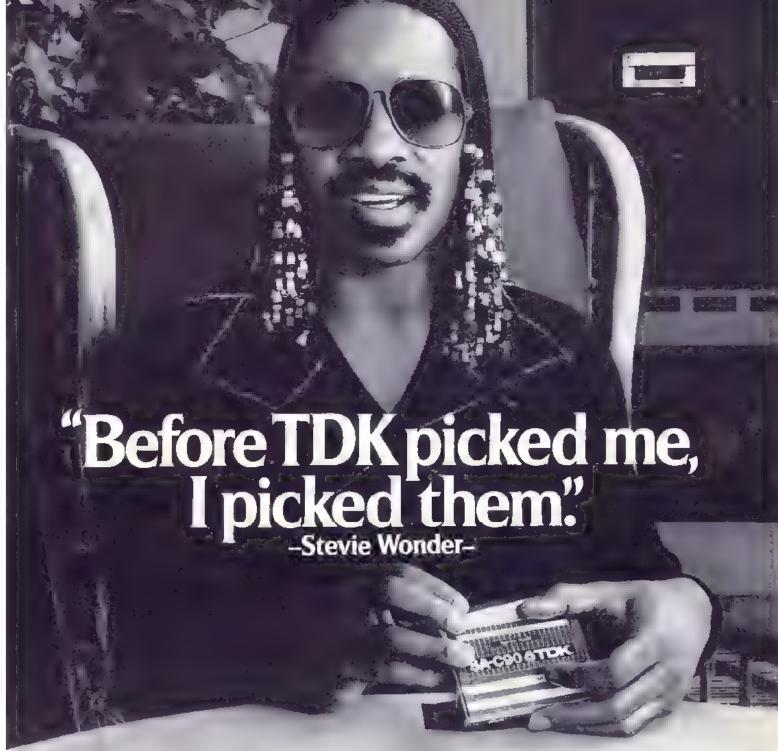
As civil libertarians, social scientists and PLAYBOY have so long asserted, there may well be no connection between pornography and antisocial behavior. That has seemed to be the case in Denmark and was the conclusion of the Presiden tial Commission on Violence and Pornography that, as far as I know, is considered to have done a great deal of objective research on the subject. But I am familiar with quite a few other studies that have found violent tendencies to be enhanced by visual stumula tion; I am also aware of some present studies now examining the effects of such visual stumulation on sexual behavior: and my background in psychology, plus my common sense, tells me that pornographic violence—not necessarily to be confused with pornography-may, indeed, influence antisocial behavior toward women, as in rape

In your concern over our constitution al rights and individual freedom from censorship—a concern that I strongly share—do not blind yourselves to the strong likelihood that there is a serious social problem here and one that this country, for the sake of its citizens, must deal with.

(Name withheld by request) New York, New York

Well said. Pornographic violence does create a problem for those who oppose it on aesthetic and social grounds but who fear it will become—and, indeed, is becoming—justification for an antisexual backlash and an excuse for censorship Only in the past decode did abortion become legal, contraception become respectable, sex education become tolerated and sexual disabilities become the subject of serious medical research It's our belief, supported by nearly everyone in the field of mental health, that repression of sexuality causes for more personal and social harm than a healthy openness toward the subject. Parnographic molence isn't healthy sex and we oppose it. but we know of no social problem that was ever remedied by passing a law against it

"The Playboy Forum" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on contemporary issues. Address all correspondence to The Playboy Forum, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



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A Reporter's Notebook

TRAVELS WITH TEDDY

the candidate? tenuous. the press? ingenuous. the campaign? strenuous

By PETER ROSS RANGE

What makes journalism so fascinating and biography so interest ing is the struggle to answer that single question: "What's he like?"

-JOHN F KENNEDY

DON'T GET your hopes up I don't know what Ted Kennedy is like and neither do you. It is as fundamental to him as his belief in liberal principles that you and I are not going to find out Ted Kennedy, the hidden man, may be running for President, but he doesn't want to be your best friend

In 1976, Jimmy Carter loved us a l. looked thousands of people in the eye and sent vibrations of Christian charity through his hand when he shook yours. His style is to win votes one by one a true hearts and minds compaign based on letting the voter judge the man up close. He is notoriously ineffective speaking to large crowds.

Ted Kennedy likes the big numbers: he seems most comfortable in groups of about 2000, for they afford him some of the anonymity he has never had. He is nervous around strangers, so he keeps them at a distance. During campaign stops in 19 cities. I saw him kiss not one single person-infant, grandmother or anything in between. And those Kennedy can't keep at a physical distance-such as reporters-he keeps at a psychological remove. Indeed, when in public, he seems to live at one remove from even lumself. When I had occasion to meet his eyes during his campaign, I sometimes had the feeling he had curved vision, that he was actually casting his eyesight around me at something behind; his gaze was almost never direct except in a flat. shallow, polite way. His speech, too, is circumlocationary. He seems shellshocked from a lifetime of stardom. You cannot avoid the feeling that after the tragedies and bathos of his life, the real Ted Kennedy has retreated into a special private room inside himself. All you get are impressions, sketches, glints.

Boston, November 7, 1979: Fancuil Hall has been transformed into a movie set. The Kennedy claque fills the front 60 seats, while several hundred members of the media rise in tiers around them like movie extras Klieg lights and strobes streak the 18-foot painting of Daniel Webster debating Robert Hayne in 1830. A cheer goes upbut not for Ted Kennedy; it is Jackie Onassis who walks onstage like a figure out of a wax museum. Another cheer still not Ted but his mother, Rose, who at 39 tends to get standing ovacions for merely showing up and smiling. Then a prolonged ovacion: The star has arrived on the sec.

Everybody stands to get a better look, and I spy some space (forget about a seat, it's space that's at a premium) on a window ledge just above the press bleachers. I squeeze myself into my perch and discover I am directly behind Hays Gorey of *Time* and Roger Mudd of CBS. It is only three days after Mudd's devastating interview with Kennedy, yet he seems strangely subdued today.

Kennedy moves across the stage with the gingerly gait of a man treading on new ice. The brace he wears for his old back injury causes him to pitch slightly forward. He self-consciously places his light, thin-soled shoes one after the other, as though something might give way beneath him. He seems to glide across the floor. Following her husband is Joan Kennedy, who looks appalling. Her overrouged make-up is noticeable from 50 feet away: if she were a brunette with her hair in a bun. she would look like a Japanese kabuki dancer. Teddy, Jr., 18, is a husky, handsome, lightly acned copy of his father who moves with remarkable agility and grace for a boy who lost most of one leg to cancer. Only giggly Kara, 20, and wide-eyed, freckled Patrick, 12, give this pitifully broken family a look of normalcy. I can't help wondering why Kennedy is doing this.

And yet he has no choice. It is the historical imperative that he be President, or at least run. His father, were he still alive, would expect no less. And not to understand that Ted Kennedy is his father's son is not to understand Ted Kennedy or anybody else in that fam-

ily. Being a Kennedy is a whole business unto itself, a way of life, a corporation, a fully layered society with its own rules and expectations and order of things. Ted Kennedy has to run for President.

After all, what else could be do? Except for one year as a Massachusetts assistant district attorney, the only job he has ever held is that of U.S. Senator By all indications, of course, he could stay in that job for the rest of his days. But he has been doing that for 17 years now and more is expected of him. If he should someday no longer be a U. S. Senator, he would be effectively out of a job, as we in the normal world know it. In the Kennedy context, of course, that doesn't mean a thing, Just managing the business of being a Kennedy is full-time work by any standard. The family employs some of its members-notably, brother in law Stephen Smith, who is also this year's campaign manager—on a handsome lifetime basis just to count the coins and write the thecks. Being a Kennedy, then, tomes complete with its own fall-back posi-

But it also comes complete with the legacy of Joe Kennedy's ambittons for his sons.

Everybody sits down and Kennedy begins his speech saying he wants to be "in the thick of the action" and elaborating on the "need for leadership " With lines echoing those of his brothers John and Robert, it is a set piece designed to rekindle the Camelot spirit, but it sounds like a classroom recttation. He reads it almost without pauses, rarely looking up and never smiling. There is something bloodless about the whole exercise. Even the oncue explosions of applause from the family seem almost rehearsed. The closest thing to spontaneity is the reaction of the crowd of about 700 people gathered in Quincy Market outdoors. They get the speech over loud-speakers a split second late, so their reactions are slightly out of sync with those indoors, Inside Fancuil Hall, I feel more like I'm on a controlled movie set than at a political rally. The ultimate media creature, Ted Kennedy, has begun his campaign.

Before the end of its first day, the Kennedy juggernaut as seen from the back of the plane, where the traveling press lives, is a tunnel with no light at the end. A full year before general election day, a Presidential campaign is going full throttle, with two chartered Boeing 727s, 115 reporters, a double order of Secret Service men—and almost no access to the candidate. In

are all response

On board the lead plane, Led and foan are standing Letore take off in inthe carron dividing first class from coacle Joan ooks better up cline has still seems as jutery- and endening as a nervous rabbit. Kennedy and I eve each other for a moment, then shake hancs. He is incommonly hand. some and bigger than I expected. His paw line must set some kind of record for width, and his face is a remarkably true copy of his mother's. Yet for all his good looks. Kennedy appears older than his 47 years. His riddy skin looks loose and, up close given to pallor; it hangs a bit around his collar. He apparently shares the lamily tendency to rapid skin aging from sailing and skring. Last summer, a small skin canver, thought to be due primarily to sunexposure, was removed from his cliest-The Secret Service obviously did not know that when it code-named him Simboon

I return to my seat feeling that there is a quality of trigility about the man the last thing I expected in a person of such hearry, bluff good looks.

Joan leaves the plane before take off. She managed her cameo appearance onstige and even acquitted herself well in answering a question before the cameras. But she apparently is not yet ready for the campaign trai. Jean Smith Kennedy's sister comes along instead as a surrogate wife. (On other days, we get other sisters and other kids.)

Prior to this first day's trip to Chicago, we're off to Manchester New Hampshire and Portland Maine This is shokedown time for the boys and gurls who in varying combinations, will be living with one another for many of the coming 12 months. Friendships are struck cliques are formed insults exchanged the chythus of dealing with the monster of a modern mecha compagn established. It is a bit like the first day of camp.

We drop down in New Hampshire and Maine like an invading army. We are surrounded by all mainer of secrety. The Secret Service people are the ones with writes in their cars and little flesh-colored microphones inside their toat sleeves. They have blow dired razorouts and dress alike in sleek three piece sints. Their gray Samsonite brickness contain. Israel-made. Usi submaching gims. One latch on the briefcases always seems to be open. They all appear to have gone to during-eye school.

Kennedy hacks his way through his first speech. No matter how good the sound system. Kennedy has only one speaking style very loud. He also gives us his first dose of what will become



lamously fractured prose referring to New Hampshire's United Senator John Darkin as a "United Senator". A bit later, there is a "walking to a " an event staged for the TV cameras to show the candidate actually pressing the flesh. In fact, it is a walking face. The security blanket and media mobire so overwielming that Kennedy can barely reach the ropes restraining the crowds. A ter a few attempts to shake rands, he gives up and simply walks on

We board the plane for the two hour dight to Chicago. Embarking has be come a ritual Secret Service men even where. Front and rear doors of the plane are open. Kennedy and staff through the front door into first class Press through the back door, strain bling for seats. TV crews dive for seats nearest the rear, positioning themselves for the quickest possible exit when we land, God forbid Kennedy should stumble down the ramp without a camera ready to tape it. Not that the TA torrespondents themselves go for the back sears, they send a producer ahead who immediately reserves rows of seats by slapping ABC, CBS or NBC stickers on the headrests. Brutal

Print reporters, who like to talk polmes, at closer to the first class section in case the tandidate decides to go slumning to the back of the plane. It also keeps us near the beer source. Since enough, once airborne, Kennedy walks to the back of the plane and is immediately surrounded by brandished interopliones are, cameros.

To escape the pandemonium, Lamble into first class and spot Mayor Jane Byrne of Chicago sitting alone. She endorsed Kennedy a few weeks before and has decided to lead his grand entrance into Chicago I ask her why she abandoned Carter in favor of Kennedy. When I mention that I am a reporter from PLAYBOY, her response is sharp and candid: "I think Jimmy Carter is beginning to believe what he said in his Playboy Interview. The last time he came to Chicago, he kept kissing people all day long. When he kissed me, he said, "Now you see why I sent Rosalynn home early "He's just so corny!"

Chicago, November 8: We get off to a brutal early morning start that is to become typical of the campaign. We're headed for the Copernicus Senior Citizens Center near the Maryla Polonaise Restaurant and Slowik's parking lot. This is kennedy's ritual ethnic stop. In Chicago, that means Polish. The place is packed at eight A.M. for coffee, doughnuts and Kennedy. The pitch, of course, is health care. As he starts his speech, he makes his first stumble, asking everyone over 80 to "please stand." Many of them can barely stand and giggle nervously.

Already there is a disembodied quality of unreality to the campaign that resembles life in a series of time capsules. Outside, on the sidewalk, columnist Murray Kempton keeps us amused with a running commentary. He is curmudgeon laureate to the nation. "Last tught," he laughs, 'I madvertently wrote 'Mary Jo Copernicus Senior Citizens Center' on my schedule—1 swear I did."

Kennedy emerges after the speech to his first hecklers of the campaign: six members of the Communist Workers Party holding banners and chanting. All the press except the TV pool, which is supposed to record his every step (in case of you-know what), has boarded the bases when, out of nowhere, an egg sails through the air and hits Kennedy on the shoulder. It breaks on the ground and there is a moment of uncertainty followed by gallows humor. Reporters unsure of how many eggs have been thrown debate the Second-Egg Theory.

Norman, Oklahoma, November 8: The entire airport fire department-three trucks and a car—flanks the runway as we land Our convoy to the University of Oklahoma campus is more elaborate than a homecoming parade Everywhere we go, freeways are blocked off and entire city blocks are cordoned for Kennedy and his entourage. We are wrapped in a security blanket that also gives our rolling snake oil show the aura of great celebrity: police cars from and rear, spiffy motorcycles with flashing blue lights racing up and down our flanks to head off normal mortals who would

nip at our toms (though they really want only to get home before rush hot r), stake-outs on every bridge and overpass. On one day, a helicopter monitors our daylong motorcade trail across the rolling Iowa winterscape from about 1000 feet up and one mile off our port quarter. You eventually get the feeling of true invincibility. Old-timers in the press corps say they have never seen anything like this so early in a campaign. It's as if Kennedy were already President. (Some, including people close to Carter, have been slipping up and referring to the Senator as "President Kennedy")

Kennedy is obviously in his element on college campuses. In fact, he seems most comfortable around very young or very old people. As the introductions are made before this Oklahoma college crowd, he asks sister Jean Smith to step forward for a bow. As the applause builds, he shouts, "That'll be enough for Jean now!" which has the ring of the old patriarch Joe Kennedy presiding over a boisterous dinner table with als numerous offspring. His speech this afternoon is better than any the day before, but he is running through it too fast. He is not reading it, which gives him more flow, better diction and some power. But he still runs right past his applause lines. Kennedy does not understand the art of the judicious pause, yet there is some fire in his voice today. In a play on John Kennedy's beloved "Ask what you can do for your country" line, he says, "The real challenge for young people is to give something back to America for all it has given you." They love it.

Nashville, Tennessee, November 8: This is the Imperial Candidacy as it was meant to be. It is already dark when we reach Music City, which is what makes it so spectacular. The Nashville police department is a bikers heaven: Rather than heavy Harleys or those broadbeamed Kawasaki 1000 Police Specials, these men of the boot have laid in a flect of screaming fast Suzuki 750Es. On a narrower line than the usual police bikes, they are outrageously quick. Decked out with brand-new white Windjammer 88 farrings, four-way blinkers and flashing blues front and rear, nine brace of these bikes lead us up the freeways of the Cumberland Plateau and down into the bowl of Nashville, It is a sight to behold. I am reminded of the way the French president travels or the way they take visiting African dictators on state visits into the Elvsées Palace in Paris, behind a phalanx of white-gloved motorcycle cops on gleaming BλIWs.

At the hotel, the press is guided to the wrong place—it's someones diamond and-crimine reception. The only release

for weary reporters is to send up a chorus of crazed oinks, moos and baas.

Kennedy's entourage includes everything a prince who would be king might need: a personal photographer; an aide perpetually at his ear, whispering names, figures and directions; a press secretary to explain what the candicate meant to say; a special murse with trannot training; a physician who is an expert on national health insurance but who also carries around a special black bag for emergencies. ("Our preparations are no different from those for the President when he travels," says Dr. Smart Shapiro in an attempt to convince mehis presence on the campaign trail, is nothing to write about.)

The only Jung missing is a food taster. At the predominantly black Meharry Medical College, Kennedy wows the crowd of administrators, students and townspeople. Speaking forcefully, he does not notice his left coat sleeve has ripped at the shoulder seam. His left ring finger unadorned since his wife moved away from their home two years ago, bears a Band-Aid His voice is hoarse.

"Lord, child, get that man a drink of witer?" This is the command of a robust black woman who hears Kennedy's rasp. She is pure South, pure soul, pure black. A good omen, perhaps, in the black South, which voted 92 percent for Carter in 1976.

Nushville, November 9: At a break fast meeting of community leaders, Kennedy lays on a few bloopers that leave people wondering about him. Introduced by Dr. Walter Leonard, the dignified black president of Fisk University, kennedy begins by thanking "Dr. Leonard Fisk." Then he announces, "I come here to ask your liope." Finally, referring to our hardy ancestors, he intones, "We rolled up our sleeves, our fathers and our mothers." He means our folks rolled up their sleeves.

Next stop the Country Music Hall of Fame. Kennedy's brow furrows when he has to adopt his feigned-interest pose, especially when guided through aluminum can factories, corn-feed operations, cattle yards, truck depots—or country music museums. Does Kennedy like country music? his press secretary. Tom Southwick is asked: "Oh, he listens to about four hours' a day," Such as what? Southwick grins and glances up at the nearest name, "Mainly Tamuny Wynette Bot only at home."

His speech at Vanderbilt University is another success, where he coyly remarks that he attended Harvard, "the Vanderbilt of the North." The kids are let down when, taking questions, he refuses to be pinned down on marijuana, the issue these essentially well heeled upper-class

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE OUTWEIGHS TEN LEADING CAR STEREOS IN SAN FRANCISCO CHALLENGE.

Grap grades - 12

The San Francisco area may be a visual delight but it's a nightmare for car stereo reception.

That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

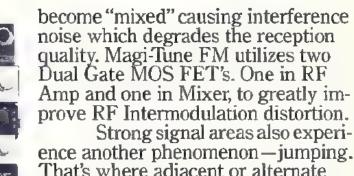
We asked ten leading
Bay Area dealers to choose
what each considered to be
his best FM carstereo. Using
the same antenna, the same
speakers and the same
power supply, we drove
around and had each expert
listen, then weigh the quality
of Magi-Tune's performance
against his own choice.

Now taking on ten of the best may sound foolish so before we give you the results, here's our reason why:

Let's start with the Magi
Tune Signal Activated Stereo
Control. The all new SASC circuit
significantly reduces noise by *auto- matically* and smoothly adjusting
the degree of stereo separation to
the optimum point while still maintaining stereo imaging.

Put simply, in weak signal areas the familiar switching noise between stereo and mono is virtually eliminated.

Next, Magi-Tune has Dual Gate MOS FET Front End. In strong signal areas, where there are several strong stations, FM signals can



ence another phenomenon—jumping. That's where adjacent or alternate channels interfere with the station you're listening to. Magi-Tune utilizes a narrow band filter to minimize the jumping effect. This improves selectivity and also permits the design of a more sensitive tuner section. Resulting in a superior performing design.

Finally, there's the Pin Diode.
Our Clarion engineers have designed a new LO/DX Circuit using a Pin Diode. What it does is expand the

usable range of FM reception in strong signal areas to greatly reduce interference noise.

Now with all that going for us we knew it was really no contest. Clarion's Magi-Tune won hands down.

Out of ten tests we got nine wins and one tie. It was so one-

sided it almost seemed unfair. Clarion's new Magi-Tune FM. There's a small difference. Like between night and day.

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kids from the South seem to care most strongly about.

South Mami, November 9: Ninetyone degrees. The retirees like Kennedy. They don't like Carter. A helicopter with pontoons patrols the royal palms. A black kid across the street is selling KENNEDY IN '80 T-shirts.

"Sold many?"

"Yealt No. About two."

"You working for the campaign?"

"Naw. I'm working for Marty Goldstein."

At the airport in Miami, waiting to board our plane, we have a little time to kill around two small tables. Kennedy comes over for a chat with us, but the TV people pounce into action with their long makes and minicameras. Since the electronic boys are taking it all down, the print people are forced to whip out their notebooks and cassette recorders. A couple of times, Kennedy tries to break the mood and become informal "Cahn't we just go over heah and have a Coke?" he asks twice. It's not to be

On the phone to Washington, one reporter responds to a friend:

"So how do you think he's doing?"

"Teddy? Oh. terrible. Can't seem to say his own name right. Awful."

"Awful?"

'I mean terrific. What I mean is, he's doing terrible to me, to us, the press. With the people, he's doing great."

Kennedy often refers to himself in the plural. He speaks of "our candidacy" and says. "We've spoken out on many occasions. . . ." All campaigning politicians do that to some extent, but with Kennedy, it goes further, occurs more often. Constantly surrounded as he is by an elaborate support system, with knowledgeable aides rarely more than a few feet away, it is easy to see how he would come to think of himself in the collective. All his life has been a group effort. Kennedy is a man whose ear gets whispered into a lot. His Presidency would no doubt be very collegial.

Charteston, South Carolina, November 9: "We want Ted! We want Ted!" It is not a cluster of supporters out kennedy himself who starts the chant at a Young Democrats rally in Charleston. It is an awkward attempt at homor but doesn't dampen the crowd's enthusiasm. His speech is about criminal justice and he inverts a couple of sentences and plows the punch line.

Our dinner on the homeward flight is United Airlanes' idea of a roast-beef sandwith, soggy on the outside and frozen in the middle TV technicians in the back leave United a message by using their beloved gaffer's tape to secure a dozen sandwiches to the bulkheads, cellings and windows. It is not for nothing that when a separate plane is laid on for the technical types (a.k.a. the Visigoths), it is called the Zoo Plane.

Davenport, Iowa, November 12: Rose Kennedy stands up to make a rare political speech. Kennedy is a changed man. As his mother simply asks the crowd to "help my ninth child," he sits forward on the edge of his chair and his tongue seems to click up and down inside his open mouth. He is so happy he cannot sit still and swivels around to see other people's reactions. He is a boy whose mother has come to the recital.

Ontside the auditorium of St. Ambrose College in Davenport. I ask some young students whether or not Chappaquiddick is an issue with them, "Don't be a critic", of Chappaquiddick," replies one coed "We're not voting for him because of the past We're voting for him because of what he is today."

Don't be a critic of Chappaquidcick Madison Avenue couldn't have done bet ter. To the Pepsi-and Quaaludes generation, Chappaquiddick is ancient history. Chalk up Catholic youth for Kennedy.

Newton, Iowa, November 13: At a United Auto Workers rally. Kennedy pulls yet another boner, referring to Iowa's "fam families" (farm families) without noticing it. His difficulties with ending sentences or even speaking coherently off the cuff seem to become more pronounced.

During a visit to a nearby farm, Kennedy's new surrogate, his sister Eunice Shriver, catches a chicken and Ted accepts a huge black homemade sausage. At the cowpen, he moos at a beast ankledeep in mud; the cow moos back. But in the interests of accuracy. I should state that the cow was rehearsed by reporters who mooed loudly, singly and in unison, before the candidate arrived.

As in any movie, there are costume changes to match the sets. One frostbitten Iowa morning begins with a visit to a corn farm. Kennedy hits the trail. decked out in a ran corouroy jacket and unscuffed work boots. The visit ends with the ritual trip to the farmer's wife's kitchen for homemade cookies. The press is kept waiting outside. Finally, Kennedy emerges, like Clark Kent, resplendent in his basic superman outht: pinstriped blue suit that bulges slightly at the chest, soft blue shirt and matching silk tie, black dress shoes. He is wearing his tiny gold Cartier watch. It is as though a continuity girl were along with a trunkload of costumes.

Kennedy is consistently inconsistent. At a noontime assembly at liberal arts

Grinnell College, he gives a thundering speech that has them cheering to the gym rafters. But in the Q and A., he wassles and rambles and several students later accuse him of being vague. Some days Kennedy blows the speech but stars them up with humorous and exciting responses during the question period. Sometimes he chops wood and other times he spins silk. You never know what to expect.

After a few, uh, days, uh, a day the first week, on the, ah, road campaign trail with Ted, uh, the candi—Fed uh Kennedy, I uh . . . find my—I start talking, I notice myself, uh, speaking, that is, just like, uh, him.

I am standing beside the only pay phone at the enormous Alcoa Aluminum plant in Riverdale, Iowa, patiently awaiting my turn. The phone is presently in the possession of a short, fast-talking brunette woman with a New York accent and about \$2000 worth of communications gear hanging around her neck, in cluding a walkie-talkie that lets her speak from one air plane to another and a little belt model radio scanner with a series of blinking lights that lets her hear through an earplug what the Secret Service agents are saying to one another. She is from television; i.e., Mars.

"Yeah! This is Sally from NBC! Yeah! How are you? Yeah! OK. What we need to know is, should we charter out of Duluth or out of Cedar Rapids? You know. last time, we arrived late. We gotta send film for the Nightly."

It is unclear whether the airplane this lady is in the process of renting will carry human beings or only video tape. Decisions, decisions.

Somehow, she gets her plane chartered and relinquishes the phone. I have to borrow a dime from her to get an operator

Television commercial television, is an amazing thing to behold, and very frightening. The network news that you see from time to time is Star II ars. In fact, if it ever comes to war, I hope the networks fight it. Communications is the secret of great strategy and the networks have got it. God knows, the Army hasn't. Or the Navy or the Marines Look at the Mayaguez incident, for Christ's sake, where Gerald Ford and Henry Kissinger with the greatest mile tary communications network in the world managed to get 18 of our boys killed by having them attack a deserted island and then go down in their own helicopter crash after the Mayaguez crew had all been released. Or the Son Tay raid on a prison in North Vietnam an other disaster. Our people tried an early

version of Entebbe, only to find no Americans at home but some empty barracks instead. All reportedly because a certain wave band-frequency radio was missing from the communications plane circling overhead and the proper intelligence could not be radioed to the squad on the invading party on the ground. By snafu ("situation normal, all fucked up"), the radio had wound up in some other part of Vietnam.

In the event of war, wish yourself NBC or an Israeli rescue squad commanded by MOSSAD.

En route to Washington, midnight, November 14: This is the tiredest everyone has been. A killer schedule. Baggage call was at six AM and we've traveled around Minnesota all day

Kennedy, in an expansive mood, walks back to our section of the plane. Over the intercom, a reporter plays a tape of Kennedy's "fam families" garble in lowa. Everyone, including Kennedy, laughs someone cracks a raunchy line about the large black sausage he was given.

"That PLAYBOY you're talking to, Rick?" Kennedy jokes as he sits on the arm of my seat. "He's writing all this stuff down about you guys, you know that? Boy, has that guy got a story!" Kennedy is playing on the persistent plane-hoard rumor that I am doing a piece on the press rather than on the campaign

A TV correspondent begins to quiz Kennedy good-naturedly about his knowledge of farm lore. He answers most of the questions but is stumped by one

"What's a worm screw?" he asks breaking everyone up

"Different strokes for different folks," shouts The New York Times

"Did you get that, PLAYBOY?" Kennedy rejoins.

No surprise that Kennedy should delight in the idea of an article more about the media than about Limself. He has not been faring well in the press, especially in long interviews. One of his aides told me Kennedy aas a rule "not to give personal interviews to publications his mother can't read, and his mother can't read playboy." Rose Kennedy was born in 1890.

Hashington, November 27: In Congress, Kennedy seems very much at home. He moves through the balls of the Senate with a click to his step, presides over a committee hearing with the firmness of an impatient schoolmaster, lights up a large Montecristo without reservation before the TV lights. Striding across the echoing marble floors of the Capitol, he and his phalanx of SS men sometimes fall into an unintentional lock step that

sounds from around the corner like Hollywood sound effects for an executioner's squad hearing down on death row. The ubiquitous tourists squeal, "It's him, it's Ted Kennedy," as he passes he signs autographs without breaking stride or looking up.

Phoenix, Arizona, November 29: Following tonight's speech to a dinner of 1700 people, at which Congressman Mo Udall's wry wit nearly steals the show, Kennedy shows his true colors. Little boot-shaped plastic whistles have been passed out as party favors. During dinner, some members of the press corps have contrived to play Hail to the Chief on the whistles. As Kennedy leaves the hall surrounded by the usual mob of Secret Service men. TV cameramen and let me-just touch-him-once well-wishers, a chorus of five whistlers strikes up the tune Kennedy's ears prick, his eyes light up and his head swivels to find the source of the devilment. Laughing boisterously, he moves with his entire entourage to the ropes setting off the "press pen" and says, "You guys . . . I'm speechless!" It seems to me that deep down. Ted Kennedy is just a rowdy Irishman who would rather be having fun than running for President I wonder if he sometimes wonders how he got into the rich manpublic servant-national (dol bullshit.

Los Angeles, November 30: In the city where Robert Kennedy was killed, security is heavily increased. For the first time, even the press undergoes body firsks as we pass through the back corridors to the banquet hall at the recently opened Bonaventure Hotel. Suddenly, I sense the reasons. Kennedy too, will pass through these corridors adjacent to the kitchen, hallways lined with food carts and mer in black bow ties speaking mostly Spanish "Jee2," says writer Dick Schaap, after we pass through, "I wonder if Kennedy got the same creepy feeling there that I did."

A. Los Angeles airport, another body search, handbag checks, photographers unscrewing lenses. Dogs on the tarmac as we move toward the ramp. On the airport rooftop, not just the usual guvs with binoculars but other men stooped in the take-cover position behind airconditioning units and assorted abutments. I don't want to know what they are pointing at us.

San Francisco, December 2: For several weeks, Kennedy has abided by Carter's request of all candidates to refrain from commenting on the hostages being held in Iran. The situation has been helping Carter in the polls, and it must have been frustrating to Kennedy. Tonight, with nothing on the candidate's schedule,

the national press heavies have escaped the boredom of the campaign to dine on San Francisco's seafood delicacies. This is also the night Kennedy decides to give a spur-of-the-moment interview to a local IV reporter. And he comments, for the first time, on Iran

Late at night, in a motel room, Kennedy is prodded several times by the reporter to say something about the shah. He finally asserts—without any national reporters present!—that the shah's was "one of the most violent regimes in the history of mankind."

When the news breaks carly this morning, Kennedy and the press do not know what hit them. Phones begin ringing at 1:30 A.M. (it is 7:30 in Washington), with frantic editors wanting to know if he really said it.

When he finally comes down to meet with us, Kennedy attempts to "clarify" his remarks of the night before. He is clearly irritated and tries to make a distinction between being against the shah and supporting efforts to free the hostages honorably. But the damage is done. Everybody files stories, and some wonder if it is the beginning of the end of Ted Kennedy's Presidential campaign.

Ill ashington, December 3: It is two a.m. when we land at Dulles Airport Kennedy speeds off to his home in nearby McLean, Virginia, and an exhausted, punch drunk piess corps starts a football game around United's baggage chain area, using the rubber conveyor belt as a pass receiver's pattern Still, it is not as spirited as it might be. Although Kennedy has tried repeatedly aboard the plane home to defend his stand on Iran, everyone knows that the candidate we've been traveling with all these weeks has managed to blow off one of his political hig toes in a single shot.

Washington, December 4. Little rest. We're up this morning to cover Kennedy's speech to a troublesome constituency; activist women. The subject of Kennedy's extracurricular sex life has become a hot topic again in the capital with the publication of articles showing that women resent Kennedy's attitudes and behavior, despite his strong commitment to their causes.

Four hundred women from 120 organizations have gathered at the Shoreham Hotel. Today, sis er in-law Ethe, is the wifely surrogate. And Kennedy surprises us again. He is in fine voice, both the rhythm and the words finding the right teel of the room and its audience. In evitably he gar des his text at least once, quoting from Mactin Luther King. Jr. in his "Letter from a Brimingham Jail" (in Ted's words, "Injustice anywhere is injustice anywhere"), but he manages to



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get "farm families" right twice ("By George he got it "whispers one reporter with a Henry Higgins ldt.)

Lwenty blocks away from the Shore ham, and one hom later, the battle is about to be officially joined. The mood at the White House is downright Jestive. Carter's aides know that kennedy has laid a big one on Iran, and on this very day that Carter will announce his re election bid, that the hostage crisis has hired the President's ratings in the polls to within two points of Kennedy's, Scores of jubilant White House staffers are crowded with the press into every available cranity of the stately East Room, which is lighted on this sunny tall day by three enormous crystal chandeliers

Jimmy Carter strades to the podium with members of his family. Rosalviin his real wife (though perhaps a surrogate President): Miss Lillian, the homespun wiscacre whose overstatements are for given by the nation, his children With Billy Carter safely out of view it strakes me that this family, in comparison with Kennedy's a month ear ier, is robust and healthy

When the applause dies down. Carter steps up and wluspers-whispers-intothe microphone: "Thank you very much," I can barely hear him as he begans. "I speak to you at a somber time. . . ." After nearly a month of Kennedy's booming tones, it is almost startling to hear the fragile cadences in Carte s speaking voice. The speech itself, though low-key because of the hostages in Iran, is nonetheless so managerial and small of vision that I am brought back to Kennedy's ringing call for strong leadership.

After the speech. Carter walks by the section in which I am standing and shakes my hand. I had forgotten how small a man he is, how delicate his hands are. He is a serious man, and a serence one. If Ted Kennedy can only work the large crowds. Jimmy Carter makes a virtue of being so personal that he lacks the ability to reach out and touch us as a nation. One man is outsized, the other smaller than life. One a rowdy, the other a reader. One hyperbolic, the other understated. Yet each has ridden the roller coaster of public opinion, from deep lows to exultant highs

When I left the Kennedy campaign there was evidence that it was unraveling. And yet even on this jubilant day for the Carter people, election-campaign thief Robert Stratos is talking to report ers on the White House steps, "No," ht is saying "I don't underestimate Presi dent Kennedy-uh, ah Senator Ken nedy, but....



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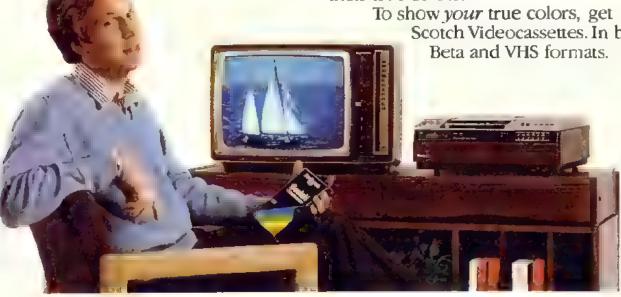






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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LINDA RONSTADT

a candid conversation with the first lady of rock about her music, her colorful past, her new image and her "boyfriend," jerry brown

Thursday is talent night at the Palomino Club in North Hollywood. Young got after young girl (and some not so young) makes her way to the small stage, clutches the mike, takes a deep breath, closes her eyes and sings: "Desperado," "Love Has No Pride," "Blue Bayou," "When Will I Be Loved," "You're No Good" They all sing her songs precisely—every lich, each tiny inflection—just the way she does. These girls have hooked their dreams onto her music. And it's likely the same thing is happening at talent nights and hootenannies from Seattle to Boston.

Linda Ronstadt is probably the most successful woman singer of the Seventies. Cash Box named her the top female popsinger of the decade; she may be the most popular ever. Her concerts sell out within hours of being announced and she has had four records go platinum. To many, Ronstadt epitomizes not just the Southern California sound but the Seventies as well. Her music, as the decade, is random and eclectic. Ronstadt is an interpreter. Rarely does she write her own songs or play an instrument. She merely sings. And her voice, technically

soprano, seems capable of anything

She has sung almost every form of music except, perhaps, hard-core disco—and succeeded. She reaches way back for standards such as "Old Paint" and "I Never Will Marry" and sings them with innocence. She lunges ahead into the risky territory of punk and knocks out a haunting version of Elvis Costello's "Alison." She belts out love songs tike "Loose Again" and "Down So Low" with the authority of someone who has seen and done it all. She sings Mexican, Motoun, reggae—and the girt can rock 'n' roll. And when she sings a country time such as "I Can't Help It (if I'm Still in Love with You)," there is no doubt that Roustadt has something for everyone.

She was born in Tucson, one of four children, in 1946. Her English-Dutch-German mother (whose father invented such things as the electric stove, rubber we trays, the grease gun) grew up in Muhigan. Her Mexican-English-German father, who runs a successful hardware store, is from an old Arizona ranching family. At four, Ronstadt's father, who loved to sing, pronounced his daughter a soprano, and that was it. From that

moment, Linda wanted to be a singer. She became addicted to the radio, memorizing every song she heard. Music dominated her life

She attended Catholic schools and her penchaut for flouting tradition (a trait she picked up from her maternal grandmather) surfaced early on. She teased the young priests, exasperated the nuns and wore black pants under her white debutante dress when she made her formal bow to society Roustadt managed to stick it out for one semester at the University of Arizona before hitting the road in 1964. Her worried father shipped his daughter \$30 and told her never to let anyone take her picture without her clothes—probably the only advice Ronsladt has ever heeded

Arriving in L.A., she hooked up with Bob Kimmel and Kenny Edwards and Jormed the Stone Poneys, which was basically a folk/country band that played to-cal gigs at places such as the Troubadow and the Palomino. The group eventually signed with Capitol Records and released three albums. The band had one hit, "Different Drum." In 1969, Roustadt struck out on her own and released her



"I love flirting. It doesn't have to be an ongoing sexual thing. If there is someone around I can flirt with hefore I go ouslage, my shows are always better. It's a good way of priming the pump."



"There's no way for me to stay neutral on Jerry's Presidential race. If I won't support him, and I know him best, it looks like an attack. I'd like him to be able to speak his ideas. They are important."



"The real hard rock-n'-rollers are dead.
The ones who survived paced themselves. Yes, I am intense and, yes, I take
chances and, yes, I push it to the limit—
but there is a limit."

first solo album, "Hand Sown, Home Grown." Her second album, "Silk Pinse," was released in 1970 and included her first hit, "Long, Long Time": it also carned her her first Grammy nomination

In 1971, she released her third solo album, "Linda Ronstadt," and formed a new band, which included Glenn Frey and Don Henley, who later formed a band of their own. The Eagles In 1973, "Don't Cry Now" was released By that time, Ronstadt had a cult following, pulling her fans not only from the country ranks but from pop and rock as well

But it was in 1971, when she teamed up with Peter Asher, who became her manager and producer that Ronsladt took off she released "Heart Like a Wheel" The single from that album, "You're No Good," sprinted up the charts to number one. Her cover of Hank Williams' "I Can't Help It (if I'm Mill in Love with You)," also from "Heart Like a Wheel," won Ronsladt her first Grammy award for best female country vocal.

"Prisoner in Disguise" came next and was followed, in 1976, by "Hasten Down the Wind" and "Lindo Ronstadt's Greatest Hits." and Ronstadt won another Grammy, this time for best female popvocal performance. The Playboy Music Poll named her the top female singer in both pop and country categories

There was no stopping her. The next year, she released "Simple Dreams," which some critics still call her best work. The album produced five hit singles, including her all-time biggest single, "Blue Bayou." "Simple Dreams" was also Ronstadt's best-selling album—aver 3,500,000 copies in less than a year in the United States alone. And by was again named her the top female singer in both pop and country categories

"Living in the USA" but the stores in 1978 with an initial slapment of more than 2,000,000 copies. That album fur ther demonstrated Ronstadt's versathity and growth. She sang the Hammerstein! Romberg tune "When I Grow Too Old to Dream," covered Smokey Robinson's "Ooo, Baby, Baby," Chuck Berry's "Back in the U.S.A.," as well as Warren Zevon's "Mohammed's Radio" and Eleas Costello's "Alison" By that time, she had appeared on the covers of many major perioduals, from Redbook to Rolling Stone to Time, Her fans couldn't get enough information about her.

Ronstadt has broken new ground and remains unpredictable. One minute she appears tarefoot, the next she appears on roller shates (setting off n national craze), the next in Ralph Lauren boots. She wears a white-silh dress to the Bottom Line and blue jeans to Nancy Kissinger's Carter Inauguration party. She is rich (in 1978, she made an estimated \$12,000,000). She is independent. She has

talked openly of drugs, sex, love, men She is rumored to have had romances with such men as J. D. Souther, Albert Brooks, Mick Jagger, Steve Martin, Bill Minray and, most recently, California governor Jerry Brown

PLAYBOY asked free tance writer John Vollely to talk with Ronstadt about her music and her life. Here is Unllely's report:

"I first met Linda Ronstadt in 1976 at Lucy's, a Mexican restaurant in L.A. when I interviewed her for a Time rough story. Over the next four years, we be came friends. To sit down with Ronstadt and actually interview her again was fascinating. She has, quite simply, grown up. She is no longer the silly girl. willing to say anything for effect. She no longer wants to appear flaky. Linda Roustadt wants to be taken seriously, as a woman and as an artist. To be sure. there is still a naughty streak that runs down her back the size of the San Diego Freeway, but she has it under control. As she does her life. As she does her music. I met with Ronstadt seven times, at her Malibu beach-front home.

"Her life is frenetic. One day the intermen was interrupted as we all (Linda, her assistant, her bodyguard and 1) searched for the papers to the new Mercedes diesel station wagon that Linda had just bought-mostly for her three dogs. Another time, she was in the midst of planning a \$1000-a-couple benefit din net for Brown's Presidential bid And through it all, she was in touch with her decorators, who were in the process of remodeling her seven-bedroom mansion in Brentwood. All the intercacus took place either in the glass section of her house that juis out onto the sand, which she calls the leahouse, or at the kitchen table texcept for the two Sundays when Brown was there, working out on the deck, when we slipped upstairs to her bedroom). We drank a lot of Tab. Those sessions were at once intense and enjayable. Ronstadt is generous, witty, articulate, smart and a whole lot of fun to be around . . and she sings like a dream "

PLAYBOY: You've just finished your first album in more than a year and a half. Was lack of inspiration the reason it took you so long?

RONSTADI. I was coasting on material that had evolved from a previous scison-bor a while there, the music was like a noise bludgeoning my eardrums, so I did a lot of traveling. I went to Europe with my mother. I cut my hair. I went to Africa with my boylinend——

PLAYBOY: You mean Governor Jerry Brown?

RONSTADT: [Smiling, not missing a beat] And I didn't go to any of those places for musical reasons. Then I hurt my ankle and was in a cast. That made me stay home.

PLAYBOY: On the subject of Africa and your "boyfriend"

RONSTADJ: I'm not going to talk about him

PLAYBOY: We'll see how you feel about it a little later on. For now what did you do while you were at home?

RONSTADE: The only thing that kept me there was my foot being in a cast. But it was the best thing that ever happened to me. I started watching a lot of television of tuned in right around the time of Jonestown I thought Is this who this like all the time? I hadn't really seen the news broadcasters before—for example Barbara Walters.

PLAYBOY: What did you think of Barbara Walters

RONSTADT: Barbara Walters will forever be Calda Radner to me I saw Calda be fore I saw Barbara Walters. I had never heard of Tom Snyder, either until the first time I went to see Saturday Night Line and Danny Aykroyd was in his I om Snyder getup. I asked him, Why is your hair like that?" He said he was I om Snyder. I asked, "Who's that?" I watched Danny for two years before I ever saw Tom Snyder, and now there is no wity I can take I om Snyder seriously. PLAYBOY: Besides TV, what did you do with your time?

RONSTADT: A lot of reading riding playing with my dogs. But then I started getting really panicky I thought there was something terribly wrong with me because I didn't have any new ideas for the album I got real desperate.

PLAYBOY: What did you do?

RONSTADT. I visited some of my musician. friends, I sat down with Wendy Waldman and we wrote a song I saw [bass guitarist] Kenny Edwards and we stayed up all night singing. I went and saw Emmylon Harris. Then I went to every club iii town and saw a lot of new stull and went to concerts and saw people like Bette Midler. She is an awcsome talent I think we've taken for granted All the juices started flowing again. I realized that a for of the problems with tack of inspiration-my own and others'-were because of our own evnicism You know the idea of ashering in a new fashion in the music business, like they do in clothes, just isn't a natural way to: art to function

PLAYBOY. You mean to force it is to take it?

RONSTADT: Right. A lot of new stuff and talent is being taken for granted out there. I just hadn't been looking hard enough. So I really needed to have that rest. I got a chance to put myself in perspective with the rest of the world I found out that music isn't the conter of the universe. But, finally, it become boring to be away from the music.

PLAYBOY Did you cut your hair so short because you were bored?

RONSTADT: Kenny Edwards said he ludin't

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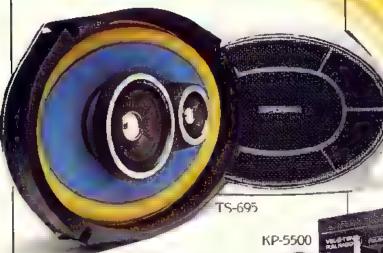
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heard any music that made him want to change his hair style and I thought, Well, if I cut my hair, it might inspire me. What do you think?

PLAYBOY: It doesn't exactly go with your image. You look like a punk star

RONSTADT: This [palling at her inch-long harr] looks like what I feel like now. What seems to reflect me is a lot of change.

PLAYBOY How have you been changing? RONSTACT. I think I've kept the basic values that I got from my family and I m glad for that. But the packaging is flex ible. To me, there is something feminine about having a real boyish haircut—it's like a real leminine girl dressed in Army clothes—it accentuaces the femininity, tather than diminishing it.

PLAYBOY How does the new album, *Mad-Love*, reflect your recent experiences and changes?

RONSTADT: There is almost no overdubbing. This album doesn't follow what seems to be my prescribed pattern: a J. D. Souther song, a Lowell George song, a couple of oldies, kick in the ass and put it out there. In this album, almost all the songs are new. It's much more rock n' roll, more raw, more basic PLAYBOY: How did you get the new tunes? RONSTADT: Elvis Costello, who I think is writing the best new stuff around, wrote three of the songs.

PLAYBOY: What did Costello think of your cover of his song Alison?

RONSTADT: I've never communicated with him directly, but I heard that someone asked him what he thought and he said he'd never heard it but that he'd be glad to get the money. So I sent him a message. "Send me some more songs, just keep thinking about the money." And he sent me the song Talking in the Dark, which has not been released here, and I love it. I also recorded Party Garl and Garl Talk.

PLAYBOY: You also have three songs from Mark Goldenberg, Who's he?

RONSTADE: Next to Elvis Costello, he's writing my layorite new rock in roll. He's part of a group called the Cretones. He's great. I don't know how this album will still. I'm sure I'll be attacked: "Linda's sold out, trying to be trendy, gotten away from her roots." Bit, well, can't worry about what the critics say

PLAYBOY: Wan till they see your hair RONSTADE: [Grabbing her head with her hands] Oh, God!

PLAYBOY: Besides the New Wive stuff, what's going on musically these days? RONSTADE It is a strange time for all of its in the music business. The music is oddly lacking in different kinds of sensibilities. In the Sixties, there was such a variety; the delicate, romantic approach of Donovan, Motown, The Rolling Stones, the Beatles, all the country stuff. I like it when it's all messed up like that. Right now there is a whole lot of discoand it's just not the kind of music that

inspires you or that gives you a personality to get involved with. The Seventies was a polished-up version of a lot of the things coming out of the Fifties and the Sixties. I think we refined them past their prime; like rating horses that have been overbred—they run last but their bones break.

What interests me is that for the first time, American pop music doesn't seem to make a bow to black music -except reggae, which is Third World music, Popmusic has always been largely based on American black music: jazz, blues, Gospel. And for a while, it was very much the thing for white musicians to be able to play with heavy black affectations; for instauce, putting the rhythm emphasis way back behind the beat. If you could do that and keep the groove, that was a real hip thing to do, and now it is the opposite. The grooves are very rushed and fast and the emphasis seems to be very much on top of the beat. And the moves I see are very white. I saw the B-52s and their moves. Well, they look like some one in a Holiday Inn disco, sort of Ohio housewife dancing—very white.

"All of us worry that we are turning into old codgers.
But that's silly. There's always the music."

PLAYBOY: What does that indicate musically?

RONSTADT: For the most part, I think it's Whitey's death rattle. It's the end of the curve. The I hard World music coming up will be the more dominant force after the year 2000. But the thing to remember is that there is still a lot of life in this curve—it's not expanding anymore, but it's still viable.

PLAYBOY: Before we get to the year 2000, what about the music just ahead—in the Eighties?

RONSTADT: The Eighties is a season of change, kind of like the Sixties just be fore rock 'n' roll exploded. A lot of us are kind of walking around wringing our hands and wondering what the music will be like. The most interesting things seem to be coming out of Logland again At least my favorite things. Flyis Costello, Joe Jackson, Rockpile, L.A looks like it has dried up as far as ideas are concerned. Right now there is a real vacuum. I keep turning the radio dial a lot.

PLAYBOY: Could it be that you're getting too old to rock in roll?

RONSTADT: Well every now and then, we chitch our hearts and wonder if we're getting so old we don't understand what is coming down. All of us worry that we

are turning into old codgers. But that sailly, There is already the music

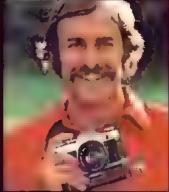
PLAYBOY: How do you feel about disco? RONSTADE: What I manney believe is that the music should be very democratic Disco is a good example. I don't really care for it myself and I hate to dance to it. I'd rather dance to Latin inusic or rock 'n' roll. Disco brings lots of people together but in a rather shallow way. I don't feel it should be wiped out though, because there are a lot of people who like it and need to go out and dance to it. Every sensibility should be represented. One of the furniest things to me is that the East Coast has this snobbery against the West Coast; that we only manufacture shallow emotions and even shallower art. Yet it's the East Coast that gave us disco. They take for granted the Beach Boys and Randy New man. Ry Cooder, great artists. The kids coming up are going, "Oh, the Seventies, all that music was trash, overproduced too slick," and they are probably right But we needed that for a while, just as we need their anger, too. I agree with them for the most part, but it doesn't mean that the music had no right to exist. PLAYBOY You sound defensive about the East Coast versus the West Coast Is there a difference in the music?

RONSTADT. There is a real difference, and there should be. You go to the moun tains and there is mountain music. You go to the plains and there is plains music. That's one of the things that make the music so interesting. But I am mystified by the vicious, violent feeling that the East Coast has against the West Coast music, I remember if it hadn't been for the Beach Boys, I wouldn't have been able to turn on my radio in high school. They are totally musical and totally a product of California, I just loved that And Lalso know that if it hadn't been for the Drifters, my life would have been poorer. We had the Drifters singing Up on the Roof and Brian Wilson sing ing In My Room; two totally different ways of expressing exactly the same sentiment. I'm glad. It's all music

PLAYBOY: So you like California?

RONSTADT. It's mice here. It's different from New York I don't expect the same things. I don't expect a peach to taste like an apple. Sometimes I think we should all move to San Francisco. It's sure nice up there. Except it's 100 foggy. PLAYBOY: Of course, people on the East Coast think that the only thing people from the West Coast talk about is the weather. And here you are, doing just that.

RONSTADT: God, why should we apologize for the weather? The weather is boring, for God's sake I read this article in the sports section about the Dodgers. The writer was from The Boston Globe and it was, like, the meanest aracle I've ever seen in print. This guy was saying things



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like, "I'd like to see them shoveling snow. They always have perfect weather, perfect tans, perfect blue uniforms." If it got down to competing for weather hardships, the East Coast could have the hardest and we could have the most boring. It's so weird, I just don't think you have to undergo some horrible hardship just to be acceptable.

PLAYBOY: Enough about weather. Let's talk about you.

RONSTADT: Oh, Lord.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about moving into your mid-30s?

RONSTADT: Being 33 is OK It's 40 I'm worried about. I'm in pretty good shape these days. Exercise was the big thing, learning to exercise right Everyone kept saying, "Linda, you've got to get some exercise," and I would think, Yeah. And then I would look through a magazine, you know, for the ten exercises to do before summer so you can fit into your bathing suit. And I would lie on the floor of my motel room and it was so boring and I never got any results, because I didn't do it right.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to do it right? RONSTADI: It took some time. I went to a health club, but that was pretty confusing. Then I met this guy Max, who kept telling me I should lift weights, and I thought, I don't need muscles. Then I went to this health ranch where you couldn't eat and had to take sevenmile hikes up hills. God, I was miserable.

But by the third day, I noticed that I was waking up feeling like I did when I was seven years old—clearheaded. Then I started running and it was the only cure for depression that I had ever encountered. I was so firmly into running, before I hurt my ankle, that I used to get in front of the television and run in place when I was on the road. The more I ran, the more I read about exercising and understanding exactly how the body works.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you afraid of building up large, masculine muscles?

RONSTADT: Women don't get big muscles like men. Their muscles just get firmer. I got real high just wanting to do it better. It was inspirational, having a regular exercise routine while I was with all those hard rock 'n' rollers—the gentlemen of the Great Indoors.

PLAYBOY: How did you pump iron on the road? Did you carry the weights with you? RONSTADE: No, they were too heavy. We'd get to some place like Kansas City and we'd call a men's gym. It got to the point where I found there weren't any excuses. I didn't want to miss my daily calisthenics and weight lifting. And I began to realize how much of my life I fooled myself with excuses. It was a breakthrough. I needed to have a little victory and it carried over into other areas of my life.

PLAYBOY: How?

RONSTADT: Well, I always felt with my music that I was getting by by the seat of my pants. I didn't have a clear knowledge of how to apply myself. I had the same problems in school. I was at a loss with certain things like music theory. I couldn't learn it in school. I think it was explained in a confused way. But with the exercises, I realized that if I understood clearly. I could go on to the next step. And I've just turned the corner with some things about music theory that I've never been able to understand. I have a lot more confidence just in terms of my own ability to improve. And it really has made a difference in how I feel about everything I do. I learned how to work. I didn't learn how to work when I was a kid. It was too hot.

PLAYBOY: Too hot?

RONSTADT: It was too hot in Tucson, where we lived. So there I was, exercising, and suddenly I found I was doing better shows and I was happier. I almost hesitate to talk about it, because as soon as you do, it's written off as part of the California narcissistic movement. But, goddamn, it's a really good thing, to be

"I've learned some pretty hard lessons along the way and sometimes I think the greatest sin is carelessness."

able to think that when you are 45 or 55 or 65, you're not going to be crippled or diabetic or have a terrible heart condition. When you're disciplined, things happen. They do. They just do.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you've become disciplined?

RONSTADE: Yeah, and I also learned about morality. Coming from a Catholic background, I was much more inclined to rebel against the idea of being good for moral reasons and stuff just because you were supposed to be. I don't like to do anything just because I'm supposed to. I always want to have reasons. That's the way I was with exercises. I found that weight training strengthened my will.

PLAYBOY: What does that have to do with morality?

RONSTADT: Well, see, if you adhere to some kind of moral code, whatever it is, it makes it a more efficient way to deal with people. One time I got caught being catty about someone and got busted for it. I realized that it made my position with that person and with the people who were witness to it weaker. So I decided that you have a contract with someone and if you're trying to break that contract, your case is weaker if you haven't lived up to all your parts. And every single day, we have little so-

cial contracts and the strengthening of my will just made it easier to deal with situations head on. So I am going to live up totally to my part of the bargain, whatever it is. If you play dirty tricks on people, it makes you weaker. And, in that sense, they've got a victim's kind of strength and I know a lot of people who maneuver and get into that position of being the victim because it gives them power. I hate that.

PLAYBOY: Sounds like a lesson you learned from your own experience.

RONSTADT- I've learned some pretty hard lessons along the way and sometimes I think the greatest sin is carelessness. When I was a child, we lived out in the country in a very dry area and there were scorpions and snakes and brush fires, all kinds of things, and you had to be careful. You didn't stomp on insects' nests or send dirt clods down the hill or throw matches around. And I think most people are careless, not just with other people but with things. It carries over to a piece of equipment I have in my house—not letting it rust or whatever.

I'm beginning to have this theory that more and more, I should have only things I need. Too much clutter in my life makes me anxious. You know, you don't always get what you want, but sometimes you get what you need. Form follows function. It's just a much more efficient way to live. I'm real interested in efficiency.

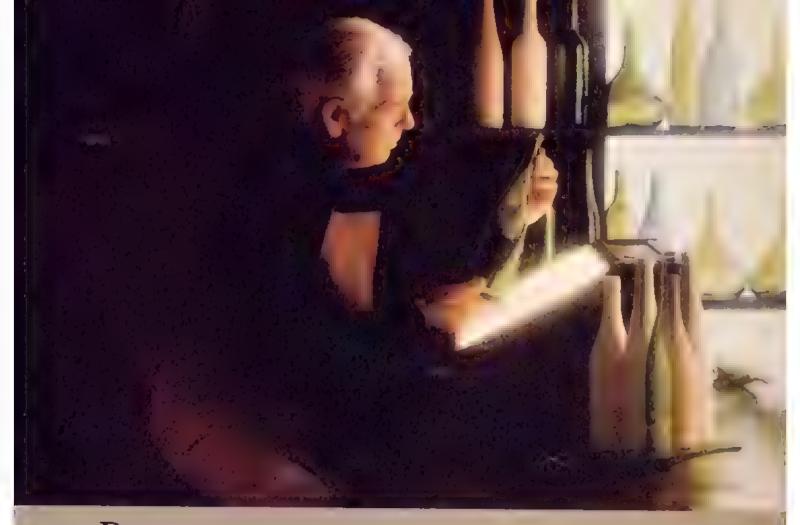
PLAYBOY: Somehow, your image doesn't suggest a consuming interest in efficiency RONSTADT: Well, now my German background's coming out. I swear to God, I am a real Kraut at heart. I'm a firm believer in the appropriate application of a movement, of doing it exactly right. It's like reading your owner's manual. I went to Germany this past summer, thinking I would hate it. It was real nice. I like those Germans. So I decided that it was OK to let that part of my heredity assert itself, because the Mexican side of me had been running the show for such a long time. I love the Mexicans, but they're supposed to sing, sleep and eat and it had been dominating my whole personality. I began to think it was OK to be organized. And it started having a deeper effect. It changed my whole attitude toward a lot of things, including

PLAYBOY: We'll follow up some more on your music, but we'd like to know why you feel you can't discuss your personal life—for example, your relationship with Jerry Brown, which is discussed publicly everywhere.

RONSTADT: I can't talk about him. I just can't I don't feel it is fair to him or to me

PLAYBOY: Why?

RONSTADT: [Jumping up from her choir, she rummages through some papers and returns with a copy of the April 1976



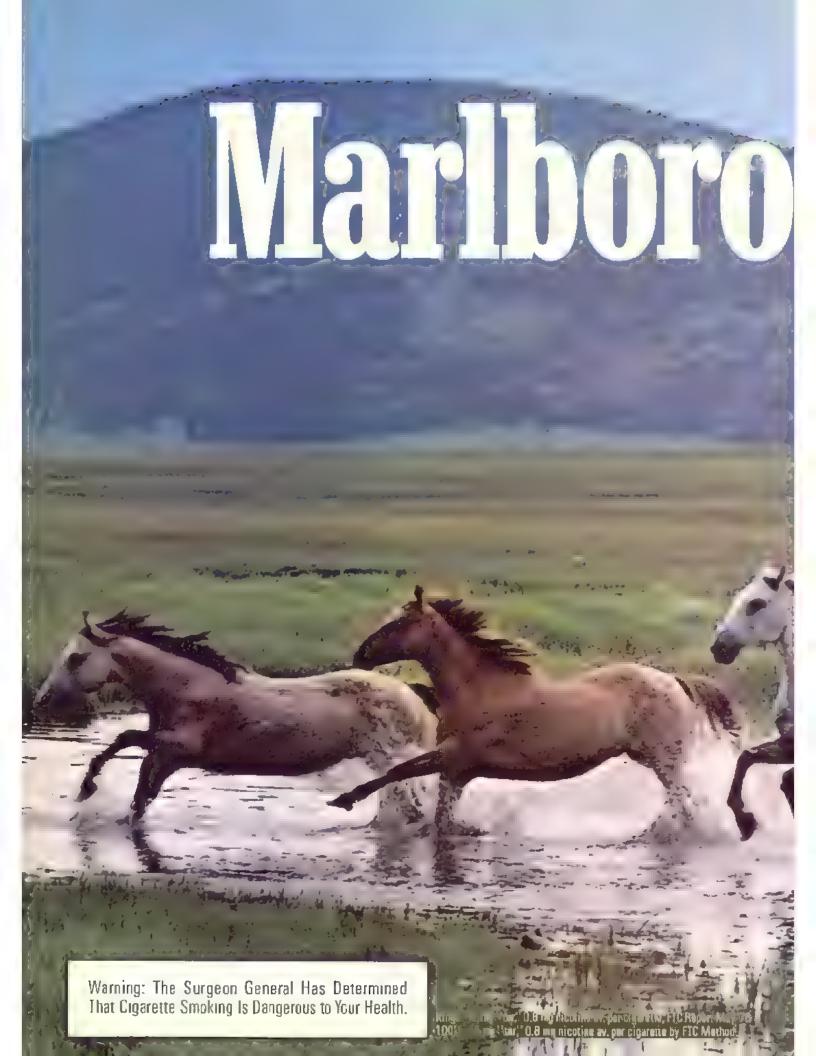
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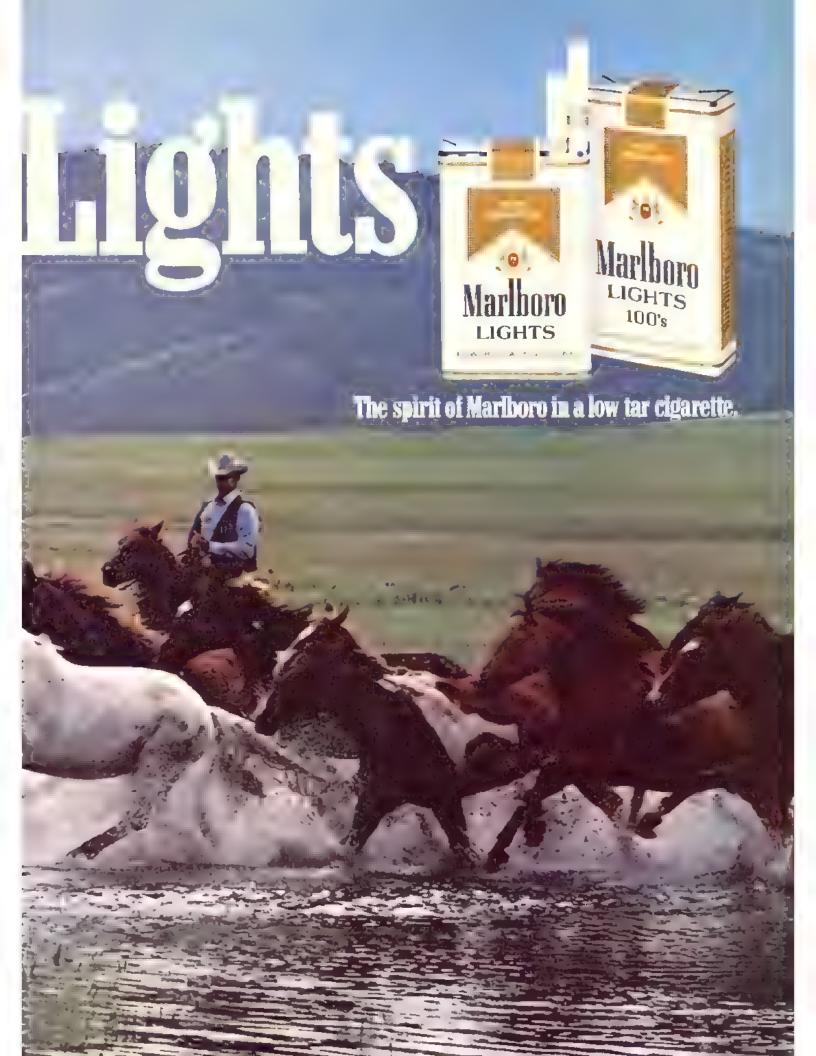
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"Playboy Interview" with Jerry Brown and begins to quote aloud] "PLAYBOY: It would be interesting to know if It's possible to lead a normal social life as a young, bachelor governor. BROWN: I think it is. But not if you talk about it all the time."

PLAYBOY: That was a nice quote from him. But you used to talk about your

private life very openly.

RONSTADT: Yeah, well, I'm just clenching my jaw a lot these days. It's one of the greatest lessons I've learned and the hardest. I did talk freely at the beginning. Some of it was compulsive laundry airing that was self-indulgent and immature. But a lot of it was a genuine desire to communicate. I am not afraid. I don't have anything to hide. I have never done anything really horrible in my life. I am uncomfortable around people who are so carefully selective about what they allow to pop out.

PLAYBOY: Yet that's what you're doing now. What has caused this "clenching of

RONSTADT: The press. I worry that the press is discouraging candor. It is encouraging people to be secretive about their lives. Just to sell copy, the press distorts and flat-out makes up things. I'm more quiet out of self-protection.

PLAYBOY: Are you claiming that all the stuff written about you in the pastthe sex and drugs-was made up or dis-

torted by the press?

RONSTADI: [Leaning toward the tape recorder] I've never taken drugs, not even an aspirin....

PLAYBOY: Come on, Linda.

RONSTADT: Look, if I did all the things that the newspapers said I did, I would have to be cloned. There are simply not enough hours in the day. Sure, the reports were exaggerated.

PLAYBOY: You mean you're not an authentic, hard-living rock 'n' roller?

RONSTADT: The real hard rock 'n' rollers are dead. The ones who survived paced themselves. But, yes, I am intense, and, yes, I take chances, and, yes, I push it to the limit-but there is a limit. Look at someone like Rod Stewart. He's supposed to be the biggest drug taker, biggest chaser of women; I mean, look at that guy's face, his skin, his hair. If he were doing all those things he was supposed to be doing, his skin would be green, his hair would be falling out and he wouldn't be able to walk, let alone run around the stage the way he does. I've learned to pace myself. I just don't do things that are flat-out stupid.

PLAYBOY: Pace yourself . . . you sound like someone in training.

RONSTADI: Well, basically, I'm interested in fitness and not confusion. I think we are moving into an era of polarization and it's going to be very violent and turbulent. I think the writing is on the wall and I don't want to be stumbling

around with my senses altered. People like Ken Kesey and others were genuine social experimenters and I respect those people and they broke a lot of ground for us. I think reading about them is real good, but we don't have to take those little things that make us crazy. God, who wants to take acid? The thought is enough to make me break out in hives. . . . It's growing up, being more secure with yourself.

PLAYBOY: How do you find security?

RONSTADT: Security comes from knowing what you're doing. There was a time when the music just wasn't good enough. I'm doing my best work now. And being fit, in good shape, working out, makes you feel better than taking drugs. Those of us who managed to survive the Sixties are so grateful to be alive that the idea of taking things that, you know, will harm you just doesn't seem smart. Putting anything between me and reality has never done anything but make me feel less secure and more scared and awful. It's lies. I'm not comfortable with lies . . . though I still do tell a couple now and then.

"If I did all the things that the newspapers said I did, I would have to be cloned. There are simply not enough hours in the day."

PLAYBOY: We assume you won't during this interview. Why have you given so few interviews recently?

ronstadt: Interviews, in a sense, steal your soul, your privacy. If I come out with an opinion about something, or a funny, snappy remark, I can't use it again. After it has gone into print, it has become useless, a cliché.

But as far as the press in general is concerned, I was talking with [political writer] Ken Auletta about the fact that the Government has a complete set of checks and balances. The press has nobody to check its authority, to control it, And thank God there isn't. I would sooner see us go down in the worst kind of decadence and horrible corruption than see the press be censored; but if the press is unwilling to take responsibility for its actions, then it will cause its own demise. It's gotten to the point where I pick up a magazine and I just don't believe a quarter of what I read. I know how much stuff has been distorted about me. It even happens in places like The Wall Street Journal, my hero. I always thought it would be nice to be in there, but I didn't think it printed gossip or that it didn't check the facts. In some

sense, I think that the unbridled cynicism of the press is the most dangerous thing in our society.

PLAYBOY: Is that what you saw on your African trip with your "boyfriend"?

RONSTADT: The African trip is a good example.

PLAYBOY: How did the trip come about?

RONSTADT: I asked if I could go. I had been on the road for a real long time and when I got home, the trip had already been planned and I wanted to go. Africa is a real interesting place and somepiace I wouldn't go alone, because it's too strange to me. I never dreamed it would be OK. At first, I didn't even get an answer. Then I said, "Oh, come on, take me." He said yes. I didn't tell anyone, not even my mother. Then my publicist, Paul Wasserman, called and he said he kept hearing from newsmen that I was going to Africa and that he just wanted to warn me that the press was going to be on my tail. I said, "OK, forget it. I am not going, not if there is going to be trouble." That was the afternoon before we were supposed to go.

PLAYBOY: What made you change your

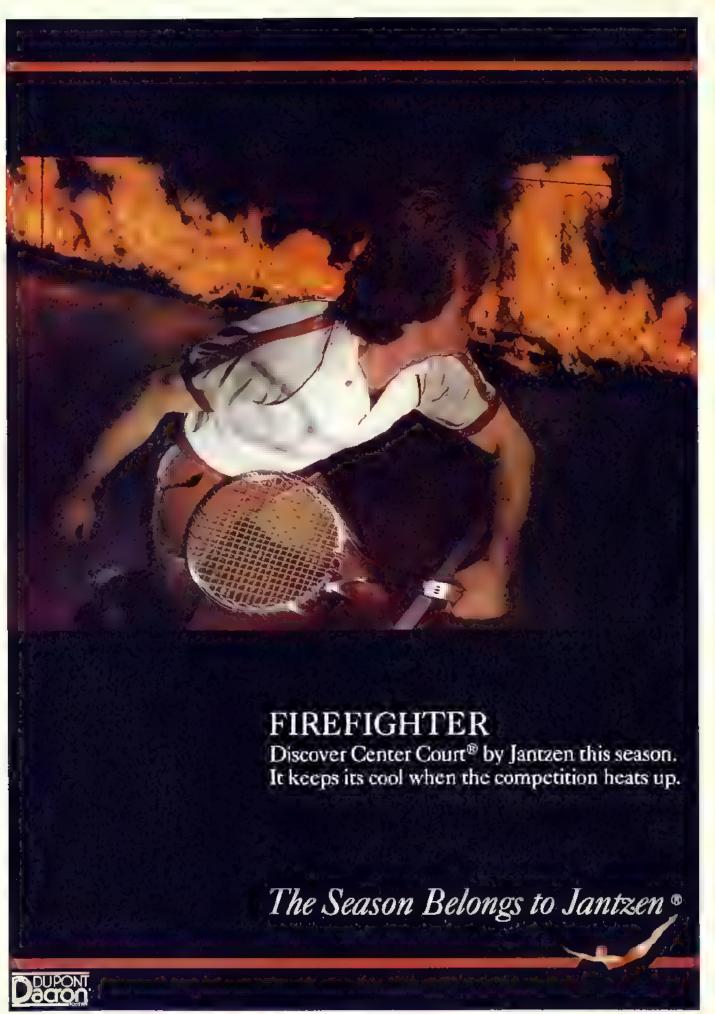
RONSTADT: I thought, Why am I surrendering to these people? I am being threatened out of a good time. Then I thought. I can go and not have anything to do with the press. I am not going in an official capacity and I am not working. I am just going as a sight-seer and all I have to do is stay out of the way. If anybody asks me a question, I just don't have to answer. If anybody wants to take my picture, I'll just turn the other way. It's nobody's business what I am doing Also, I was convinced that once we got there, we could ditch the reporters.

PLAYBOY: You obviously didn't do a very

good job of ditching them.

RONSTADT: Well, first of all, I didn't expect the press to commandeer the entire first-class section of the plane. We went coach and the press was furious with us. They saw this as a clear-cut case of our being uncooperative. They kept coming back, trying to interview us. I wasn't talking. The stewardess kept trying to prevent them from taking our picture while we slept. God. If anybody took my picture on a plane, no matter who I was, I would consider that they had no right to do that. There was an actual struggle in the aisle between two photographers for a certain spot and someone clunked this nine-year-old kid on the head with a camera. The pilot had to come back and tell them to stay in their seats. The press were fools. It was an outrage that they would act like what we were doing was hostile to them. They accused us of a publicity stunt. It was the press who needed a publicity stunt, not us.

PLAYBOY: Sounds pretty melodramatic. RONSTADT: It got worse. We had this very loose schedule and went to countries and cities we hadn't planned to go to. Then



the press came up to us and said they would like us to go on a safari; that would make a good story and good pictures. We had no plans to go on a safari! One day we were in the desert, looking at a United Nations desertification project, and a baby camel walked by and it was just the cutest thing and I wanted desperately to pet it. I barely got one finger on it when all the cameras went popping and the camel ran away. The pictures went back to the States saying, "Ronstadt on safari in Kenya." I was no more on safari than I was on a rock-'n'-roll tour.

The press constantly threatened us. They pounded on my hotel door and said, If you don't cooperate, we're going to give you a really hard time; we are going to follow you until we get the pictures we want. One day I was walking with a friend from my hotel to the car and a photographer jumped into the car. Now, if I were going from a concert hall to my car and a fan jumped into the car, I would be scared. I would think that person was trying to hurt me. My friend pushed this photographer out of the car and was scratched all the way down his arm. I would have felt totally within my rights, if someone jumped on me and clawed my arm, to turn around and relieve that person of his front teeth But, see, if you do anything like that, the photographers scream at you and tell you

that you're preventing them from doing their job.

PLAYBOY: The trip sounds like a disaster from your point of view.

RONSIADT: Actually, we had a great time The plane ride, the incident in the desert and the photographer jumping in the car were the only encounters we had with the press. We did ditch them The press managed to base three weeks' worth of news on three encounters in which I said not one word. They had so little to work with that they had to pad and fluff it with hopelessly implausible drivel, like we were getting married. I read one account about how I sulked all day in my room. You know what that was? I can't even remember how many hours we flew and all the waiting in the airports and stuff like that; so when we landed, I went to my room and slept for about 15 hours. I was sleeping, not sulking. I was in dreamland.

PLAYBOY: What was it like when you got home from Africa?

RONSTADT: For three weeks, I couldn't go out of my house. I was so embarrassed. There were so many people aware of what my face looked like. I couldn't walk down the street or into a restaurant without everyone staring and pointing. It is so dehumanizing, I got defensive and wouldn't talk to anyone, and then people said I was a snob. I don't know those people. I don't have to talk to

strangers. I really understand why people want to hide and become recluses. It would be good for this society to be encouraged to be as open as possible, because when society is encouraged to be closed, then evil things develop in the dark; horrible little stunted things grow out of darkness. That's what the press is encouraging.

PLAYBOY: Would you rather not be famous?

RONSTADT: Well, it's hard to go to the market and buy chicken, but I'm glad people think I'm cool and I understand a little of what the fame thing does to you. Take the Eagles, who have been my friends through the years. If I don't see them for six months or so, I begin to think of them as stars. I'll think about calling them, and then I'll think, Oh, they're so busy, they're such big stars, they don't want to hear from me. I called Don Henley the other day and he was so sweet. But we had this very businesslike conversation: I hadn't talked to him in months and I was kind of nervous and he responded in a businesslike way. He called back and he said, "What was that all about? How have you been?" And he came over with a bag of figs and we had a great time. I mean, the last people who should be falling for one another's press hypes are us.

PLAYBOY: Does fame make social situations easier?



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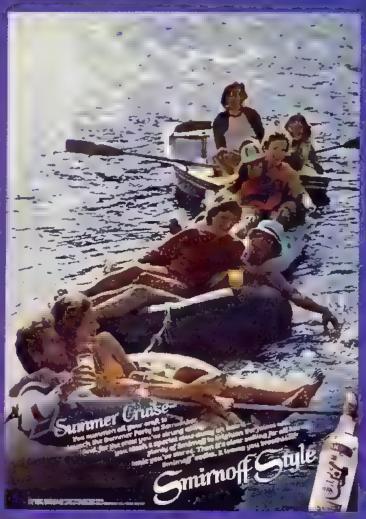
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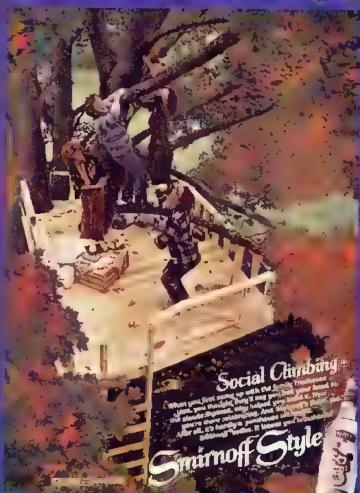
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RONSTADT. I used to think it would make it a little easier when I went to a party. because I wouldn't have to impress anybody, people would just sort of automatically be impressed. And there was a period when I was moderately successful when I could just walk into a party and have a good time. But I went to a party the other night and I was more embarrassed than when I was in high schoola nobody and socially screwed up. Everybody was staring at me and saying

There's Linda Ronstadt," and people immediately took sides, for me or against me. And the sensitive people have enough respect for themselves not to be swayed by my presence and they just usually hang back. You mostly don't

get to meet the mee people

PLAYBOY: Would dark glasses help?

RONSTADT: I realized what protection dark glasses are when I did this concert once. I close my eyes when I sing. I get scared when I open them and see all the people. But this concert was outdoors, 105 degrees and the sun was blaring and I hat, to wear dark sanglasses, and I kept my eyes open through the whole thing and I realized how much I close my eyes as a device because it's unnatural to bave thousands of people staring at you. It's embarrassing.

PLAYBOY: If you won't talk about Jerry Brown directly, how about men in

general2

RONSTADT: Great, I acore men. God, 1 love to flirt. Flirting isn't necessarily based on offering yourself in a sexual way. I hope I'm flitting when I'm 80. I just love real vibrant older women who don't deny their sexuality but who also don't try to act like it should assume a place in their lives that is mappropriate to their age. That's a fine line to walk

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

RONSTADT: This may sound terribly racist, and I don't mean it to, but I have notited that black women, when they're older and if they tend to get heavy, still dance and sing with the same sense of abandonment that they had when they were young and thin. She knows she's hot. A white woman, in the same situation, if she got up to dance at all, which she probably wouldn't, is so sed-conscious. There is a certain amount of sexual posturing that goes on between human beings. It can go on between two women, a man and a woman, two men-Boy, men sure do strut for each other I think that the desire to relate to people in a sexual way is a natural thing.

PLAYBOY: Do you think of yourself as a professional at the art of flirting?

RONSTADT I'm not bad. But the pro is Dolly Parton. She is able to flirt and be very overt and sexual in a way that challenges, but there is no cruelty in it or unkindness. She relates to children, men women, all in the same tone. She broadcasts her femininity all the time 100 and is consistent. I get suspicious of someone who changes drastically in the way he treats men and women. But if there is someone around to spark you sexually, it really does make you get up and do your best, I love that And it doesn't lave to be an ongoing sexual thing If there is someone I like to flirt with around before I go onstage, my shows are always better. It's a good way of priming the pump.

PLAYBOY: When did all this fluting start? RONSTADT I have always been boy crazy . . . since the first grade. Maybe it was because there weren't many boys around. I really wanted them to like me and I was really concerned that they might not think I was attractive. In high school, I really believed that the boys might not like me unless they were physically attracted to me; that I couldn't keep their attention unless they were on the receiving end of that sexual dynamic and that if I didn't set up that sexual tension, they would walk away from me. And I was often afraid to let go of that and rely on the nuts and bolts of the friendship. So I tlunk I sometimes over loaded that end of it

"The press constantly threatened us. They pounded on my hotel door and said, If you don't cooperate, we're going to give you a really hard time."

PLAYBOY: Any regrets?

RONSTADT: I regret none of it. I loved some of it, hated some of it, but it was all part of the experience.

PLAYBOY: When you were starting out, did you expect to become as big as you have?

RONSTADT: When I came to L.A. in 1964. I kind of looked around and thought that maybe the kind of career Judy Collins had was perfect. She was quietly putting out things that seemed tasteful and sold respectably. That was the kind of career I wanted; a career where you earned a nice living, your records sold well, you had the respect of other musicians and did things in good taste. I never tried to become the next big thing It seemed that was something to be guarded against at all costs.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

RONSTADT: It's unnatural not to reach out, not to try to progress. What are you going to do? Start walking sideways? So there is no way to control those things I was going along, making country-rock albums, experimenting. I felt I was somewhat of a pioneer in that area. I telt like

I was throwing some new ideas onto the pile. My records were selling OK. 1 thought I had arrived. That was before Heart Like a II heel. I had no idea I was destined to be more.

PLAYBOY: Was Heart Like a Wheel the turning point in your career?

RONSYADT. Yes In the early Seventies 1 was in a rut. I didn't know how to get out of it. I was on this plateau that seemed endless. I was so numb. I could hardly see or feel. In fact, it all feels now like a miirky dream

PLAYBOY What caused the rut?

RONSTADT: Years and years on the road I was punchy. In fact, the fluorescent lights in certain kinds of dressing rooms make me crazy, [Lnughs] II anyone ever wants to brainwash me, if I'm a hostage and they put a fluorescent light on me, I'll become a Communist, anything, you name it. God. I hated those years, I tried to stay unconscious the whole time

PLAYBOY How did you lift yourself out of that contatose state:

RONSTADT: It was thanks to my relation ship with Peter Asher

PLAYBOY How did that happen?

RONSTADT: I had decided I wanted this person from Nashville because I wanted to explore the country area some more. But I became friends with Peter We hung out a lot. But he was managing Kate Taylor at the time and he felt that if he took on another gul singer in the same market, it wouldn't be lair to either one of us. Then I ran into Kate and she said she was going to stay home then, so why didn't I call Peter?

PLAYBOY. Why did the combination work so well:

RONSTADT: Peter has a very rounded musical background, like I do. He listens to everything. His taste is eclecuic. But there is a thread of taste and quality that runs through everything he does and because of the consistency of the quality, I was able to really trust him. And because I must him, he is a good sounding board for all the things I want to do.

PLAYBOY: There are those who say he controls you

RONSTADT: I'm more secure musically now than I was, but I never wanted to become the boss lady. As I see it, it is always a team situation involving me, Peter and the band. I never want to feel like the boss. Peter doesn't want to feel like the boss. We jointly make the final decision about everything. Neither of us wants to do the whole job. We're too lazy

PLAYBOY: Do you do everything Pete tells you to do?

RONSTADT: No. If we disagree on something. I really re-examine it and if I still think I'm right, I go ahead. I remember Blue Bayou-Peter was afraid it wouldn't be a hit. He said we should shop around for some insurance. I said, "OK, get the insurance." But I knew it 5 mg. "tar", 0.5 mg, nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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was a hit and it was the biggest single The ever had, Sometimes he is real wild about stuff and I say, "Oh, no. That will never go."

PLAYBOY: Do your instincts generally prove to be right on the mark?

RONSTADT: There are those times when I am just plain sure, when I have that incredible right feeling; and when I have that feeling about a song and I put it on a record, it usually doesn't miss. But sometimes it works the opposite way

PLAYBOY: For example?

RONSTADT: I didn't think I sang Different Drum or Heat Wave particularly well. I was really on the fence about those two, but the public certainly didn't respond the same way. I'm sure the songs on Mad Love are the right songs for me PLAYBOY: Is there a point of diminishing returns in working with someone as closely and for as long as you've worked with Asher?

RONSTADT. Peter, Val [Garay, the engineer] and I pretty much felt we had exhausted the possibilities within the conlines of the style in which we had made records. I wanted to change, And I wondered if 4 should change producer and engineer for the new album. When I approached Peter about this, he had to talk to me wearing his manager's hat. He never jealously guarded his role as producer. He encouraged me to think freely of all the possibilities. Then I realized

that the desire to stretch was on all our minds and it seemed to me that to take that step as a team, I would wind up with a much more solid and authentic version of what I wanted. It was the best decision I'd ever made.

PLAYBOY: You feel the changes were positive?

RONSTADT: Yeah. The stretch seems completely natural. A lot of the avant garde stuff isn't the standard form-verse. chorus, verse chorus. Groups like the Talking Heads are doing real interesting stuff, but for me, I still need a song that works in a verse, chorus, verse, chorus format-like the stuff the Cretones and Elv.s Costello do. To adopt a new musical style just for the sake of it is like putting on a chicken suit—it looks ridiculous. At the same time, I wanted to change, yet the thoughts of changing producer and engineer made me sweaty under the armpits. We had worked together for so long. But we all wanted to flex our musical muscles on this one. It feels good.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you are at the height of your career?

RONSTADT: I certainly don't feel that I have accomplished what I would like to accomplish artistically, I feel like I amonly beginning to learn how to sing in a lot of ways. So, to me, it is like a beginning. How the public views it may be totally different. I am certain 1 mi

doing my best work. But there are people I watch when I'm stuck

PLAYBOY: Such as?

RONSTADT: Warren Zevon and Neil Young: those guys are amazing. Randy Newman is one of the main ones. He has his hand on the tow bar, I don't know about that guy. I suspect he watches a lot of television and reads a lot of periodicals and it all seeps into his brain like a giant computer. His lyrics are a subliminal way of predicting the future I watch his lyrics and when I see a shift. I know it's going to show up later on not just in music but in society. And his new album is pretty alarming, in the sense that violent polarization is domi-

PLAYBOY: Then do you think the Eighties will be a decade of violence?

RONSTADT: Well, look at that new group The Dead Boys, And that group Police They have that song, "You'll be sorry when I'm dead / and all that guilt is on your head / and I guess you'll call it suicide," And I hear a lot about war. The Falking Heads have a song In Time of War, with a line that goes, "This ain't no disco, / this ain't no CBGB's, / don t have time for that now," It's like the eraof self has to end in war, because war is the only thing that's great enough to distract one from one's self. That's pretty horrible. Neil Young has that song Pow der Finger It's just starting to creep



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into the lyrics enough to make me sit up and take notice. There is definitely violence in the new stuff. I'm looking around at the new music and searching for a helmet or a hard hat.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about something lighter. What's your ideal evening?

RONSTADT: [Laughing] Sitting up in bed with my boyfriend and reading a book. PLAYBOY: On the subject of bed and

boyfriend-

RONSTADT: Oh, no, you don't. Why don't we talk about my ideal dinner party msteada

PLAYBOY: What would you serve?

RONSTADT: Turkey. It would have to be tinkey, because that's all I can cook

PLAYBOY: Whom would you invite? RONSTADT: Leo Tolstoy, Mozart----

PLAYBOY- Oh?

RONSTADT: Yeah, but I'd only invite Tolstoy when he was in the kindest and most carnest part of his life. I read a lot of Mozart's letters and he seemed like a real nice guy.

PLAYBOY: Don't stop. Who else?

RONSTADT: Bergman . . , and then I would have Fellini, because they're each other's favorite directors and they'd have something to talk about. I wonder if Mozart and Fellini would have anything to talk about. Oh, and I would invite Liv Ulimann, She's my favorite actress. I met her once and, oh, God. I was sure I had on all the right clothes, a nice new suit, a hat I bought in a secondhand store—I always have to throw something weird into an outfit-and my make-up was perlect. I wanted to look special. And when I walked into her dressing room, I just knew my nose was shining so bad you could see it four blocks away and I was sweating and my make-up looked caked on and greasy and my hat looked ridiculous and I'm sure my suit was wrinkled. I stammered like an idiot. I'm sure she thought I was a complete goon.

PLAYBOY: You can explain all that to her at your dinner.

RONSTADT: I'll have Tolstoy explain; he'd do it much better.

PLAYBOY: What about inviting someone like Mick Jagger?

RONSTADT: Well, that would be interesting, but Mick would have to be on his best behavior. I wonder what Mick would say to Mozurt? The dinner needs some singers. Well, I'll be the singer . . . don't need any competition. Oh, we'd have to have Albert Brooks. Albert's so tunny and bright and he can make everyone laugh. Then I'd invite Peter Asher and Jerry-

PLAYBOY: Jerry who?

RONSTADT: [Making a face] And then I'd make Peter and Jerry stay after everyone had gone and we'd talk about them Peter always has the best things to say about people and Jerry has a completely opposite viewpoint, but real accurate. . . . I wonder if Mozart likes turkey?

106 PLAYBOY: In real life, you have a lot of

movie people over for dinner; are the rumors true that you'll soon become a movie star?

RONSTADT: That's like asking someone who's a plumber if he's going to become an electrician. I've worked all this time to learn how to become a singer and really strived to get good at it. Why should I try to do something else that I have no idea how to do? Which is not to say I'd never make a movie, but at this time, I can't see making a career change.

PLAYBOY: Do you go to lots of movies? RONSTADT. I used to have a boyfriend who loved to go to the movies and now I have a boyfriend who doesn't have any time to go to the movies.

PLAYBOY: What is taking up so much of your boyfriend's time?

RONSTADT: Three guesses.

PLAYBOY: What's your favorite movie?

RONSTADT: I have three, Snow II hite and the Seven Dwarfs, The Seventh Scal and Scenes from a Marriage. Those movies tell life to me.

PLAYBOY; O.K., back to more serious topics. Do you think you've made an impact as an original artist?

"There is definitely violence in the new stuff. I'm looking around at the new music and searching for a helmet or a hard hat."

RONSTADT: I remember not long ago standing in the dressing room at the Universal Amphitheater, talking to some Warner Bros. record guy who said he was looking for a girl singer like me. It made me feel so funny. I had become a trend, like when the English were a trend. I was this female who could self records, and suddenly, female artists became cool. I hear girls singing with the same kind of inflections that I do. I remember so many times sitting down with a record when I was young, trying to copy every tiny inflection of a girl singer. But there are better girl singers than me-Bonnie Raitt, for example.

I don't think I've made the kind of impact that changes the face of music like, say, The Rolling Stones or the Beatles. And not in terms of writing the book on singing style. At some point, all girl singers have to curtsy to Ella Fitzgerald and Billie Holiday. I brought together a lot of kinds of straight threads of music and put them in a little fabric that has an interesting design. I had commercial success and opened the door for girl singers.

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of being blown out of the water?

RONSTADT: There will be some female to come along who will blow me out of the water and when she does, you know what I'm gonna do? [Grins, makes a fierce face] I'm going to watch her real close, find out where all her hot licks are and steal them You know, Bonnie Raitt was the first girl to get up onstage and play the guitar and have the guys say. "Hey, she doesn't play like a girl." And she didn't try to copy the opposite attitude and play real macho. Bonnie simply plays her instrument as if it were an extension of her arm and she succeeds gloriously. And I think there is a whole wave of little girls out there who not only will be able to play that gustar but will sing and have a real impact

PLAYBOY: \myone on the horizon?

RONSTADT: One night, I was really desperate for some inspiration. I went with a bunch of people in the music business to see Louise Goffin [Carole King's 20] year-old daughter] We were all holding our breath. I knew she was good, I had heard some of her stuff in the studio, but none of us were sure how we felt about that, Just before the curtain went up, I thought, Do I want her to come out and fall flat on her face? If she did, I could go "Phew!" But then I thought, If she blows me away, I will have some inspiration and that will be good. I decided I wanted her to be great.

PLAYBOY, 14 as she?

RONSTADT: She was wonderful. She was exciting and she had so much confidence. You know, all we female singers in the Seventies knew was that we were these independent people going around the country, earning our own living, and that we represented something because all these articles were written about us. But we didn't know how to arm ourselves. Our defenses were put on in a clumsy fashiou Louise came out the quintessential Eighties woman. She wore her defenses like enameled veneer. It was beautiful. She understood exactly who she was and how to protect herself. She had done her homework. She knew how to move around. She knew her craft thoroughly. Stevie Nicks leaned over to me and whispered, "Gee, do you think we still can get a job singing backup for Joe Cocker?" We were the graduated class. PLAYBOY: You have a reputation of helping women singers such as Karla Bonoff, Nicolette Larsen, the Roches-

RONSTADT: It's not a deliberate attempt on my part. We're all friends, I was the first one visible. We've been helping one another out for a long time. I've drawn on a lot of their stuft.

PLAYBOY: Are you ever secretly afraid one of them will get bigger than you?

RONSTADT: To me, a new person coming up is good. Take Emmy [Emmylou Harris] for example. When I first heard Emmy sing, I wanted everybody to hear her I love Emmy. She's the most inspiring singer to me, bar none. I would







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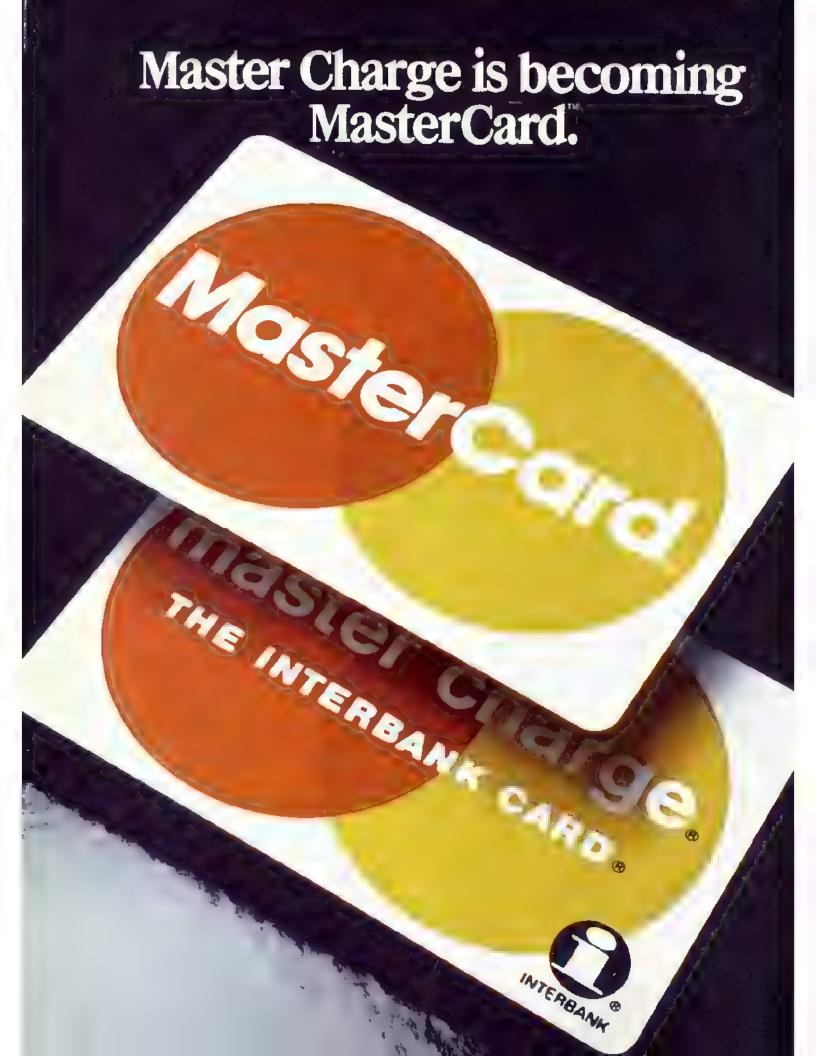
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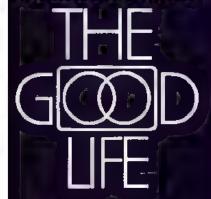
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rather sing with Emmy than with anybody else. She can make me feel the music and the ideas of a song like nobody. I can't imagine Emmy not being successful, because that might mean that I can't sipg with her so much. I mean, it's in my best interests for Emmy to be successful and for people to hear her, because she brings up the general standards of the music.

PLAYBOY: When did you meet Emmylou? RONSTADT: I was in Houston on tour with Neil Young and we had a night off and Emmy was playing with Graham Parker. I kept hearing about her and that she was the only one doing what I was doing. At that point, we were struggling to get record companies to listen to us sing Hank Williams. I saw Emmy and I died. Here was someone doing what I was doing, only, in my opinion, better. But hearing her finally outweighed the pain of being untdone and I just thought, Well, here's the level and I'd better get up there, I'd bester fight for it. I sat down with Emmy and sang and I learned a hell of a lot about singing from her and I still do.

PLAYBOY: Whatever happened to the album you and Emmylou and Dolly were makingi

RONSTADT: We're still trying. It was a ludicrous situation. We were trying to make an album in ten days. We three grownups should have known better than to put ourselves in a pressure cooker that way. We just wanted to do it so badly and thought that was our only chance.

PLAYBOY: Are the rumors true about the three of you fighting?

RONSTADT: No. And the potential for hideous and bitchy behavior and accusations was enormous. At the very beginning, we made a solemn pact that at any time our friendship was hurt, we would end the project. Friendship first. And when I think of the kinds of things that could have happened, it blows my hair The thing is that Dolly-God, there is not one trace of malice in her-has such a keen understanding of what motivates people that there was never a trace of bitchiness. Basically, what I learned was that I wanted to be on the team with Dolly and Emmy. Singing with them is a precious experience. It was like musi cal nirvana. I learned a lot about music and about morality, and Dolly was responsible for that

PLAYBOY: Some of your most beautiful songs are with them.

RONSTADT: There are people who act like catalysts for me. They make me do things I can't do on my own. When I sing with Emmy, she can make my voice go into a corner I can't reach by myself. And as for Dolly, when I sang I Never Will Marry in the studio, it just didn't have any magic. But all of a sudden, when Dolly started singing with me, wow1

PLAYBOY: Anyone else spark you like that? RONSTADT: Sometimes I need an interpreter. Waddy [Watchtel] taught me how to sing Tumbling Dice. He really understands The Rolling Stones better than anyone except Keith Richards. And if you want to know about the Beatles, you go to Andrew Gold. If you want to know about Roy Orbison, you ask J D Souther. If you want to know about Neil Young, you ask Dan Dugmore And if you want to know who to ask, you ask me. I'm the expert on who to ask. There are some people who work well all by themselves. Some of those Swedish fiddlers who sit in front of the mountains and just emote this passion are wonderful. But I live in a complex society and there are a lot of people around and I just need somebody to come in and put the other parts of the puzzle together for

PLAYBOY. You know, of course, that there are people who think of you as the sex symbol of the rock business.

RONSTADT: [Laughing and tugging at her Arizona State T-shirt and baggy jeans Sex symbol! Look at me. I am not a great beauty, that's for sure. I didn't set out to become a sex symbol. I set out to be a singer. I think of myself as a sexual being. It's an important part of my life. I've never tried to keep sexuality out of my personality or my singing. It's fun that people think I'm sexy.

PLAYBOY: Do you have groupies?

RONSTADT: Well, guys come up after the show and want me to kiss them.

PLAYBOY: Do you?

RONSTADT: I don't really like to kiss strangers. I couldn't imagine 17 juicy, wet kisses from 17 strangers. It's unsanitary. You'd have to go home and get your teeth cleaned.

PLAYBOY: So guys don't knock down your hotel door?

RONSTADT. I think men are more naturally inclined to promiscuity than women. I don't know if it's biological or what, but men are able to depersonalize sex a lot more than women and still remain nice persons. The guys I know on the road are holy terrors, but I love them.

PLAYBOY: You mean you don't fool around on the road?

RONSTADT: I don't like to go to bed with strangers. [Laughing] I like to know what kinds of books they read. I wouldn't be interested in someone who had a grouple mentality

PLAYBOY: You have been linked with many famous, rich, successful men through the

RONSTADT: Well, it would be very odd if it turned out that I had had a long relationship with a dentist. I mean, I meet famous people. I tend to have relationships with people I admire, who tend to be successful. I mean, who are you going to get a crush on? Somebody you don't admire? Why would you want to go out with a loser? What would you talk about? How I lost my job last 111 week? But I have lots of friends who are successful and not famous. It's just that when I go out with someone else who is famous, it gets written about—makes better reading

PLAYBOY: When you meet a man you admire, what's the next step?

RONSTADT: I have to get chased a whole lot. I need a lot of convincing, especially if he's famous. I don't want it to seem that I'm standing in line. I have to be convinced he is more interested in me than any of the other women interested in him. I have to know that I'm the exceptional one.

PLAYBOY: How long do those relationships usually last?

RONSTADT: I go out with a guy either for a night or for a year I rarely have boyfriends for less than a year. Some just move over to friendships.

PLAYBOY: Is it hard to keep former lovers for friends?

RONSTADT: You have to explain what the nature of the relationship is, going in. Are we going steady? If you don't promise something that you don't have any intention of delivering, you can move on and not leave bitterness behind. I never felt obligated to be physically faithful to anybody or to be in any way emotionally entwined with just one man. I have never made that promise. I have never had a ring around my neck or an engagement ring or a wedding ring on

my finger. If I did make that promise, I suppose I would be mad if I didn't honor it. So I enjoy and let the other person enjoy, and some of that's sexual.

PLAYBOY: Where does love fit in?

RONSTADT: Being in love is the best way to excite the feelings of sexuality. But you can't fall in love with everybody you are hugely, physically attracted to I think you fall in love once, maybe twice. If you are dumb enough to screw it up the first time or unfortunate enough to lose it and if you're lucky enough to find it again, that's great. Love is a special circumstance. When you fall in love, a whole different set of principles apply. I think shallow relationships are boring. Who wants endless streams of shallow relationships? My relationships are very intense. Whether or not they last five years is totally beside the point. And I don't think my lifestyle is conducive to those kinds of relationships. I don't consider any of my relationships a failure. I think they have all been rather successful. But, boy, are they intense. Whoa, Jesusi

PLAYBOY: How many times have you been in love?

RONSTADT: It's really a little death, in a way, falling in love, because you surrender yourself. When you're about to fall in love, you have this inner dialog. You know, Is this guy really cool, is he thoughtful, has he shown me strength of

character, do I love him? At some point, when you are really in love, you stop having this inner dialog and you just go on and love that person unconditionally and when you do, it's a little death. You surrender and you just totally let yourself open to that and it's the most vulnerable position to be in. But to me, it's the ultimate of sexual excitement to fall totally in love.

PLAYBOY. How many times has that happened to you?

RONSTADT: I went over that line only once. It was really frightening and it took me about two years to come back.

PLAYBOY: Was that with J. D. Souther?

RONSTADT: It doesn't matter. But once you totally let go, it is not easy to regain control. There is a part of you that always stays connected to that person and it changes you. But I still think it's neat. I still think it is something to strive for.

PLAYBOY: So you are not totally in love with anyone at the moment?

RONSTADT: That's right. I realized that that first time I actually went overboard. I went splat! It was such a wonderful feeling. That was stage one. Stage two was learning what the consequences are and stage three is being very careful. I don't think there is anything wrong with taking a real long time to fall over the edge the next time, because the next time. I would like to stay there It's like





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PLAYBOY. Do you want to get married? RONSTADT: As a life goal? Not really, I think it would be nice to have a mate whether it involved marriage or not. And I understand the reasons for wanting to ritualize the situation. It lends a bit more weight. But sometimes for people like me, who are real skittish and need a lot of freedom, maybe having that extra weight might be a burden. I've never seriously considered marrying anybody so far. But I've gotten some interesting

PLAYBOY: Do you want to have children? RONSTADT: That's the big one. I've thought about it a lot, especially as I get nearer to 35. I like children a whole lot, but that's not a good enough reason. The only reason to have children is because you want them more than anything else and if I get to that point, I won't care if I'm married or not. I'd prefer to be with the kids father, because I think that would multiply the enjoyment and the richness of the experience geometrically, but I don't think it would be impossible to do it alone.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not really looking for a permanent commitment.

RONSTADT: My favorite Brownism is: "Choice is the enemy of commitment." Here I am, cruising around the world, and you see this one and that one and it makes it hard if you're with one person. Suppose that person comes up short in a couple of areas and you miss that and you go to a city and find a person who's just got those two things and maybe none of the others and you go, "Why shouldn't I have that? I want that." It's just human nature.

PLAYBOY: Do you think monogamy is impossible?

RONSTADT: I don't think it's impossible; I don't think it is particularly necessary. If you live with a man and he is unfaithful to you, the only thing you can do is hope you don't find out, because it may not have any bearing on your relationship. Or if you are unfaithful to the man, I don't think you have an obligation to tell, because sometimes it is more destructive to tell. You should try real hard to stay true, though, because it's less complicated. You may be at a crossroads with somebody and if you just stayed with him, stuck it out a little bit longer, you may get up to the next level, which may be really wonderful. And if you get tempted astray, it may damage whatever kind of momentum you have going. But then, on the other hand, it may enrich it. Who knows? There just aren't any rules. I don't think a relationship can survive continual deceit and lies. As for occasional deceit and lies. . . . [Laughs]

PLAYBOY: You are obviously a man's

woman. Professional friendships aside, do you like other women?

ronstadt. I do like women. I am suspicious of people who categorically don't like men or women. Forget it. They have nothing to teach me. I can remember a time when I had very few women friends because I was on the road and everybody I knew was a man. I got into a bad habit of always being able to strike up a friendship with a guy based on being able to flirt. If all else failed, I could flirt with a man. I could bribe him into liking me. You can't do that with a girl. There is a whole other dynamic that is set up between two females and it can be sexual, but heterosexual, like in Julia. Women friends are important.

PLAYBOY: How difficult is it for a rock 'n'-roll star to have friends?

RONSTADT. We all work so hard out here that we isolate ourselves. It used to be, before we all had nice houses, that we all lived in crummy apartments and it was so depressing that we all went out to clubs every night. And the clubs provided a surrogate family. But then we all got record deals and money and

"If you are unfaithful to the man, I don't think you have an obligation to tell, because sometimes it is more destructive to tell."

big houses and that surrogate family changed. It, in a way, became the staffyou know, the people who help run your life-because our lives became so complicated with all the traveling. I don't have time for those little relationships that are important. I don't run out to the Troubadour every night. I have this nice house and I'm tired, so I slop down and watch TV. The success broke down something vital in the friendship process, as well as in the process of how we create music.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

RONSTADT: There was a time when I knew every single group or performer who came into town through the Troubadour. I knew every new trend in music so far before it was ever felt anywhere, because I was there when it was being formed. And, boy, it's real interesting, what's going on in the music industry right now. I know a lot of people are getting laid off and it will be harder for new acts to get deals, but it also means that in order to support themselves, groups are going to have to go back to the clubs. It's just going to get smaller. Those giant, expensive tours, with 30 people, four semis, stuff like that, just cost too

much money. I think it will ultimately give the music a kick in the pants. I think pop music was commanding a disproportionate influence on culture and now it's getting back to normal. It will still be important, but pop music will now just take a seat, instead of driving the entire train People may not have to live their lives vicariously through rock-'n'-roll stars. To me, that was real oppressive, because not everybody is supposed to be a musician.

PLAYBOY: Do you think this financial crisis in the music business will be good? RONSTADT: Yes. The music will change and ultimately get better. We all got too greedy. It became an egotistical thing of saying how much money you got paid or how you just engineered a \$1,000,000 deal and all the bragging about what you got written into your concert riders, like cases of champagne, Permer, caviar.

PLAYBOY: Do you ask for tins of caviar in your concert contracts?

RONSTADT: Too many calories. No, I once had written in that I wanted a case of Shasta Diet Chocolate, and then I heard that some of the promoters were having a terrible time and going to a lot of expense to get it and I said, "Well, Tab is OK." But once, I saw these silk nightgowns I really wanted. They were so beautiful and so expensive. It was time to re-sign with my record company and I considered asking the company to buy them. But why should it? They aren't necessary and have nothing to do with the music. I thought, Well, if I want them, I'll just buy them myself.

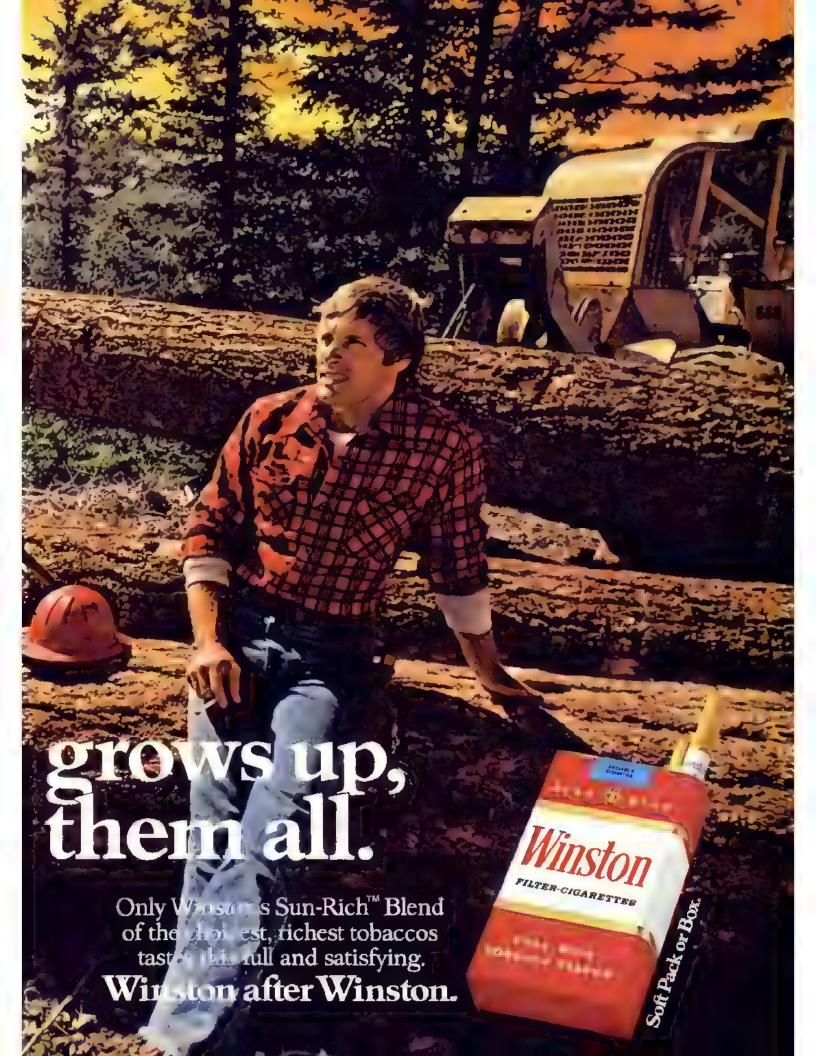
PLAYBOY: Does what you've been saying mean you'll go back to playing clubs?

RONSTADT: I think the club scene will get real healthy again and it will give some acts places to play. But there are some practical reasons why it would be hard for me to play clubs like the Roxy and it's not because I've gotten lazy or selfish. For what I would be paid to play a club, I couldn't pay one member of my band a week's salary. The way costs have escalated and the particular economic sandwich I am in right now, I can't afford it-at least not all the time, But I plan to play the Palomino and do odd clubs during the tour. I need the feed-

PLAYBOY: Why weren't you involved in the benefits opposed to nuclear power? RONSTADT: I didn't have a band and I felt it might be construed as an attempt on my part to start stumping for Jerry Brown.

PLAYBOY: What's wrong with that?

RONSTADT: I feel it can be dangerous for me as an artist to get involved with issues and, particularly, with candidates. But at some point, I feel like I can't not take a stand. I think of pre-H.tler Germany, when it was fashionable for the Berliners not to get involved with politics and, meantime, this horrible man 115



took power. But it is difficult for me as a public person. I don't want people to take my word for something because they like my music. That's a danger in itself. I am real aware of my ability to influence impressionable people and I am reluctant to wield that power. If I am saying things about nuclear power, I want people to go out and learn about it. I don't want them to say "No nukes" because Jackson [Browne] and Linda say it. I don't want them to think that to be hip, they have to be a no-nukes person. I don't want people to think about issues when they hear my music. I really want them to hook their dreams onto what I am singing. When I'm out in public, I want to be singing.

PLAYBOY: But you are stumping for Brown. You had a \$1000-a-couple dinner for him and you're doing concerts, something you said you'd never do.

RONSTADT: You know how most people burn their bridges behind them? Well, I have a tendency to burn my bridges ahead of me. I swore up and down 1 wouldn't do a benefit for Jerry. The artistic reason is the selfish reason, but also, I always thought that if I did a concert for Jerry, it would be perceived by the public as him trying to use me. They would say, "I told you all along: The basis of their relationship is that she can do concerts for him and make him a lot of money." But there is no way for me to stay neutral. If I won't support him, and I know him best, it looks like an attack. I would like him to be able to speak his ideas. I think they are really important and good and, for the most part, he's right. It's so hard for me, not only as a public figure but also as someone who believes in him, cares about him, is close to him and is on his side. I want to be on his side.

PLAYBOY What's the reaction to your limited public support of Brown?

RONSTADT: I'm going to take a lot of heat for it, but I'm ready. I just don't feel that any of the alternatives are as good as Jerry, and that's what it comes down to. Look at it this way: The Eagles and I, in a way, represent the antinuclear concern. Westinghouse is heavily invested in nuclear power. A candidate like Ronald Reagan can go to Westinghouse and ask for lots of money and despite the \$1000 limit, Westinghouse can commandeer huge sums of money. Plus, it can hire lawyers and take out huge ads in the newspapers and continue to brainwash the American public about the safety of nuclear power, which I think is a lie. Jerry Brown can't go to Westinghouse. He can only go to the individuals. He has no corporate financing for his ideology. A candidate like Jerry Brown can't go to Arco for money for solar power, because it's not in the com-118 pany's interest. I believe it's in the public interest to have a candidate who is interested in furthering technology like solar power and protecting us from things like nuclear power.

PLAYBOY: Then you're not wary about illinformed performers' affecting politics.

RONSTADT: A lot of us were naive in the beginning about doing benefits. We tended just to take people's word for things. I don't now. I read newspapers, periodicals. I'm not saying I'm an expert, but I am a hell of a lot better informed than before and better informed than the average person. I think my opinion is informed enough to put out there. Richard Reeves wrote sarcastically about how nobody would pay \$400,000 an hour to watch him type, but Richard Reeves, in fact, swings much more influence with a typewriter than I ever could. He's a political writer. He sways public opinion every day. Doing a concert for a candidate can't swing an election. We flatter ourselves to think that. What I can do is provide better access to the public forum, and then it's up to the public to decide. Artists like

"I think pop music was commanding a disproportionate influence on culture and now it's getting back to normal.''

Jane Fonda, Joan Baez, Vanessa Redgrave, I say more power to them, they are sticking out their necks. I don't particularly want to stick out my neck. But I don't see how I can not take a stand. It's dangerous territory for me, that's for sure But if Frank Sinatra is going to do a benefit for Reagan, then I guess I have to do a benefit for Jerry.

PLAYBOY: Let's return to your music. Where do your songs come from?

RONSTADT: Mostly, I get them from my friends. And from those situations late at night when a bunch of people have gotten together and gone through a lot of social ritual and the defenses are down and you get real bored. The best cure for boredom is music, and that's when the ideas start coming and your fingers start to ache and you start harmonizing, and then someone says, "I just wrote a tune," and you take the plunge. I keep getting all these funny demos from housew.ves and I keep praying one of those songs is going to be brilhant. It never is.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever sung anything you felt was perfect?

RONSTADT: I sang Sorrow Lives Here in Tokyo once and I thought it was perfect. I got this reading on this one line exactly the way I wanted to do it. 1 remember that night.

PLAYBOY: Is there one song you never get sick of singing?

RONSTADT: Yeah, Willin', Lowell George wrote that, bless his heart. You know I am completely an emotional singer, 1 have to be emotionally connected to a song or I can't sing it. I was on Saturday Night Live one time and had to sing a song about saccharine. I just couldn't remember the lyrics, and finally I thought about how miserable I'd be if there weren't any Tab and I got the song. It was the same thing with Alison. Peter [Asher] heard that song and said, "That's a hit for someone." It wasn't until I met a girl who was just like the girl in the song and I felt I had this message for her. Then I wanted to record the song. Even when I needed a hit, I turned down songs I knew would be hits because I couldn't emotionally connect with the song.

PLAYBOY: Given the tragedies some of your fellow rock 'n' rollers have suffered in the past ten years, do you ever look around and pat yourself on the back just for surviving?

RONSTADT: Yeah, I feel pretty good. I didn't become a drug addict. I didn't become a compulsive liar. Sometimes I think I'm going to be like Anna Karenina and throw myself under a train. She is a great lesson to me and I think of her every time I think about getting off the path. The thing that screws up people in my position more than any thing is isolation. Because if you become isolated, then you don't get ideas and if you don't get ideas, then you think that you can't do it anymore and you start

PLAYBOY: Are you afraid of falling?

RONSTADT: That's the other thing that screws up people in my position, the idea you're not allowed to fall. It's perfectly natural to fall, especially if you get up afterward.

PLAYBOY: You sound pretty same these

RONSTADD: Part of learning how to stay sane is learning not to attach yourself to things that cannot be yours. I'm pretty good at letting go of them. Even with things I want very badly, with hindsight, there was always a real reason why I couldn't have them and it turns out for the best. That goes for songs, business, men . . .

PLAYBOY: This has nothing to do with the boyfriend you won't discuss, of course, but do you ever think about being First Lady of the United States?

RONSTADT: Sometimes. It's a pretty funny thought. But if I thought about it seriously, I would probably die laughing. I like my job. And the pay is a lot better.

Some things just naturally go together:

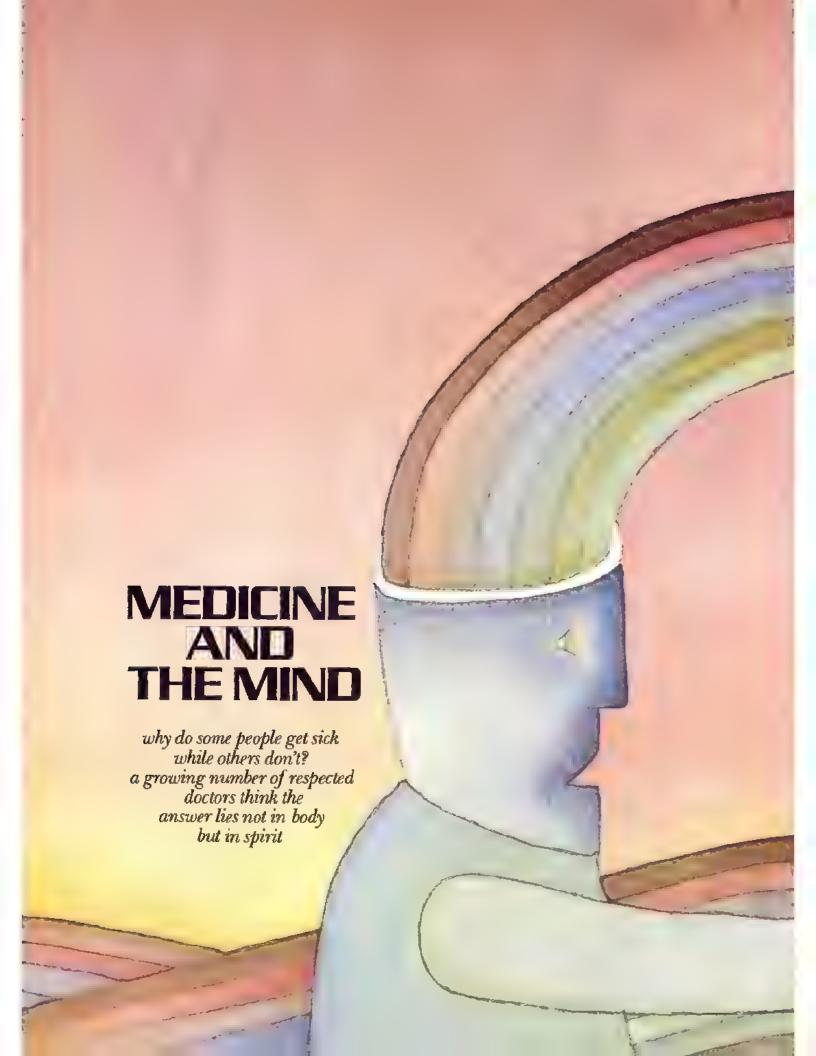


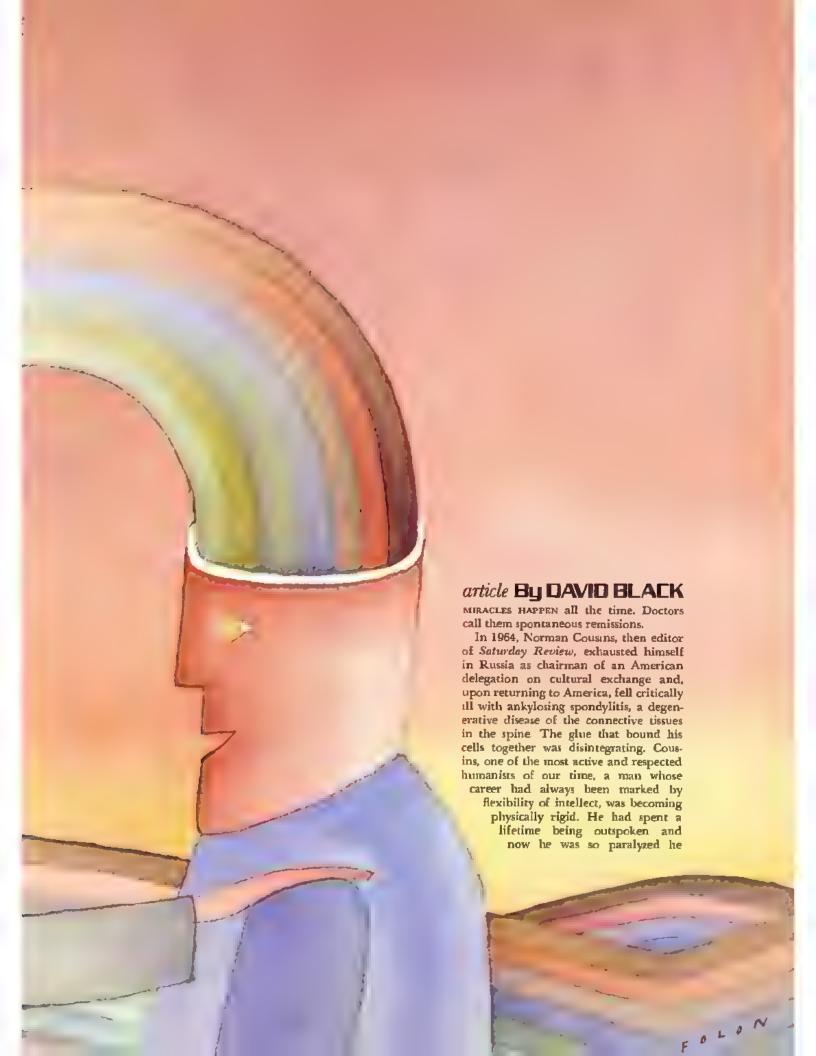
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could hardly open his mouth.

"The prognosis," says Cousins, "was progressive paralysis; I was told I'd have to make a choice between having my body freeze sitting up or lying down" The doctors told Cousins his chance for recovery was one in 500

'I didn't care what the doctors said the disease was. They could have said it was cancer multiplied by ten. And I would have said, 'OK, boys, you just tend to your business; I'll tend to mine."

Cousins smiles sweetly and, stretching his legs, crosses his feet at the ankles. His pants cuff catches on the top of one of his Wellingtons and he nimbly reaches down to free it. Not the gesture of a man who 16 years ago was told by specialists that he would have to get used to a life as a living statue.

"When I discovered the disease was serious," he says, "I had a much better attitude toward it than when I thought it was transient. Before, it was something to accept passively, I had put myself in other people's hands. Now it became a challenge; I realized I'd better get into the act and take an interest in the case."

His smile widens. The happier he grows at the memory, the more clearly marked his features become-as though joy, in a very real way, defines him. "I was curious," he says, "and had this great experimental desire. I didn't have to kill any sheep or dogs to do my experiment. I had a beautifully self-contained laboratory: me."

He had remembered the work of a Montreal doctor, Hans Selye, who a decade earlier, in 1956, had published a book based on his pioneer study of how stress could adversely affect body chemistry and cause illness. Cousins had assumed the reverse was also true, that positive emotions, like love, hope, faith, the will to live and joy, could promote health. So he discharged himself from the hospital-a very stressful environment, "the last place someone sick should go," he now claims-and checked into a hotel, where he was more comfortable. the service was better and the cost was less. From Alan Funt, Cousins borrowed a movie projector and some classic reels of Candid Camera. He also stocked his medicine cabinet with Marx Brothers films, E. B. and Katharine White's Subtreasury of American Humor, Max Eastman's The Enjoyment of Laughter and the works of P. G. Wodehouse, James Thurber, Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman and he confides, "if you promise not to tell anybody" (I didn't promise)-"even Bennett Cerf.

"I made a very interesting discovery," he says. "Ten minutes of solid belly laughter would give me two hours of pain-free sleep."

A decade later, in the mid-Seventies. 122 scientists discovered that the brain produces proteins called endorphins, which are natural morphinelike painkillers. Apparently, laughter—and, in general, any happy, relaxed state-triggers the production of endorphins. So the anesthetic effect of Cousins' self-prescribed therapy of joy has a scientific basis. Furthermore, laughter seemed not only to reduce his pain but also to help cure him. Because of its anesthetic effect, he no longer had to take sleeping pills and painkillers, which affect the endocrine system and interfere with the body's own healing mechanisms. Cousins found that after each session of laughter, his sedimentation rate—a gauge of how severe an infection or inflammation isdropped a significant five points.

He also took massive doses-25 grams-of vitamin C, which lowered his sedimentation rate even more. "At the end of the critical two weeks during which I took the love, laughter and ascorbic-acid [vitamin C] therapy, I was able to move my thumbs," says Cousins, working his thumbs like Danny Kaye singing Thumbelina in Hans Christian Andersen, "and I knew I was going to make it all the way." He now plays tennis an average of three times a week.

Orthodox doctors have trouble with Cousins' case. If he had gone to Lourdes, they would have been skeptical enough. But a pilgrimage to the Marx Brothers? Fraditional physicians tend to explain Cousins' improvement as something that would have happened anyway—that onein-500 chance-or, as the result of the placebo effect-improvement due to a patient's (and sometimes also a doctor's) belief in an otherwise useless therapy. But neither of those cautious explanations explains much. What was it that made Cousins that one in 500? If love, laughter and vitamin C did not cure him, how did the belief that they would cure him make him healthier? Just what is the connection between the spirit and the flesh-between a healthy body and a healthy mind?

If Cousins' cure were the only one on record, it would be easy to dismiss it as a fluke. But doctors have often had to deal with miracle cures-and with equally inexplicable declines in healthassociated with dramatic changes in mood or expectation. Sixty-four miracle cures-including regeneration of withered limbs-have been documented at Lourdes alone since the turn of the century. And about 200 cases of regressions of terminal cancers have been published. Then there are thousands of cases of widows and widowers who die within days of their spouses, of people who have heart attacks shortly after being fired from their jobs, of others who fall seriously ill following divorces. There are the results of a study done recently by

Caroline Thomas and Karen Duszynski of Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine that found a significant psy chological similarity among medical students who later developed malignant tumors; the patients seemed to share a feeling that they were not close to their parents. How can a feeling of estrangement from parents lead to cancer? And what can a medical doctor do about it? There are no pills that can heal a rupture within a family.

There are the results of startling—and ethically questionable-experiments reported by the late Dr. Henry K. Beecher of the Harvard Medical School. Patients suffering from angina pectoris were given sham arterial-bypass operations: They were merely cut and sewn up. But the patients generally expected the operation to improve their condition and, in fact, they did as well as patients who were given real bypass operations. Apparently, something other than surgery was at work.

The maiden who pines away for love and the healthy Haitian who dies after having a voodoo curse placed on him are not fictions. They are realities traditional modern medicine has tended to deny or ignore. If civilization is a hospital ward, the maiden and the Haitian live in the forest surrounding the hospital grounds. And the rest of us-with a few brave and inquisitive exceptions-try unsuccessfully to reassure one another that their howls of pain are the sound of the wind in the woods. Mysterious changes in health seem, at least at first, to threaten the rational myths upon which our culture is based. We want to believe medicine is technology, because if it is, we can improve our health merely by building better machines. Any other model of medicine might suggest that to improve our health, we must somehow improve our very selves

We could understand it if mood or behavior changes followed improvements or declines in health. But often the mood or behavior change occurs simultaneously with or even before the change. This sounds too much like magic-or, worse, religion. At least in magic, the one spinning the spells is human; if magic proved useful, doctors could grab the wands. If religion rules health, doctors must defer to divines. We drown in disease or wait for an almighty hand to still the waters.

Whatever the agent of these mysterious cures and illnesses, doctors have found it harder and harder to deny that such improvements and declines have some significance in the practice of responsible medicine: first, because the more they look, the more they find that expectation-or attitude, temperament, mood, personality, call it what you will-

(continued on page 211)



"The Kitamutos and the Shimititsus are truly fun people!"



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REUNION

what an anniversary!
25 years of centerfold beauties gather at playboy mansion west
to celebrate with the man who made it all possible



In the beginning was the \$600, the typewriter on the kitchen table and a young man's dream—to publish a magazine that would "respond to the repressive, antisexual, anti-play-and-pleasure aspects of our puriton heritage." Also, that would allow him to meet a lot of beautiful women. Among titans of industry, this is known as a fringe benefit. At the Playmote Reunion, Hef found himself awash in benefits, in the form of 11 Playmates of the Year (above). The ladies are (front row) Cyndi Wood (1974), Monique St. Pierre (1979), Debra Jo Fondren (1978), Liv Lindeland (1972), Linda Gomble (1961); (second row) Connie Kreski (1969), Claudia Jennings (1970), Lillian Muller (1976), Jo Collins (1965), Allison Parks (1966) and Lisa Baker (1967). At left, Hef is doubleteamed by the original girl-next-door Playmate, Janet Pilgrim, and Phi Beta Koppa Playmate Vicki McCarty (Miss September 1979).

IT WAS A FANTASY come alive, a daydream you could touch. On one of the hottest days of a Los Augeles September, the most elite sorority in the world gathered at Playboy Mansion West for a firsttime-ever meeting. There were women in tank tops, in disco pants, in short-shorts, in slit skirts, in see-through dresses, in tailored suits. Some were selfassured, others nervous. Most were stunning; none was less than attractive. They came in all sizes but only one basic shape, because what all these women had in common was that each had reached a pinnacle of popular culture; Each had been a FLAYBOY Playmate.

The reunion was the idea of PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, who invited 25 years of Misses January through December to spend a weekend getting acquainted and reacquainted, all expenses paid. It was a fitting way to sum up PLAYBOY'S 25th anniversary year, he thought, for, as he told the assembled throng, "Without you, I'd have a literary magazine."

Getting in touch with the 307 women who'd been Playmates (text continued on page 234)







More scenes from the reunion at Playboy Mansion West. At top left is Jayne Mane Mansfield, who was featured in a PLAYBOY pictorial in July 1976 and is the doughter of the late famed actress Jayne Mansfield, our February 1955 Playmate. Miss April 1979, Missy Cleveland (top right), chats with longtime PLAYBOY contributors Shel Silverstein and LeRoy Neiman. Above, Hef shows himself to be a good skate in the company of current and potential Playmates Terri Welles, Candy Collins (December 1979) and Victoria Cooke. You may have seen Victoria featured as one of the Playmates of the Eighties in last November's ABC-TV special The Playboy Roller Disco and Pajama Party.











Top left: Hef and his secretary Joni Mattis (in background) greet Playmate Eleanor Bradley, whose February 1959 centerfold appears at top right. Joni, herself Miss November 1960, and Eleanor were regulars on *Playboy's Penthouse*, Hef's first syndicated TV show. Above: Hef compliments February 1973 Playmate Cyndi Wood (her gatefold is above left) on her performance in Apocalypse Now.







Janet Pilgrim is the only Playmate to have appeared three times in our centerfold: in July 1955, December 1955 (that's the Playmate photo she's posing with above) and October 1956. It's clear that Janet has changed little, but attitudes about nudity have: Her centerfold, thought racy in 1955, recently was televised in prime time on NBC-TY's Real People. Twenty years separated the appearances of Marianne Gaba (September 1959 centerfold at far left) and Missy Cleveland (April 1979), but both look great today (near left). Below: Four Playmates model for Hef their new promotional costumes, designed by Walter Holmes (who was responsible for creating the Jet Bunny uniforms for Playboy's DC-9).



At near right, Playmate Janice Pennington at the reunion and as she appeared in the magazine (May 1971), Janice has been a regular on the TV game show The Price Is Right for the post seven years. For right: Norwegian Playmate Lillian Müller with her August 1975 centerfold, Lillion's appearance in PLAYBOY soon led to a film career and the 1976 Playmate of the Year title.













Above, Playmate Connie Mason gets reacquainted with PLAYBOY Staff Photographer Pampeo Posar. Pompeo was responsible for shooting Connie's June 1963 centerfold (above right), and has done 49 others during his 20-year career with the magazine. Connie worked as a Bunny in the Miami and Chicago Playboy Clubs in the early Sixties, was a successful fashion model after that and now has a grown daughter who was also a Bunny, in New York in 1976. Below: Playmate Rosanne Katon (September 1978) with pro-football superstar turned actor Jim Brown. Rosanne is a regular in the TV series White Shodow. Playmate Kristine Hanson (September 1974), seen interviewing Hef at the reunion, was the one TV newsperson at the event with an extraspecial insight into what it means to be a Playmate. Her interview was for her own show, Weeknight, a magazine-format news-and-feature program on KCRA-TV in Sacramento.











Above: December 1964 Playmate Ja Collins, best known for her widely publicized trip to Vietnam, is seen above right signing her centerfold on a Playmate-covered rec-room wall. Below: Miss December 1963, Donna Michelle, who was 1964 Playmate of the Year, swaps recallections with Hef. Danna switched to the other side of the lens in 1974 to shoot the PLAYBOY feature Donna Clicks.



Playmate Julie Woodson used her April 1973 appearance in the magazine (left) to enhance a successful career as an actress and fashion madel. At the reunion (below left), she poses again, this time for the pen of artist LeRoy Neiman, Below: Playmate Delilah Henry, who used the professional name Teddi Smith when she oppeared in the magazine in July 1960 (bottom), gives Hef a hug.















Below, the reunion function gives two of PLAYBOY's most famous contributing artists, Alberta Vargos and LeRoy Neiman, the chance to talk a little shop. Vargos has been partraying feminine beauty for more than 50 years, first for Flo Ziegfeld, then for Esquire and, for the post 20 years, for PLAYBOY. Below center: Hef greets May 1966 Playmate Dolly Read and her husband, comedian Dick (Laugh-In) Martin.





Above, Playmate Miki Garcio poses with photographer Mario Cosilli in front of the blowup of her January 1973 centerfold. Miki is now a Playboy executive, Director of Playmote Promotions, while Mario keeps on shooting—at last count, he had done 53 centerfolds for the magazine. Below: TV-game-show host Richard Dawson, who emceed the reunion program for television, presents Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977, with the keys to one of two Volvo Bertones awarded in a lottery.













Above left: Producer Allon (Grease) Carr, actress Valerie Perrine (who stars in Carr's newest film, Can't Stop the Music) and singing great Mel Tormé drop by the reunion to chat with Hef. Above: 25th-anniversary Playmate Candy Loving, whose appearance capped a nationwide hunt, pases with a blowup of her centerfold. Above right: 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre is at the center of the disco action as a friend admires her Rabbit necklace, given to each Playmate at the reunion. Left: October 1965 Playmate Allison Parks shares some of the magic with Hef. Her centerfold (below left) led to her being chosen 1966 Playmate of the Year. Bottom left: Playmate Sandra Theodore was all smiles at the reunion but a trifle more reserved in her July 1977 centerfold (below).













Playmate Carol Vitale (July 1974) is shown putting her vital statistics into motion on the dance floor (left) with ace comeramon Mario Casilli. Talk about fringe benefits: Bet you thought being a PLAYBOY photographer was all work. Below: Why is this man smiling? In one of the more remarkable moments of a remarkable event, Hef is surrounded by Playmates for a heart-stopping picture. How many girls next door is one man entitled to? Surely, so much beauty in one place violates some zaning ordinance-even in California. For Hef, it was a dream come true, Just think. He could have published Car and Driver and ended up with a yard full of Edsels. A mere mortal in this situation would have been speechless. But Hef rose to the occasion, describing the day as "something that will stay with me as long as I live."



VERTHROW OF CASTRO is possible," Bobby Kennedy told Richard Helms amid the controlled chaos of his fifth-floor office at the Justice Department. An aide to the CIA clandestine services' Helms wrote rapidly to keep up with the Attorney General's staccato cadence. "A solution to the Cuban problem today carried top priority in U. S. Government. No time, money, effort-or manpowcr-is to be spared. Yesterday . . . the President had indicated to him that the final chapter had not been written it's got to be done and will be done."

President John F. Kennedy was still smarting from the Bay of Pigs hasco and, as his brother had told Helms, was determined to settle the score. Helms's response was to place William King Harvey in charge of what would be known within the agency as Task Force W. Two-gun Bill Harvey, foil of Soviet spy Kim Philby, foreman of the Berlin tunnel, was the CIA's heaviest hitter. Harvey's appointment, more than anything else Helms could do, would convince the Kennedy Administration that the CIA meant business.

Brigadier General Edward Lansdale, Kennedy's "Cuba Commander," was suitably impressed. He introduced Harvey to the President as the American James Bond.

The President's enthusiasm for Ian Fleming and the improbable escapades of his British superagent, 007, was well publicized, so Lansdale must have been more than a little flattered when John Kennedy remarked to him one day that he was America's answer to Bond. Lansdale, with all due modesty, demurred, suggesting that the real American 007 was this fellow Harvey, whom Helms had just put on the Cuba case. Naturally, the President wanted to meet the man, and before long, Harvey and Lansdale were sitting outside the Oval Office, waiting to be ushered in.

As Lansdale told the story, he turned to Harvey and said, "You're not carrying your gun, are you?" Of course he was, Harvey replied, starting to pull a revolver from his pants pocket. Aghast at what the Secret Service might do if this strange-looking man were suddenly to draw a gun, Lansdale quickly told Harvey to keep the damn thing in his pants until he could explain to the agents that the gentleman would like to check his firearm. Harvey turned over 132 the gun and was about to enter the

Oval Office when suddenly he remembered something. Reaching behind him, he whipped out a .38 Detective Special from a holster snapped to his belt in the small of his back and handed it to the startled Secret Service agents.

The President left no record of his reaction to the sight of his American Bond-this red faced, popeyed, bulletheaded, pear-shaped man advancing on him with a ducklike strut that was part waddle and part swagger. Harvey's deep, gruff voice must have restored the President's faith in 007 somewhat, but Ian Fleming would never read the same again.

William Harvey's father was the most prominent attorney in Danville, Indiana, a small town 20 miles west of Indianapolis, and his grandfather was the founder of the local newspaper. In 1936, on the strength of his father's name and the endorsement of his grandfather's newspaper, Harvey himself ran for prosecuting attorney in Hendricks County while still a student at Indiana University law school. Despite The Danville Gazette's promise that "Billy is a keen student and his election would be a great benefit to the people of Hendricks County," Harvey was a Democrat in a staunchly Republican county, and he lost by 880 votes out of 12,000 cast.

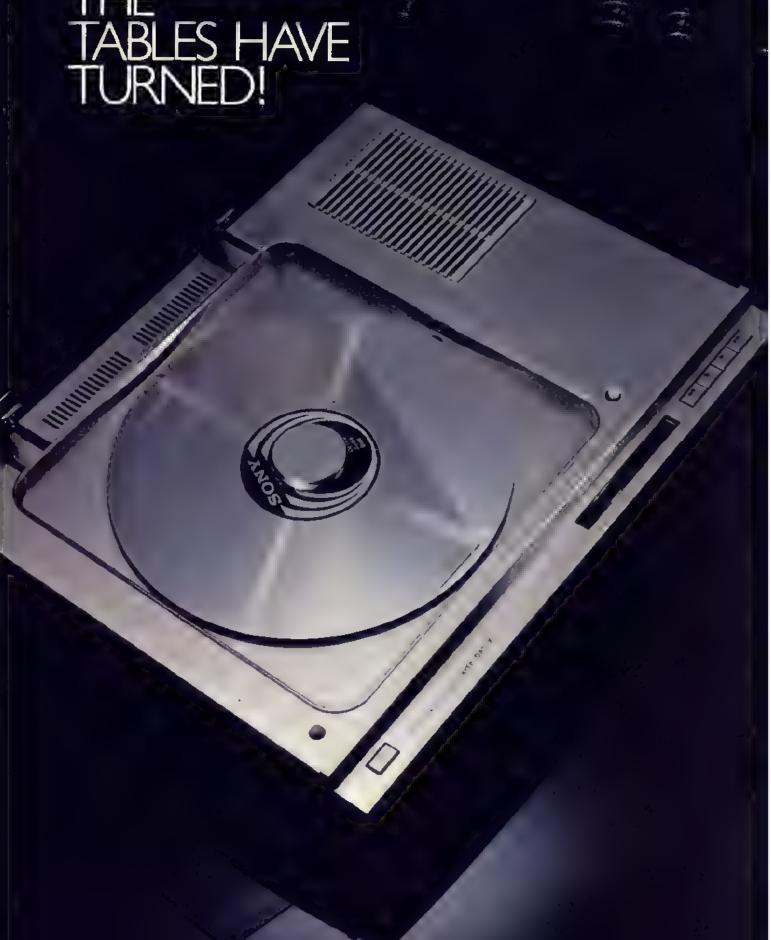
Staying in Indiana only long enough to collect his law degree, Harvey and his young wife, the former Elizabeth McIntire-called Libby by her friends—moved to the small Ohio River town of Maysville, Kentucky, where he opened a one-man practice. Harvey went through the motions, joining the Rotary Club and working with the boy scouts, but he never really made a go of it in Maysville. "In a small town, you have to be nice to people and smile," said a local insurance broker, one of Harvey's friends. "He didn't meet people well. . . . He didn't indulge in small talk. He could walk down the street and not speak to anybody." Harvey did little more than "sit around in the office and fiddle with his collection of guns and knives."

No one was very surprised in December of 1940 when Harvey left Maysville and joined the FBI, starting in the Pittsburgh field office. By 1945, he had made his way to FBI headquarters in Washington as part of a small vanguard of three agentshimself, (continued on page 198)

top spy william harvey uncovered kim philby, tapped the berlin tunnel and conspired against castrobut his own government gave him the fiercest fight



THE TABLES HAVE TURNED!



oh, the music still goes Tound and Tound, but there have been sensational improvements in the machines that do the spinning

Opposite page: You're looking at the shape of things to come: Sony's revolutionary DAD-IX Digital Audio Disc Player that should hit the market in about five years equipped with a belium-neon laser light in lieu of a tonearm and stylus, thus eliminoting all surface naises. Projected price for the DAD-1X is not established and owners will have to revemp their record collections, as it plays plasticcoated polished-aluminum discs housing computer-code bits of musical information. Right, top to bottom: Phase Linear's Model 8000 Series II turntable incorporates a linear tracking tonearm that keeps the stylus perfectly tangent to the groove; all controls are on the outside of the dust cover, about \$750. It's shown here equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultralight cortridge, from Pocific Stereo, Chicogo, \$125. The LP-3000U is a quartz-lock, direct-drive turntable with a digital speed indicator; it features a linear tracking tonearm with automatic programing, which allows the owner to choose the trocks on an album he wishes to hear, by Aiwa, \$1200 complete, Yamaha's YP-D71 is a quartz-lock, direct-drive doubleserve turntoble with tenearm sensors that eliminate end-of-record surface noise, \$330; plus on MC-1X contridge, also by Yamoho, \$250. Optanica's RP-4705, a fully outomotic, directdrive turntable, features controls outside the dust cover, \$280. Ours is equipped with an Ortofon Concorde 20 ultrolight cortridge, from Pacific Stereo, Chicago, \$125. Technics' SL-10, a compact, direct-drive turntable, is little larger than an LP jocket cover; it functions fully automotically and silently when the cover is closed, by Panasonic, about \$600. Last, the Micro Seiki BL-91 is a belt-drive ormless turntoble with a base of abony for maximum resistance to vibrations, \$700, plus tonearm mount, \$75, tonearm, \$225, and an ADC Model XLM Mark #1 (mproved cortridge, \$120, the lost from Pacific Stereo, Chicago.













article By Norman Eisenberg

A REVOLUTION in turntables may be an easy pun, but it aptly describes what is happening (and what is about to happen) in a major area of home entertainment. The innovation, which is still waiting in the wings but threatens to come onstage at its own cue, is digital sound. Why the fuss? According to Sony, which has been working on digital-audio-disc systems since 1976 and whose latest version-the model DAD-1X-is shown here, digital audio represents such an advance in the quality of recorded and reproduced sound over existing analog sound that its development is tantamount to bringing present-day audio "out of the Stone Age."

Digital sound (also called pulsecode modulated sound, or PCM) is credited with banishing all the forms of distortion inherent in analog sound. Wow and flutter become ghosts of the past finally laid to rest. Dynamic range is increased to 95 dB or more as against the 50 to 60 dB of the best analog discs. Frequency response is ruler flat across the audio range up to 20,000 Hz within a mere +0.25 dB variation. (For all you nontechnical buffs, that's terrific.)

That kind of performance from a disc recording involves, as you might expect, a radically new kind of record and player to handle it. Basically, the system is a spin-off of video-disc technology, and so a few companies other than Sony also have prototypes or at least working models that are let out tentatively from the labs for a peek by the press and audio trade. The Sony model, like many others, uses a laser beam to scan the digitally pulsed signal on the specially coated disc. There is no physical contact between the record and a tracking stylus. That factor alone does away with record wear,

tracking distortion, stylus wear, stereochannel lopsidedness and other deviltries, not the least of which is the static charge that attracts dust.

As a final fillip, the Sony system, which runs at a speed of 450 rpm, can pack up to two and a half hours of playing time on the one-sided disc, enough for many a full opera or a helty rock concert, depending on your musical tastes.

Before rushing out to queue up at your local hi fi dealer, be advised that none of the impending systems is currently in stock. Nor is any likely to be available for some time. Estimates as to just when vary from five to ten years.

The reason for the delay is not that technology or production know how is lacking but that the records themselves are. The PCM trend is still essentially a hardware-inspired thrust, based largely on the audio possibilities inherent in a digitally encoded video disc. In that regard, it is unlike two earlier major changes in record playing-the longplaying or microgroove disc in the late Forties and the stereo disc about ten years later.

Both of those upheavals started in the recording industry itself; and, in each instance, it was a matter of hardware's following the new software, or new equipment's being developed to play the new kind of records. The digital disc, or at least the audio digital disc, has not been announced as a new home program format by any recording company. It is, in a sense, being thrust on the recording companies—and at a time when they are attempting to cope with a slew of problems, from the rising cost of vinyl to shaky sales.

As for digital sound as such, the record companies are just getting into it by using digital tape recorders for making master tapes, which then are used for cutting and processing conventional analog discs. And even here, there are reports that the exact digital tape system to use can become a source of violent internal controversy among top recording executives, producers and performers.

In the meantime, today's turntable remains a viable product, and the sheer number of new models-not to mention the improvements and refinements associated with them—seems ample testimony to the continued durability of records as we know them. There have been changes within that format, but they are evolutionary, not revolutionary.

Record-buying and record-playing hasits seem to be somewhat related to what has happened to turntables (and their working partners, tonearms and cartridges) in the past few years. What has 136 happened, of course, is the rise of the

single-play turntable and the decline of the platter plopping automatic model. One reason for its success is the indisputable logic contained in the argument: Why pay for automation that you don't

One of the first of the Seventies' examples of the "economy manual" was the Pioneer PL-12AC, a two-speed model (331/4 and 45 rpm; the 78-rpm speed was summarily dropped as of no further interest to the current market) that sold in 1972 for a mere \$100. A year later, hi fi enthusiasts were attracted to a unit that had an even more intense appeal in ahcronado terms. That model was the Technics SL-H00A, also a two-speed manual but costing (with mounting base) \$350. That price got you no automation, but it did get you state-of-the-art performance. It also-in common with other Technics turmaoles that soon began proliferating-reintroduced to Seventies hi-fi fans the phrase direct drive, which, together with other buzz words such as quartz locked and radial tracking, have become the new jargon for today's turn-

Direct drive suggests, of course, indirect drive, which is actually how most turntables operated and how many still do. The indirect-drive turntable uses a high-speed motor whose normal speedusually about 1800 rpm-must be reduced to the 331/3 or 45 rpm required by most records. The speed reduction, and the coupling of the energy to the rotating platter, can be handled by an idler wheel or a belt. Because idlers tend to develop flats, and because they do not isolate the platter as effectively as belts, the belt-drive system became the preferred choice for lu-fi applications.

A direct-drive turntable uses a motor that rotates at the same speed as the platter, and coupling is literally direct, since the center spindle over which you place the record is an extension of the motor shaft. By definition, the slower a motor turns, the lower in frequency will be its rumble, which is all to the good. However, the control of such a motorespecially for the critical job of rotating a record-requires some fancy new technology, such as serve control or the even fancier one known as quartz locked in which a quartz crystal serves to "monitor" the speed and initiate any needed correction instantaneously (not unlike the quartz control used in watches). Generally speaking, the cost of a quartzlocked-control turntable will be higher than that of a servo-controlled unit. which, in turn, will be more costly than a belt-drive unit. To be sure, design features other than the drive system (such as the weight of the platter and the type

of arm used) contribute to the varying costs, but the over-all pattern is illustrated by these examples.

Yet another refinement on the quartzlocked direct-drive system is the quartzlocked double servo system, which has both a frequency generator and a circuit known as the phase locked loop (PLL). The PLL is designed to enhance speed accuracy by freeing the turntable from small speed drifts caused by changes in temperature, load or voltage. In the new Yamaha YP-D71, for example, the PLL feature is incorporated by means of an integrated circuit

Despite the increasing popularity of direct drive, a healthy quota of belt-drive. turntables continues to be manufactured and enjoyed by a vast number of hi-fi listeners. But the newest versions are belt drive with a difference. For example, in the Philips AF-977, the motor is coupled to the platter via a belt, but a tachometer monitors the speed and signals any needed corrections through a PLL circuit. Philips calls this system Direct Control. In the new belt-drive Visonik VT 5300, the motor is servo controlled with the help of an internal frequency generator. Again speed is constantly monitored and any needed adjustments are immediately made.

The obvious concern with speed control (by whatever means) has less to do with the actual absolute speed as such than with those small, nagging shortterm speed variations known as wow and flutter. Those slow and rapid, respective ly, speed variations can distort the musical sound by introducing wavering pitch or birdies into it. No less disagreeable, and potentially more harmful, since it can introduce heavy distortion and overload into a stereo system, is the lowpitched noise known as rumble. While the direct-drive system starts out with potentially low rumble, this virtue is hardly its exclusive accomplishment Properly made belt-drive systems have inherently low rumble, too. It is, in the last analysis, a matter of how well any operating principle is applied and worked out in terms of the parts used and how cannily they have been assembled.

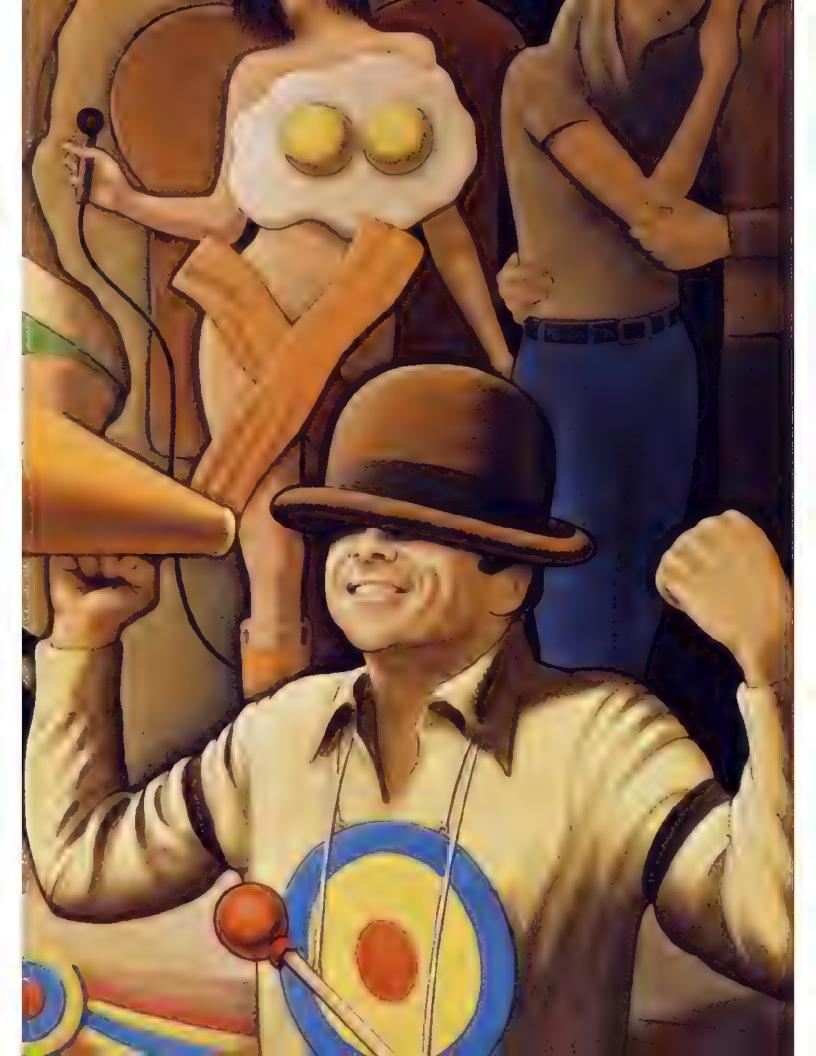
The moral is not to let any buzz word con you into buying a product that can not document its own performance in terms of hard specifications. A typically fine spec for wow and flutter (the two disorders are usually combined into one measurement) would be a weighted root mean square (WRMS) of about .03 percent, and the lower that number, the better. A good rumble figure would

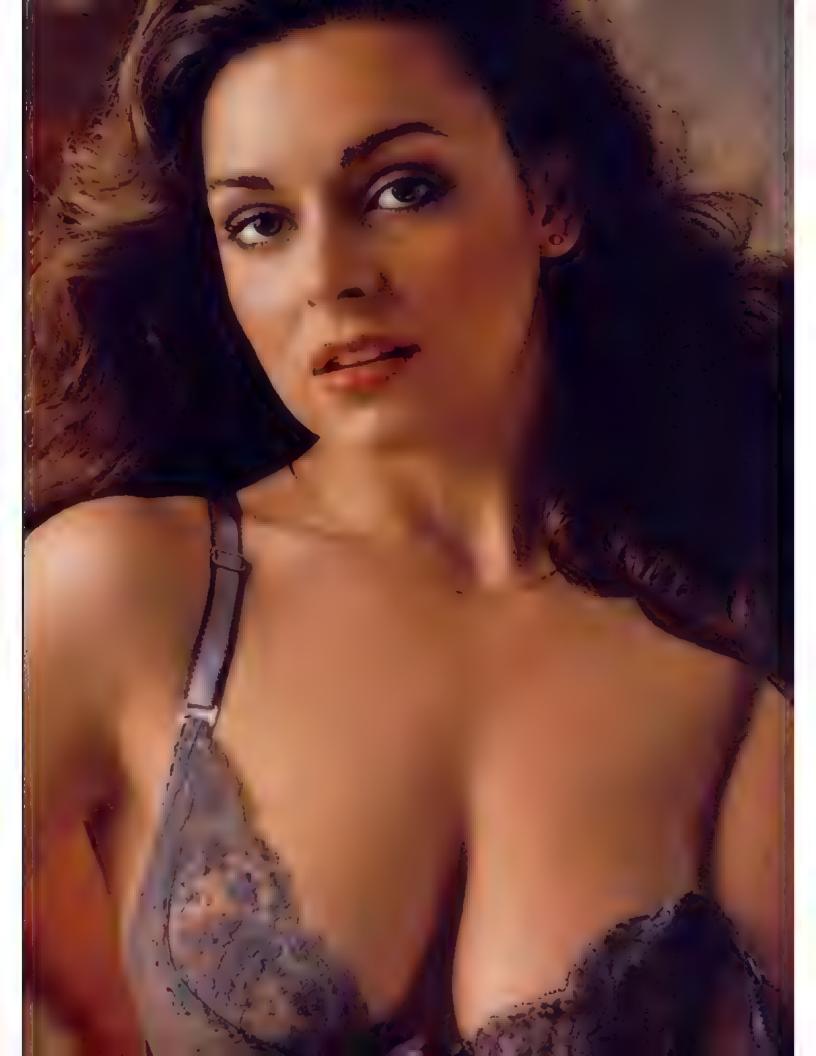
(concluded on page 286)



"No—it's a home for <u>a</u> wayward girl."







LET THERE BE LIZ

how many playmates does it take to put an end to those dumb polish jokes? just one

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS

hen Pope John Paul II made his historic visit to Chicago, he should have felt right at home—you don't have to go to Poland to find beautiful Polish women. Chicago is said to have a Polish population second only to Warsaw's; and Chicago is beautiful, Polish Liz Glazowski's home town. Remember when we scoured the country for our 25th Anniversary Playmate? Liz is one of our bonuses from that venture. "I'm impulsive. I heard about the Great Playmate Hunt, thought I'd make a good Playmate and went to the Mansion for an interview." She came, we saw, we concurred. Liz was an acc secretary before trading in her steno pad for a

"Sex comes in three varieties: making love with the one you love, pure lust and making babies. I can tell you all about the first two."





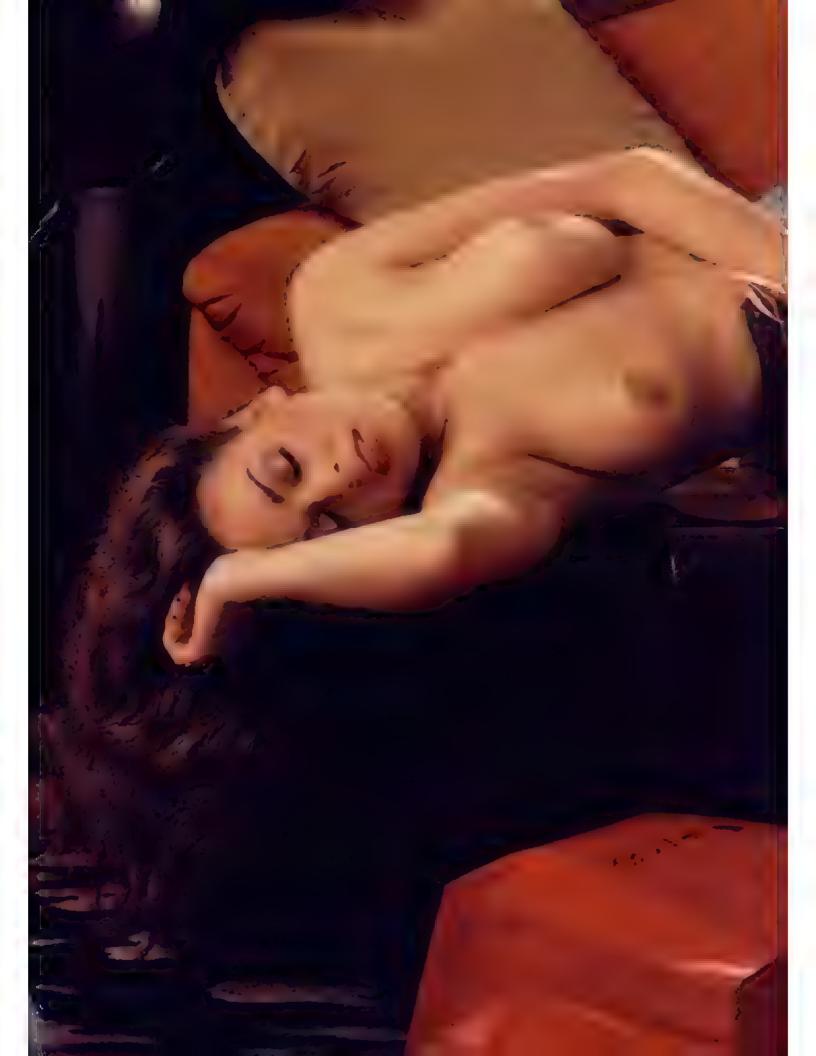


model's portfolio. That's not all she does well: Miss April was a top basketball player at her high school. "I'm athletic; I loved playing basketball-now it's tennis. I want to stay in shape. When there's a 50th Playmate Reunion, you'll still be able to recognize me." We've always believed a girl's genes have something to do with how she'll look in her jeans when the 21st Century gets here, so we checked out Liz's mom. Not to worry: She's tiny and trim. And, by the way, Liz adores her. She surprised us by being very traditional about some things . . . for example, her Catholicism. "I'd never take Communion from a woman. Nuns who want to be priests should leave the Church." What about celibacy? What if priests could marry? "If it's OK with the Pope, it's OK with me. But I've never met a priest I was particularly attracted to." Who is she attracted to? "For some reason, I like Jewish guys." Liz is like that: She says things you just don't expect. But whenever she says something really outrageous, there's an arrepressible laugh sure to follow. Liz is

"If you think women are jealous of you, they probably will be—you have a certain air about you. I don't have that attitude. I don't think I'm more beautiful than anyone else; I've just tried to bring out my best qualities—everyone has something special."













"I think Catholics are probably more guilt-ridden about sex than other people, but I'm not. I didn't know how I felt for a long time. Being away from home—from my family—gave me the time I needed to think about myself. I was able to resolve the problem and stay a Catholic. I still go to Mass."





headed for L.A., where she hopes to "get an offer I can't refuse" in films. Who's her choice for leading man? "John Travolta, of course." Before you go. Liz, say sometling sexy in Polish. "Nothing is sexy in Polish. But ja kocham ciebie means I love you." It sounds sexy when you say it, Liz. "Sex is healthy. It doesn't have to be with someone I'm madly in love with—what's love, anyway? How do you know if you love somebody? I've thought I've been in love many times, but obviously I haven't met the right person: that doesn't mean I can't enjoy going to bed with someone. People always say men take advantage of women. Women take advantage of men, too."



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Liz Glazouski

BUST: 34/2 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 33/2

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Sngattarium

BIRTH DATE: 12-19-57 NATIONALITY: Polish - american.

AMBITIONS: become a puccessful model, be a

Cosmopolitan Cover Gul eventually got into acting

TURN-ONS: the ocean, party people, honcing

affectionate men

TURN-OFFS: Jeslous and possessive people, wating

FAVORITE FOODS: pierogi, bielliana, muchisom soup

FAVORITE DRINK: Perrier with a squeeze of lime.

PEOPLE YOU'D LIKE TO MEET: + LL POPL JOCALE MASSIE,

sohn Travolta Prince Charles

PLACES YOU'D LIKE TO SEE: 30 Ropane, Poland, Paris, New York

FANTASIES: making love underneath the minor

and store on an incredibly beautiful night.

souling to the Howaiian Oblands.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: The Knack James Sheriff band

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Marsla Robbins, Crneat Herringuay



8 weeks: My fret



more appliationted aug.



17 yes old: shock achest-

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Playing her cards carefully, the scheming new girl in the office finally landed a dinner invitation from the handsome and macho sales manager. "Do you have a particular hobby. Brenda?" he asked her in the course of making small talk over liqueurs in the restaurant

"Yes, I do," Brenda answered brightly, "I grow mushrooms in the basement of the apartment house where I live alone "

'Mushrooms? That's a somewhat strange

interest. Why?"

"Well, you see, Don," was the purred response, "I'm fascinated by things that grow in the dark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines Biblical orgy as sharing the prophets.



t was close to midnight when the telephone rang in the sex therapy surrogate's apartment "I'm all wound up and I've just got to see you!" urged the voice of one of her newest patients, who had been making remarkable strides under her tutelage.

"There, there—relax, relax," the woman responded soothingly. "Just take two aspirins now, and then ball me in the morning."

Screamed a muscular housewife named Beth, As she choked her poor husband to death:

"I've never found lipstick Adorning your dipstick, But that's sure FDS on your breath!"

You may possibly have heard about the central European sodomist who liked to backdate

When a curvaceous female midshipman officer at the Naval Academy noticed that one of the men she was inspecting during a formation had an erection, she snapped. And what do you call that trouser bulge, mister?"

The culprit looked her straight in the eye as he replied, "It's a one-gun salute, ma'am."

The Baseball Supplement to our Unabashed Dictionary defines coitus interruptus as a braking ball.

Since I sometimes go off prematurely," a masochist carefully explained to the young woman whose services he had encouraged, ' please take it easy at first by keeping the foreplay down to some dirty looks and a few scathing remarks."

It says here," commented the tourist consulting her guidebook, "that to assist the scholarly research it conducts on the subject, the Vatican has the world's largest collection of porno-graphic material."

'And with all that chastity," mumbled her husband, "the Vatican sure needs it."

What would be the chances for advancement, Mr. Klingle?" inquired the foxy job applicant

"In my company, young lady," responded Klingle jovially, "a girl with your qualities could go up, up, up' Provided, of course," he added. "that she was willing to go down. down. down."

There once was a flasher named Paul Who stationed himself in a mall He unsipped as he bowed To the curious crowd, Then extended his welcome to all.

Scientific research has, at long last, produced something to measure the degree of female sexual arousal It's called clitmus paper

People in your line of work aren't always too. smart," grunted the half-crocked businessman on the motel phone to an outcall service, "so be damn sure you get it right: I want an intelligent blonde with big tits and a tight pussy!"
"I'll come myself, sir," responded the girl at

the other end of the line

Before long, there was a knock on the man's door, "Who is it?" he called through the door "It's Stephanie," replied a female voice, "and

I'm looking for a gentleman named Ross with a big mouth and a little peter."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines ten-inch erection as double-digit inflation.



screwed this crazy broad doggy style so much over the weekend." boasted a cocksman. "that when I saw her on the street the next day, she was chasing motorcydes"

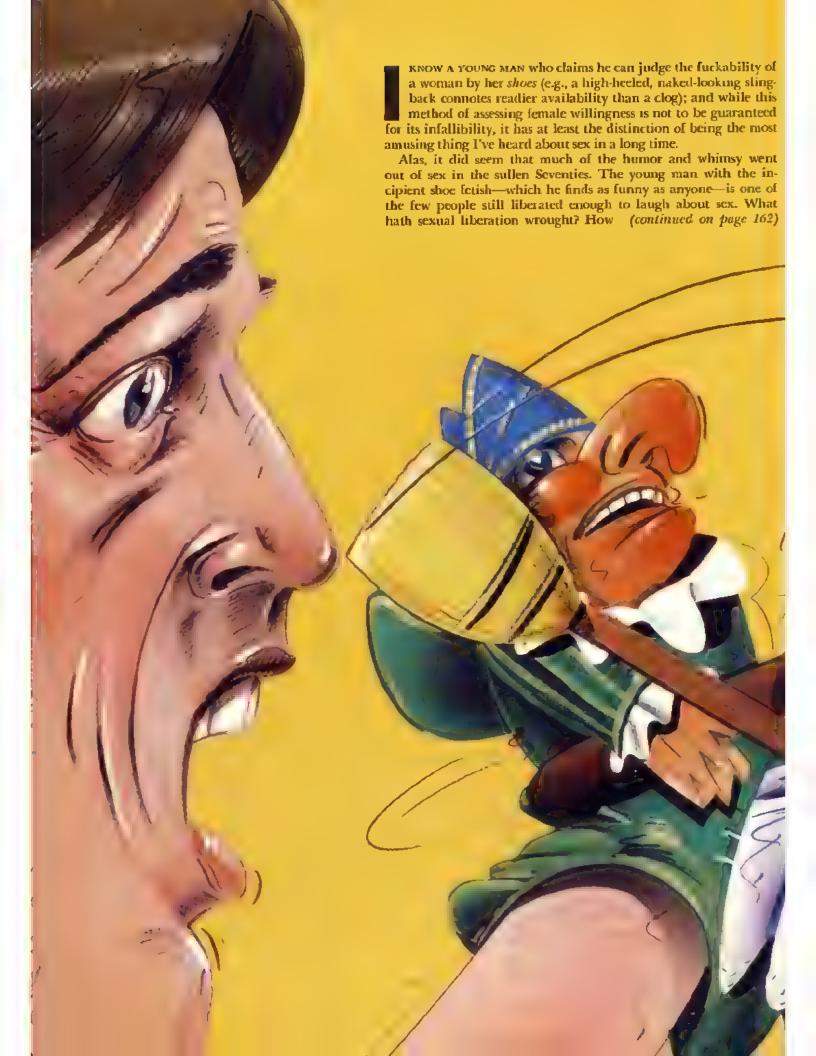
Iwo quite elderly gentlemen were playing croquet in a park when one of them, whose eyesight was very bad, hit his ball into an adjoining patch of woods. While searching for it, the oldsters happened upon a blase young couple who were stretched out naked behind a bush. The poor-sighted one would, in fact, have stumbled over the lovers if his friend hadn't grabbed his arm and guided him away "Walter," exclaimed the guide when they were out of earshot, "did you see what that young woman was doing?"

Just barely," replied Walter, "And wasn't it an odd sort of mallet she was using?"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg , 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. III. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"I'm glad older women are being praised again— I was too young the first time."





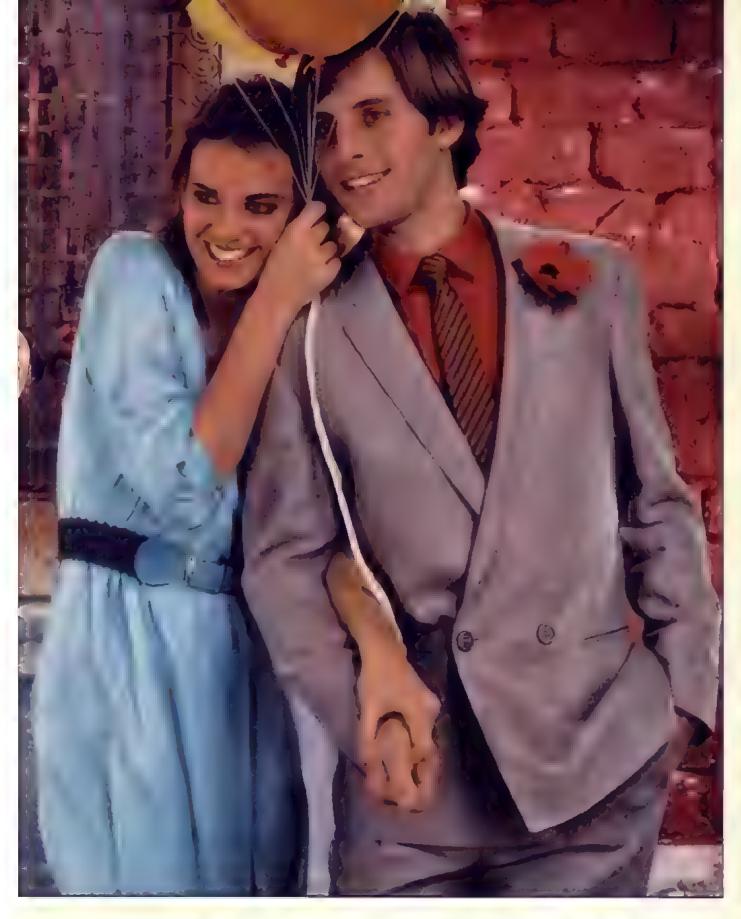


PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST attire by DAVID PLATT

up against the wall, everybody!

warm-weather wear is on the way

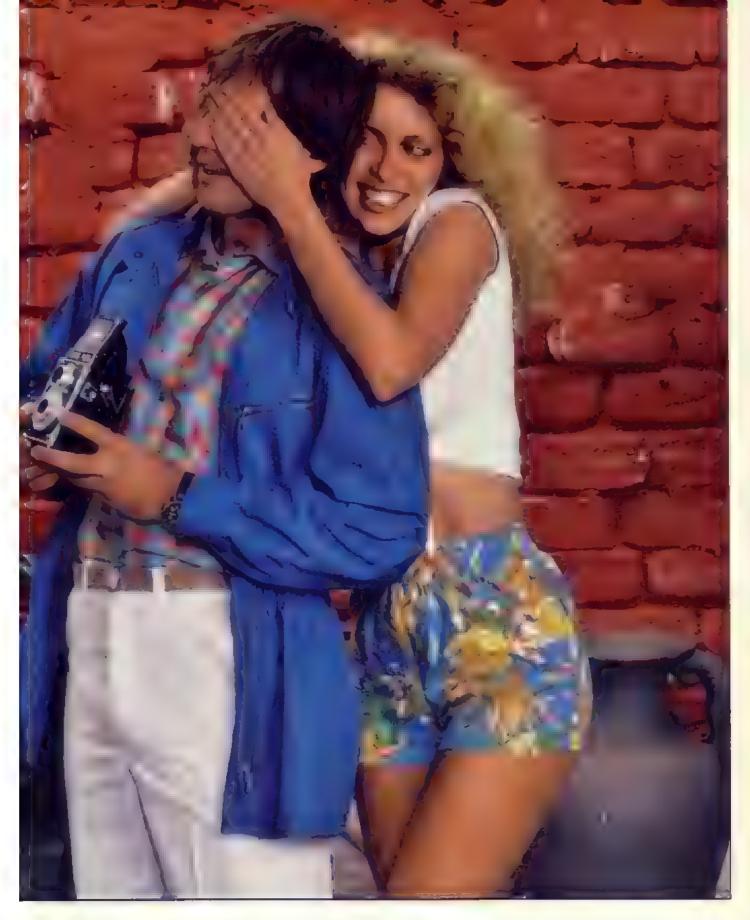
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



FASHION IS A LOT like music these days: No one style dominates. And in the same way that many are stocking their record libraries with a cross section of music modes, it makes sense to think about stocking your wardrobe with a cross section of styles. Why should a taste for the classics preclude an appreciation of jazz, pop, rock, reggae or any other type you care to name? It will doubtless be to the despair of some if this turns out to be the edectic Eighties (lads and trends Above left: It's love of first sight for his silk/wool/polyester striped tweed suit, about \$375, that's worn with a cotton pinstriped shirt, about \$48, and a multicolor silk necktie, about \$27.50, all by Alexander Julian. Above: More romance in the making and he has doubled his pleasure with a double-breasted wool/silk/polyester tweed suit that features a ventless jacket and straight-legged pants, by Macintosh, obove \$200; plus a cotton dress shirt, about \$28, and a silk tie, about \$13.50, both from Equipment by Henry Grethel. 157



become so much harder to predict and capitalize upon), but from our point of view, it is encouraging evidence of fashion sophistication. Ever since the so-called peacock revolution of the late Sixties, we have heralded the movement away from uniformity and championed individualism in dress. It seems to us that now there is a more mature attitude than rejecting the old (as in the aforementioned times when not just natural-158 shoulder but all suits were eschewed in favor of jeans) for Above left: Come rain or come shine, it's obvious that this brewloving lad's warm-weather outfit is right on the button. It Includes an iridescent cotton zippered jacket featuring a quilted showl collar and shoulder detail, pleated back, elasticized waist tabs and doubleentry pockets, \$115, cattan double-pleated stacks with a buttonthrough flap pocket and straight legs, \$60, both by Paul Bayé for Azani Associates, and a cotton/nylan terryclath short-sleeved shirt with a hidden placket front, from Chaps by Ralph Lauren, \$25.



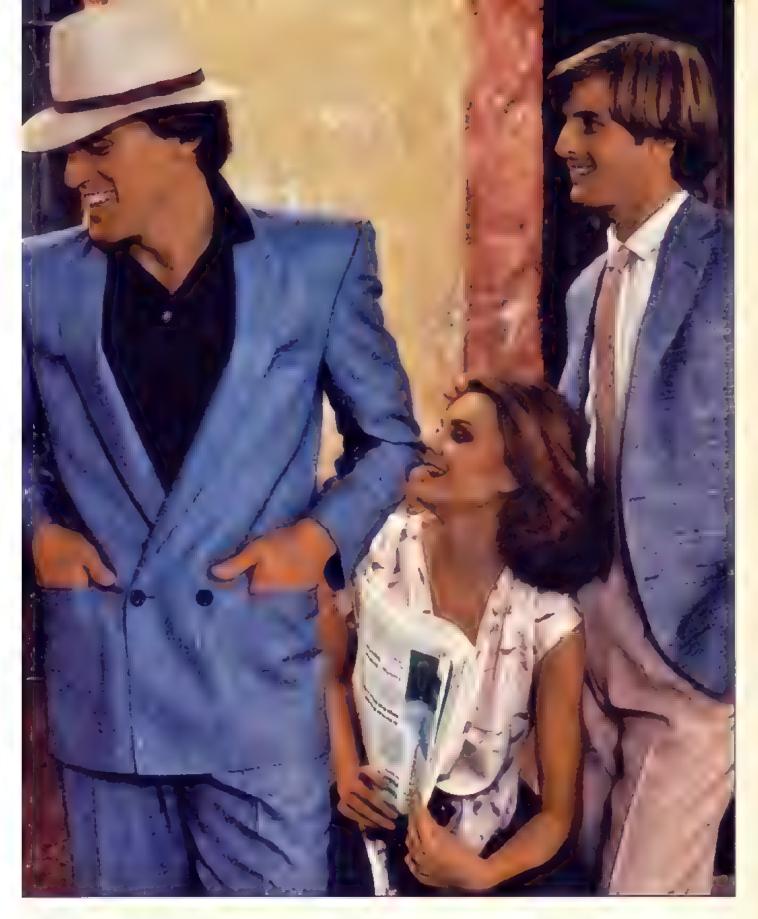
the latest, new uniform. Today, more men are relusing to be typed by peer pressure or designer dictates. Rather, there is an open-minded willingness to examine and select styles from the multitude of directions that abound. Whether it's the natural-shoulder stylings of an Alexander Julian or a Jeffrey Banks or the more squared off "European" suitings of a Macintosh or a Cardin, today's man is willing to consider them all for the mix of his wardrobe. In fact, if you take

Above right: Peekabaa! She sees something she definitely wants to latch on to-her comera-toting boyfriend in a cotton zippered outer jacket with slightly padded ragion shoulders, band color, zappered breast packet, elasticized waistband and side-entry packets, by Bobas Italian Sportswear, \$98; worn with cotton carpenter slacks that have seven pockets (three zippered pockets, bellows pocket, patch pocket and two cargo packets), by Gary Miller for H. Rothschild, about \$50; plus a silk taffeta short-sleeved shirt, by Gary Miller for Irka, \$35. 159



a close look at the seven outlits we've selected for our forecast, you will note that while the items range widely in levels of formality and attitude, there are an incredible number of outlits possible by interchanging their elements. And that is the key to men's fashion today. From a relatively small wardrobe (and the styles here could practically make up an entire summer selection), a much larger number of handsome 160 looks can easily be put together. No more Johnny One Note.

Above left: There's no question who's getting the looks while walking his baby back home, wearing a silk jacket with notched lapels, pleated detail, self yoke, bellows patch pockets and slightly padded shoulders, about \$70, with double-pleated silk slacks that have straight legs, quarter-inch top pockets and a button-through flap back pocket, about \$60, both by Gary Miller for Irka; plus a cotton plaid short-sleeved shirt with patch packets, by New Man, about \$62; and a canvas reversible belt, by The French American Group, \$7.50.



Above center: OK, Louis, drop the bad-ass Bogey imitation for is it George Raft he's doing?) when you come on in your funky tweed polyester/wool/silk double-breasted suit with a ventless jacket that has notched lapels, slightly padded shoulders and besom packets and double-pleated pants with belt loops, on-seam pockets, buttonthrough back besom packet and straight legs, by Pierre Cardin, obout \$240, plus a cotton knit shirt with a placket front, from Allen Solly by Gont, about \$22.50, and a straw hat, by Makins Hats, \$30. Above right: Our end man's spring-and-summer wardrobe is nothing to take a back seat over (and neither is the girl he's dating), as it includes a multicolor silk tweed single-breasted ventless jacket with notched lapels and besom packets, about \$230, worn with linen stacks that have extension waist tabs, a reverse-pleated front, on-seam pockets and straight legs, about \$70, both from Jeffrey Banks by Glanzrock, plus a cotton broadcloth shirt, about \$27.50, and a catton poplin tie, about \$15, both by Jeffrey Banks Shirt Company. 161

"A sexually healthy culture does not fragment life into sexual and nonsexual components."

did sex get so grim and the Seventics so sullen?

The screaming Sixties did not give way to the sullen Seventies all at once, of course. In fact, that frenetic period we usually refer to as the Sixties is really the late Sixties and the sullen Seventies are really the late Seventies-as if we were not sure what the flavor of a particular decade was until it was almost over. But now it does, indeed, seem dear that since 1975 or so, the decade turned sullener and sullener, sexually speaking, and a sense of humor between the seves began to go the way of the myth of vaginal orgasm and condoms behind the drugstore counter

Is there any reason to believe this will change in the Eighties? I hope so, but the signs hardly look promising. The women's movement, for all its vital work, seems to have left a legacy of male nervousness about offending "new" women; the "sexual revolution" (which to my mind has hardly even begun) seems to have unleashed a mammoth backlash among America's ever-present guardians of morality; reproductive freedom seems once again under attack; book banning, if not barning, is still going strong (when school libraries ban Gnomes for its "nudity"—perhaps we should say "gnudity"?-you know that somebody's funny bone has been amputated); and while grim female separatists argue about whether or not women who sleep with men are "really feminists," even grimmer Right-to-Lifers argue about the civil rights of fetuses our daughters aren't even old enough to gestate. (What would the founding fathers-not to mention mothers-have thought of a Right-to-Life Amendment to the Constitution?) Not a situation designed to tickle the funny bone—assuming that America still has one

It does seem significant to me that in one of the most highly praised and widely read books of 1979-the richly interesting (though almost pornographically violent) John Irving novel The World According to Garp—the pivotal love uffair results in no less than one dead child, one partially blinded child, one bitten off penis and the decisions on the part of both main characters to give up, at least for the time being, both sex and their careers. No-sex was certainly no laughing matter in 1979

Whence this sexual grimness? To say "paritanism" and leave it at that ex-162 plains nothing, although, in essence, that

is the answer. America, like most sexually terrified cultures, is subject to periods of feast and periods of famine. The feast is just getting started (and people are beginning to pick at the hors d'oeuvres without feeling too guilty) when the protectors of public morality march in again, deploring that very "license" and "moral depravity" that, in fact, has scarcely surfaced. Suddenly, we are in the midst of another backlash, and the moral guardians-those people who, according to Freud's biographer Ernest Jones, busy themselves with removing public temptations so that they will not be tempted themselves-are back among us, rapping our knuckles every time we reach for a goody.

It's pointless to tell them that they're rapping other people's knuckles just to keep from playing with themselves. Moral guardians are never self-aware (or they wouldn't become moral guardians). Might as well tell the Ayatollah that he's a male chanvinist or Anita Bryant and Marabel Morgan that they'd really like to strangle their husbands and that's why they preach submission. Freud's true message-that the unconscious exists and that it lives our lives unbeknownst to us-has not been understood by the country that so often takes his name in vain. Self-aware people rarely concern themselves with public morality, gaudity among gnomes or what other people do in bed with whom. The fear of sexuality that has been a major component in American culture at least as far back as the 17th Century has never been eradicated-though in the late Sixties it may have appeared that way. In short, reports of the death of puritanism are much exaggerated.

All the same, those reports have managed to generate new repression. The women's movement, the decline of censorship in magazine and book publishing, the ready availability of written pornography and sexually explicit films may create the illusion that America's morality is profoundly altered, but puritanical, patriarchal attitudes persist under the gaudy artifacts of the so-called sexual revolution. I believe, in fact, that pornography is a symptom of puritanism. rather than an indicator of its demise. A sexually healthy culture does not divide books into "clean" and "dirty" and does not fragment life into sexual and nonsexual components. A sexually healthy culture is one in which sex is received into the mainstream of life and neither

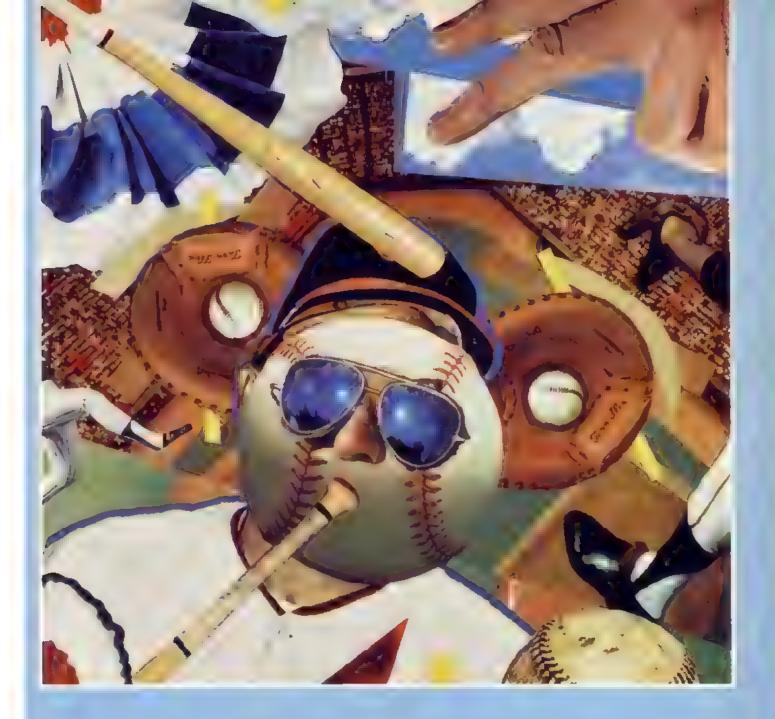
overestimated nor underestimated. We can scarcely say we have such a culture today.

What does that have to do with humor between the sexes? A great deal. The ability to laugh at ourselves is a sign of health; and the capacity for laughter about sexuality is a sign of security about our sexual identities. Just as humor about the Church was tolerated during the Middle Ages (when religion was a living force for great numbers of people) and not tolerated in the 17th Century (when faith was beginning to wane in favor of rationalism and scientism), the ability to joke about something implies an underlying security of belief. It is my conviction that the general humorlessness of the women's movement (there are some exceptions to this, but not, alas, enough) stems from a great uncertainty on the part of many women that they can really tolerate—psychologically—the freedom they are demanding. That is understandable, even poignant. The most outwardly liberated woman today is likely to have a far less liberated mother; thus, she is bound to feel two sets of values in conflict. The part of herself that heeds the parental imperative, with all its emotional seductions, longs to go back to the old security of home, hearth and oppression. The more cerebral part of herself chooses liberation-at least intellectually. In such a state of psychological turmoil, where is there room for humor? Humor may be the consolation of the underdog, but the ability to laugh is the privilege of the already liberated. Ready laughter implies a doubleness of vision and a sense of security about gains already won.

I remember that when Fear of Flying was first published, in 1978, I heard grumbling from several radical feminists about the deficiencies of my vision: My heroine was too sexually oriented, too male-oriented and too full of wisecracks A writer friend finally told me to my lace why my book was seen as somewhat treasonous by certain feminists: "You're writing humorously about the battle between the sexes," she said, "and it's no laughing matter!"

I can understand that position, even, at times, wholly sympathize with it. What revolution, after all, has ever been humorous? Most revolutions begin by banning privilege and end by banning sex and burning books. Moreover, revolutionaries need slogans in black and white to make their grievances with the status quo widely known. Humor cannot serve their purpose, because it deals in shades of gray, in double-even triplevisions. How can it not risk confusion? How can it not offend some just as surely as it amuses others?

The list of writers who have been put (continued on page 206)



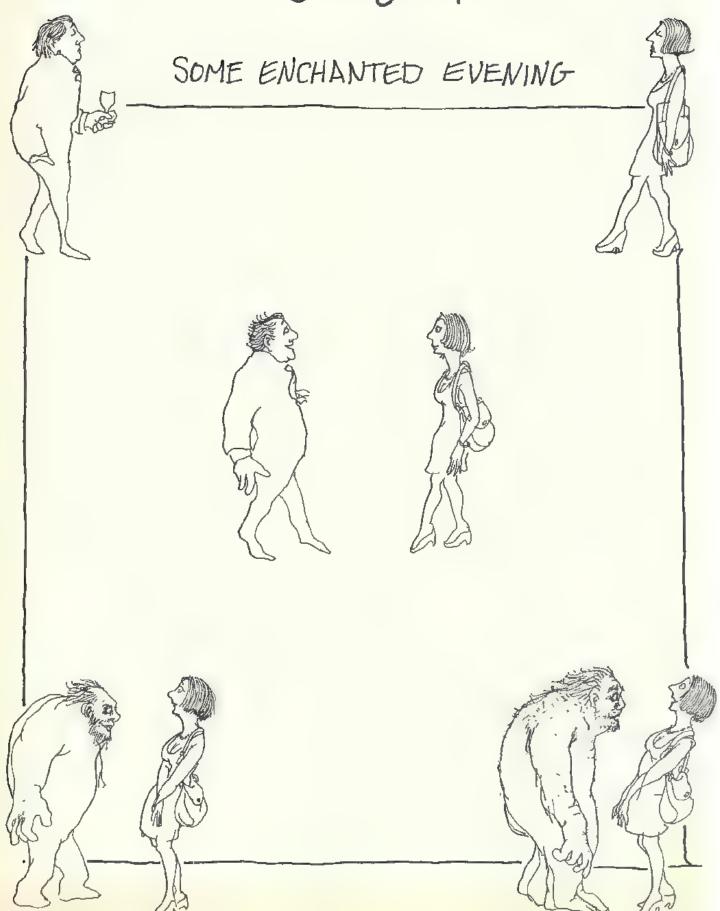
t HAVE MADE THE POINT many times that baseball and, for that matter, any professional sport is 60 to 80 percent mental. This doesn't mean that a man can play with 75 percent of a full deck and survive, though it happens all the time. What this means is that when you get to the professional level, the only thing that separates a winner from a joke is something like emotion or pride or guts or heart or determination, something you can't see.

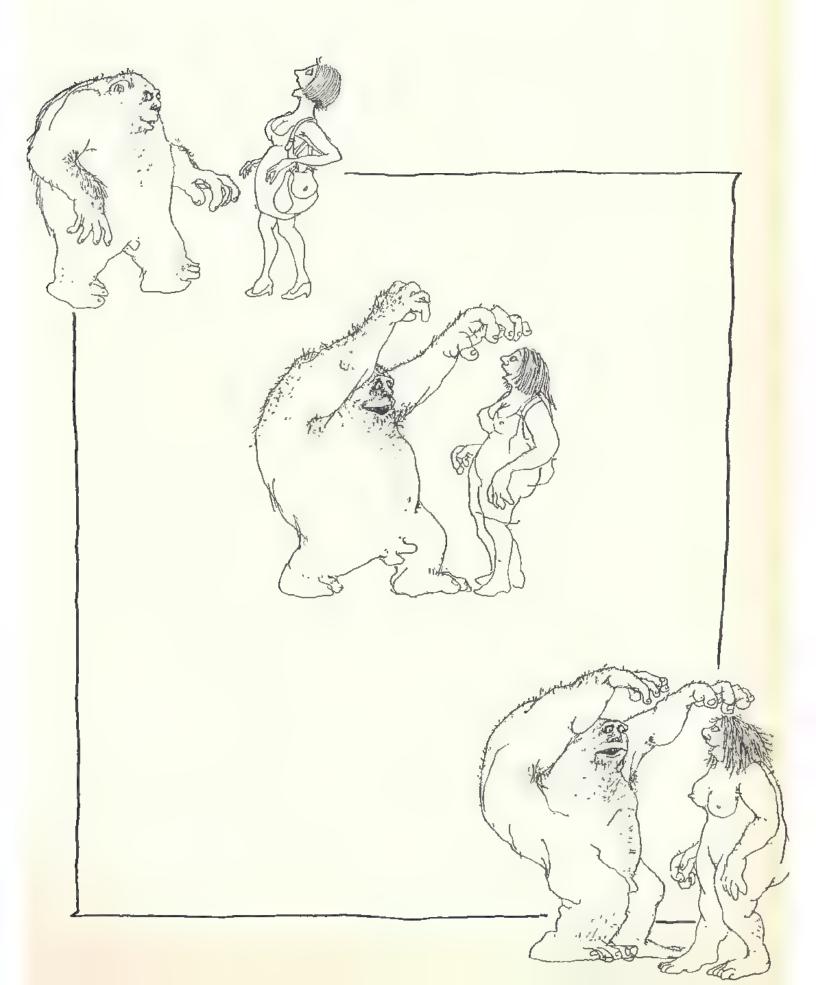
People who play with emotion are better than people who play like, well, there's always tomorrow. The way you have to play the game is like you're on your last leg, like you might drop dead in the morning. You have to make every swing count. Emotion is one of the secrets of life. When a man starts playing like there's (continued on page 192)

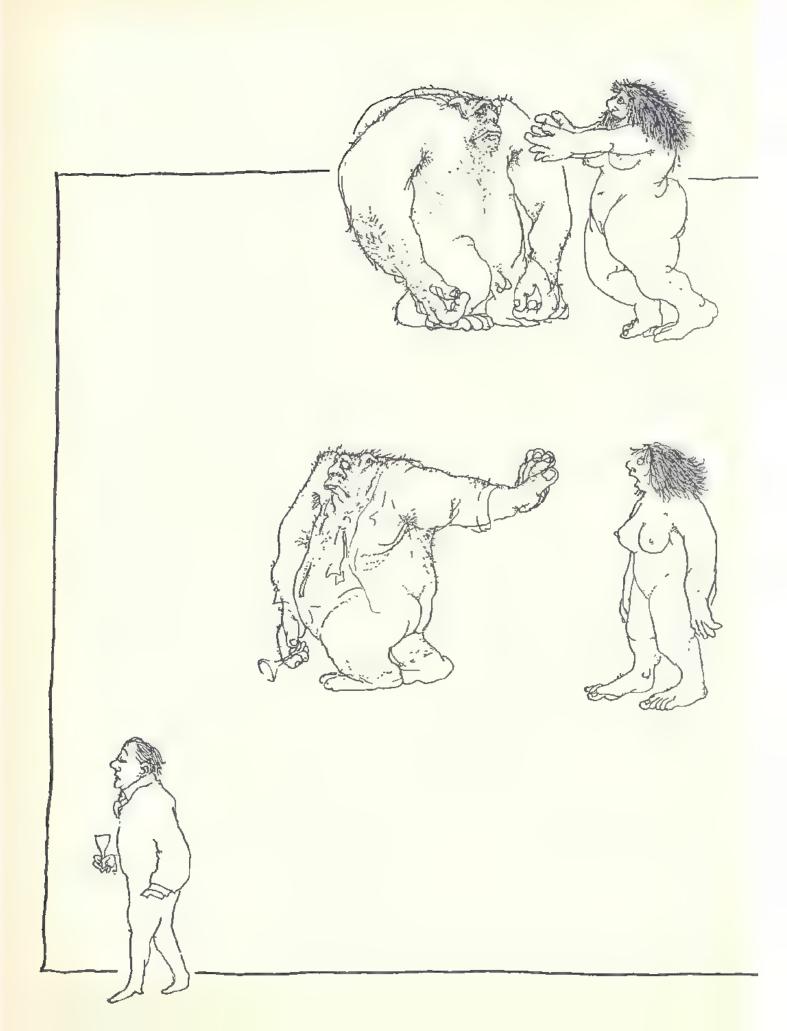
he expected a slider—and got screwed

fiction By JAY CRONLEY

Silver Stein









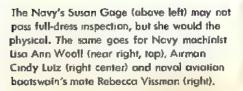
THE ARMED FORES



is your mea of the enlisted woman that of a sort of Florence Nightingale in uniform? We put that myth to rest last November, when Army Specialist Four Colleen Donevan posed for us in not much more than her name, rank and serial number. Believe us, things have changed. Back in World War Two, the reigning printip was Betty Grable—in the men's barracks, natch. Now you'll find Burt Reynolds and Sly Stallone hanging proudly beside a petite pair of skivvies an almost any women's barracks. That's not all that's changed. After you've seen the pictures on the following pages, you'll agree that these tharming representatives of the Army, Navy, Air Force, Marines and Coast Guard make us almost doubt that war is hell.

WHEN UNCLE SAM SAID, "I WANT YOU," LOOK WHO REPORTED FOR DUTY

















Was it Chairman Mao who said that in uniformity there is strength? How can we argue—especially with these uniformed beauties: the Coast Guard's Kim Hempfield (top), Marine sergeant Bambi Lin Finney (center) and Army dental assistant Karen Cary (above)?







Kim Hempfield (left) wants to be a child-care instructor after her Coost Guard hitch is up, but that's a real gun, not a water pistol, she's practicing with above. In the meantime, as you can see, Kim maintains military decorum: tummy in, chin in, chest out. For you statisticians, Kim weighs 110 pounds and is 5'5" rail. Flarida-born Kim likes hanging out at the beach, jogging, sunrises, swimming, backpocking, bicycling. . . . At ease, Seaman Hempfield, at ease.





Obviously, Karen Cary (above) is made of sterner stuff than your average dogface soldier. Just look at those biceps! It's clear she's had a lot of experience resisting the enemy's advances. At right, Karen dons her lab technician's smock to work as an Army dental assistant. Is that anything like a drill sergeant? Karen, who plans on a nursing career, tends bar when she's off duty. Her drink? White wine. She expects a man to be considerate, well mannered and tall. Karen herself, you see, is a mere slip of a girl standing 5'9". She spends time with baoks, too.







Rebecca Vissman (above) hotes it when her alarm clack lets her oversleep. That's why she likes Sunday, when she can sleep late and stay in bed to read the funnies-or just lie around contemplating her naval experience as an aviation bootswain's mote. On the job (right), Rebecca signals to and fuels Navy jets. She wants to become a commercial artist in a few years, but meanwhile, Navy blue is her primary color Right now, Rebecca's enjoying the ocean sunsets at Virginia Beach, Virginia, where she's currently stationed.









The Navy's Lisa Ann Woolf (above) has very clean hands for a machinist. Is that a U.S. Navy Regulation garter belt? Lisa hails from Fargo, North Dakota, and likes to ski on either snow or water. She doesn't mind roller skating or driving sports cars, either. Presently, she's serving in the Pacific fleet aboard the U.S.S. Samuel Gompers—where there's not much space for such activities. Below, Lisa improvises in a confined space. Request permission to come aboard!











"Look, we share the rent, food, entertainment and household expenses, right? We take turns with the shopping, cooking and cleaning chores, right? So how about doing your part in moving your ass?"

tales from the old french

from Les Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles, circa 1460

A New Way of Love

There was a knight of Hainault, the Sieur de la Rochenoire, whose obsession was war. He had spent most of his life in camp or in battle when, one fine day, he took it in his head to wed a most beautiful and charming young ladycharming, indeed, though scarcely the most clever of her sex. He took her to his castle and, during a long interval of peace and no campaigning, they were quite happy.

Whenever they made love, which was often enough in those first days, he would ask her to don a short coat of mail that he had had made for her. It was really a very fine hauberk, close-meshed and smooth, but she found it something of an impediment to her enjoyment of the act. To her questions, he replied only. "In battle, one goes armed," or "a fortress to be stormed will have its de-Jenses." But, uncomfortable as the mail was, she did enjoy the storming part.

A few months passed, and then the prince took the field; the knight was forced to take farewell of his lady. He left the castle in her care and, for attendants, she had an elderly gentleman who managed the affairs of the estate, some ladies in waiting and a number of servants. Oh, yes, there was also a tall and handsome young clerk in holy orders who kept all the records of income and expenditure. His name was Guillaume.

The prince besieged a castle or two. He marched north and was outflanked by the enemy. He retreated south and made a feint to outflank the enemy in turn. He captured a town and his soldiers pillaged it. Perhaps he did all this and perhaps he didn't, but, in any case, that was much the story of any war in those days. At last, both sides having won, each retired to its winter quarters and our knight rode homeward.

He arrived with the sounding of trumpets and there was great joy in the household. His lady ran out to the court yard to kiss him. The horses neighed and the servants huzzaed.

As soon as the dinner was over, the lord conducted his lady to their bedchamber, where the big, canopied bed was ready and a bright fire was burning in the fireplace. The lady shrugged off her gown and embraced her husband.

"But where is your hauberk?" he asked with a frown.

"Oh, my dear," she said in a winning voice, "let's try another way of love. I'll tell you how-you see, we wear nothing when we clip each other close. And instead of the old way, we find ourselves face to face. I lift my legs, so-"



"And what is this outlandish method called?" asked the knight in an angry voice. "I never heard of such nonsense."

"Come, my heart," said the lady, "it is reported to be the clerkly way of approaching things."

"The clerkly way!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, the two of us were-I mean are-naked in the sight of God. Like our first parents, Adam and Eve," she said quickly.

"What do you know about the customs of the clerks?" he thundered.

"Only that they drink before the sacrament," the lady replied smoothly. "Come, let us have a glass of wine, my sweetest; you may call it a cup before the charge, if you like."

And so, quite bewildered, the knight allowed himself to take the wine while his wife dutifully donned the hauberk and got ready.

Still, she sighed a bit, because she remembered another, much more agreeable way of conducting the matter. But she had, by her replies, put her husband's mind at rest. It was, no doubt, the clerkly cleverness, some of which seemed to have rubbed off on her.

The Magical Donkey Detector

Once, in the land of the Bourbonnais, there lived a physician who, for simple ailments, prescribed only one cure. No syrups, potions, plasters or sugar-coated pills for him-he sternly believed that there was one sovereign remedy for most of mankind's ills. In that, he was either very wise or very lucky, for most of his patients recovered and his fame spread throughout the country, until he was tumored to be able to solve any difficulty whatsoever

Now, one day there was a simple peasant named Godfroy who had lost his donkey. He searched the woods and the fields and all through the village without success, and he was beginning to weep from frustration when he happened to pass the doctor's house. Immediately, he thought of a solution.

The doctor was surrounded by a crowd of patients when he entered and all was noise and confusion. But, taking up courage, Godfroy elbowed through the people and began to blurt out his troubles. But the story of the donkey got all confused.

"Eh, what's that?" the physician said irritably, when he heard Godfroy's gabbling. "What's the fellow want?" And, with half his attention still turned to the other patients, he shouted to his barbersurgeon and the attendants, "Give him my usual remedy."

The attendants at once seized Godfroy, haled him off to a corner of the room, downed his breeches and brought forth a huge clyster to give him an enema.

Godfroy fought, kicked and bit, but they held him down. He shouted that it was his donkey he meant and someone said, "Bring it in and we'll give it one, too.'

All to no avail. When the thing was done, the poor man hoisted his breeches and, all bewildered, ran out into the street and through the village, his stomach rumbling and full of the physic.

Finally, he came to a deserted hovel and he could last no longer. He went inside and delivered himself of a terrible explosion.

His donkey, which had been quietly munching the grass in back of the hovel, was frightened and let out a bray.

"Well, God save the mark, it worked!" said Godfroy. He went to the back of the but and took his donkey in charge

So it was that the physician became more celebrated than ever, not only as a healer but also as a man of universal knowledge who could locate almost anything that had been lost. And in his pride, he prescribed even more enemas than before.

LEROY NEIMAN SKETCHBOOK



File the Entry Weder office 11-2- . man Frey best 18 mans) and Freys



Francois Boucher (1703-1770) and Jeon-Honoré Fragonard (1732-1806) provocatively embellished the lusty atmosphere of 18th Century France with what may be the first examples of cheesecoke. Until the French Revolution put an end to the Rococo era the prevailing style at the French court was sophisticated (though locking individuality) and frilly, due to the influence of women's tastes within the royal circle. In that atmosphere, Boucher and Fragonard distinguished themselves as mosters with a possion for painting the rude. Boucher was first to point scenes of eratic lave affairs among the gods for private palace apartments. Fragonard followed by pointing the pleasures of sex in delicrous boudoir scenes with titles such as The Kiss on the Neck, The Useless Resistance and The Desired Moment, The nude hymphs of Boucher and Fragonard are coy, naughty, sensuous and exuberant, with dimpled, pinchoble derrières and soft, rose-petal-pink Resh. These postel sketches, drawn from various works of the two great mosters, are my way of poying homoge to them.

1 17 am 4 more) 1732 1806



"We Puerto Ricans know white rum makes a smoother drink than gin or vodka. We're pleased you're starting to agree with us." Enrique Vila del Corral, CPA, and his wife Ingrid.

Puerto Rican white rum and soda on the rocks with a twist. Refreshingly dry and satisfying.

You'll also find that white rum mixes beautifully with other favorites like tonic and orange juice. In fact no matter how you mix it, Puerto Rican white rum makes decidedly smoother, better tasting drinks

For one very good reason. By law, every drop of Puerto Rican white rum is aged at least one full year. And when it comes to

smoothness, aging is the name of the game Make sure the rum is Puerto Rican.

The name Puerto Rico on the label is your assurance of excellence.

The Puerto Rican people have been making rum for almost five centuries. Their specialized skills and dedication result in a rum of exceptional taste and purity

No wonder over 85% of the rum sold in this country comes from Puerto Rico.

PUERTO RICAN RUMS

Aged for smoothness and taste.

For free Light Rums of Puerto Rico recipes write Puerto Rican Rums
Dept. P-4, 1290 Avenue of the Americas N.Y. N.Y. 10019 @1979 Commonwealth of Puerto Rico



white rum & soda



HITS HYPES& HEAVIES







GREAT MOMENTS IN ROCK: THE HISTORY OF ELTON JOHN'S HAIR

B**TLEMANIA: The B**tles are winners in several categories this time around: for breaking their previous record of eight years by not getting together again for the ninth year in a row—thereby remaining in contention for the elusive decade mark. They take our Lawsuit of the Year Award for their \$60,000,000 slap at the producers of B**tlemania for improper use of the B**tles name (we're not taking any chances ourself). And there are separate awards in the increasingly competitive Mogul Division, to ex-B**tle John Lennon for financially homesteading his way through New York's exclusive Dakota; and to ex-B**tle Paul McCartney for his efforts to corner the publishing rights to just about every song you've ever heard, including Stormy Weather and that anthem of Saturday-afternoon fever, On Wisconsin.

WELCOME TO THE FUTURE: In the Soxties, we had The Supremes, The Four Tops Cream, Ultimate Spinach—names that said even the sky wasn't the limit. But there's definitely a different cast to the names these days, Helping us celebrate our entrance into the Eighties, Land of Diminished Expectations, are the following new groups. The Plasmatics, The Ants, Laughing Dogs, Cheetah Chrome and the Casualties, Dead Boys, Cheap Perfume, Pink Section, The Cramps, Terronists Murder the Disturbed, The Police, Dead Kennedys, Single Bullet Theory and Model Citizens.





OUR BOBBY, WHICH ART IN MALIBU: Maybe it ain't Freewheelin or Highway 61, but it's survival. Dylan surprised all of us first by going electric, then by going country, and now by going God. His Slow Train Coming entered. Billboard's pop charts reasonably heavenward, then sank quickly into the infernal abyss and switched over to the Gospel charts Sneaky old Bob. Who would have thought he'd. carve a new audience from the ranks of Debbie Boone, Donnie and Marie and The 700 Club? And are those rumors true that he'll soon team up with that other gold-record performer at the top of the God charts, Pope John Paul II? Will the album be called Vatican Skyline? Will Andrew Loog Gabriel produce? Stay tuned

UH, MOM, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY DATE: It's a true Dale Carnegie success story. Once upon a time, she was just a lowly street kid in L.A. and he a mere earthling elementary school teacher in New York City. But now, through the miracles of a free country, hype and costume design, they have not only become superstars, they've been named the Hits. Hypes & Heavies Fun Couple of 1979. It could happen to you!



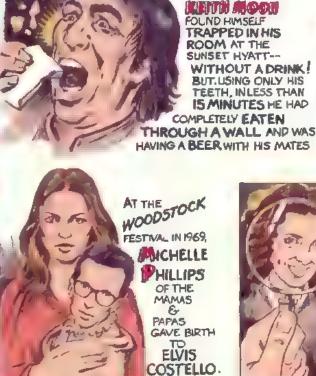


HOT WAX: Definitely not bubble gum, their music is about as inviting as their name. But the Scorpions Lovedrive cover art cops this year's Hot Wax Award, I'm St-Stuck on You Division



HER AIM WAS TRUE: The winner by acclaim of our annual Golden Fist Award is Bennie Bramlett, for knocking off Elvis Costello's glasses at a Holiday Innibar in Columbus, Ohio, last May during a late-night discussion turned brawl. The subject was America and music—with Costello reportedly calling the U.S. "a fucked country" and offering the opinion that Ray Charles was "nothing but an ignorant, blind rigger." As Polling Stone reported, "'That's when I siapped him. Bramfelt said 'I told him that anybody that mean and hateful had to have a little bitty dick. This had to happen right when I was trying to be a lady. famented Bonnie. Back when I was drinking, I would a kicked. And to Costello, we award his choice of penis enlargers and 15 free lessons at the Thumper School of Charm (Our Motto Iff you can't say something nice idon't say anything at all?)







DURING A 1966 TOUR



MINISTER.

LYLE

DHHS76N

OF NO CORNERS,

IDAHO, FOUND A



DON'T MATTUH IF YO' BROTHUH IS PRES-IDENT-WE DON'T ALLOW NO HAR-MONICA PLAYIN' ROUN' HEAH! The big First Family Musical News of '79 was the arrest of President Carter's sister at an Americus, Georgia, restaurant called Mcwaffle The charge illegal harmonica playing Seems First Sister Gloria Spann came in blowing strong and was asked by a waitress to cool it. But, explained Spann, "My husband said, 'Play me another tune,' so I played some more." The arrest came when other patrons complained that they couldn't hear the jukebox. No wonder She'd been playing harmonica barely a month-we bet that even You Decorated My Ule sounded good by comparison.



OOPS: June Carter Cash and hubby Johnny Cash caught June's daughter Cartene Carter in a high-voltage performance at the Bottom Line in New York. But Carlene gave them a joit when she announced a playful little ditty called Swap-Meat Rag. "If this doesn't put the curt back in country, I don't know what will," quipped Carlene, uninformed that her parents were there. Morn wilted when the man in black turned white as a sheet. What's gotten into that girl? Must be in her genes—June's first husband (and Carlene's daddy) is Carl Smith, whose big hit in the Fitties was Loose Talk. As for Cash, he's since brought out an inspired-sounding Gospel album, A Believer Sings the Truth. Johnny, just be glad she's not your daughter—she might have called her song Cashbox.

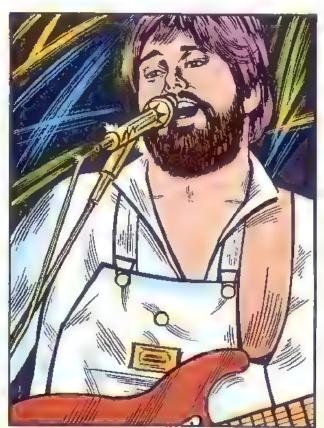


According to a KFAC-FM listeners poll in Los Angeles, tast year's top Pick to Click, the hottest Wax to Watch a solid 95 with great living.—

Watch, a solid 95 with great lyrics—was Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. Rounding out the fave rave top ten were Beethoven's Sixth Symphony, Saint Saens Symphony Number Three (the organ symphony), Mozarts 40th Symphony, Rachmaninoff's Second Piano Concerto, Beethoven's Third Symphony, Ravel's Bolero, Pachelbel's Canon in D, Rossini's William Tell Overture and Rachmaninoff's Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini



TUSK, TUSK! They spent nearly a year in the studio and so much \$\$\$\$ nobody's admitting exactly how much-probably \$1,000,000 plus. So what if Get the Knack cost only \$18,000 total? Too bad that after all this . this care.. dee avs began playing it early and it had to be rush-released so as not to lose precious profits. Except the entire first pressing of the single was defective and had to be recalled. And the music on Tusk proved to be much ado about little. To Fleetwood Mac, for selfindulgence beyond the call of duty, our special Platinum Mastodon Award



LOWELL GEORGE

He was eclectic, blessed with a cartoon consciousness, an eye for the elegant. He had two degrees in beloop / a Ph D. in swing / He was a master of rhythm / He was a rock-'n'-roll king," When Lowell George died on June 29, 1979, we lost one of the good ones. George was a musician, a pioneer of the slide guitar, the founder of Little Feat, the band with the herky-jerky trampolin shuffle. He was a catalyst, producing albums for the Little Feat, Bonnie Raitt, The Grateful Dead, Valene Carter Some critics leit he was the best white blues singer in the world period. He was perhaps best known as an eccentric songwriter Willin , Dixie Chicken, Roll Um Easy, Spanish Moon and Long Distance Love were outside classics. The catalog may become as important to this decade as the songs of Buddy Holly were to an earlier generation George was a class act. He will be missed

ladies and gentlemen, the world's hardest rock-'n'-roll quiz



- (I) What was Elvis Presley's prison number in Jailhouse Rock?
 - (a) BE-4-5789
 - (b) 6239
 - (c) 6240
 - (d) P-409
 - (e) 1











- (2) Match the secondary sex characteristics with the correct star:
 - _Fee Waybill
 - Grace Jones
 - Nona Hendryx
 - Bette Midler
 - Wendy Williams
- (3) Match the dead stars with their supposed means of destruction:
 - Brian Jones
- (a) suffocation (b) bullet
- Iimi Hendrix Cass Elliot (c) airplane

- Otis Redding
- (d) heart trouble (e) still alive
- Sam Cooke
- Keith Moon

 - water Jim Morrison (g) ham and cheese



- (4) You recognize the fresh glow of Hibbing on little Bobby Dylan's wellscrubbed face-but who's the pretty Peggy-O on his arm?
 - (a) Malvina Reynolds
 - (b) Peggy Seeger
 - Judy Henske (c)
 - (d) Suze Rotolo
 - (e) Carolyn Hester
 - (f) Albert Grossman
- (5) Who among the following has/have not cohosted The Mike Douglas Show?
 - (a) John and Yoko
 - (b) Eddie Money
 - (c) Gladys Knight & the Pips
 - (d) Neil Diamond
 - (e) Barry Manilow



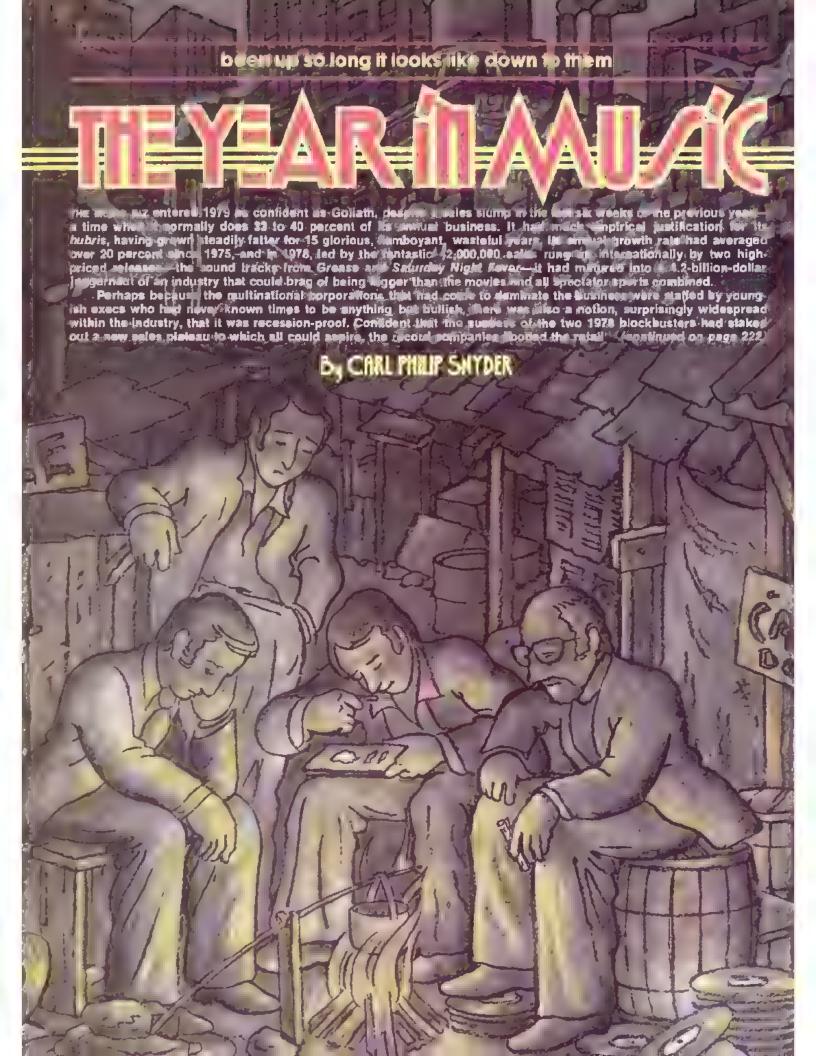
- (6) Identify this clean-cut duo:
 - (a) Paul and Paula
 - (b) Dick and DeeDee
 - (c) Jan & Dean
 - (d) Ferrante & Teicher

(e) Nino Tempo & April Stevens

- (7) Yes, it's that Bert Convy. But back in the Fifties, he was in a group that had several luts. The group's first hit and name were.
 - (a) Crazy 'Bout You, Baby, by The **Crew Cuts**
 - (b) Diamonds and Pearls, by The **Paradons**
 - (c) (Bazoom) I Need Your Lovin', by The Cheers
 - (d) Sorry (I Ran All the Way Home), by The Impalas
 - (e) Florence, by The Paragons
 - (f) At the Hop, by Danny & The Juniors

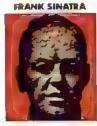


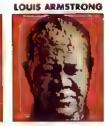
- (8) This talented eight-year-old won Ted Mack's Original Amateur Hour in a national competition. Who is she?
 - (a) Diana Ross
 - (b) Kinky Friedman
 - (c) Mary Wells
 - (d) Gladys Knight
- (9) Rock 'n' roll is real American Dream material-just look at the artists who went from nowhere little towns to international success. Match the birthplace with the artist
 - ___Eddie Cochran
- (a) Wink, Texas
- (b) Albert Lea, ___Jerry Lee Lewis Minnesota
- Roy Orbison
- (c) Glenwillard, Pennsylvania
- _Muddy Waters
- (d) Ferriday, Louisiana
- __Hank Williams
- (e) Rolling Fork.
- __Lou Christie
- Mississippi (f) Georgiana, Mabama
- (continued on page 280)







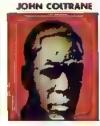


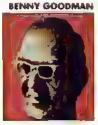


HERB ALPERT



WES MONTGOMERY







JOHN LENNON



PAUL MCCARTNEY



MICK JAGGER



MM MORRISON



JIMI HENDRIK



JANIS JOPUN



ELVIS PRESLEY



GEORGE HARRISON





DUANE ALLMAN



ELTON JOHN





RINGO STARR



LINDA RONSTADT

















SCHLETLIRE BY JACK GREGORY) PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEYMOUR MEDNICK

Bruce Springsteen is arguably the greatest rock-'n'-roll performer of his time. Live, in a club or small concert hall, he and the E-Street Band take possession of the stage as though it were their home turf and enlist the audience as celebrants of the true joys of rock 'n' roll. The mixture of his passionate adolescent epics with deeply felt versions of rock-'n'-roll classics has made Springsteen's marathon two-hour performances legendary since the mid-Seventies. Curiously, that early popularity almost proved to be his undoing. The recorded versions of such high-spirited rockers as "Blinded by the Light," "Spirit in the Night," "Rosalita," "The E Street Shuffle" and "Kitty's Back" couldn't begin to capture the exuberance and total involvement Springsteen puts into the tunes in his live show. Add to that the great hype of 1975, an almost terminal misunderstanding that sharply divided the rock world into Those Who Had Seen Him and Those Who Hadn't, and you've got some seriously muddled waters. Calling Springsteen a creation of CBS and media publicity made as much sense as the world accusing the National Weather Service of hyping a tropical storm into Hurricane David. Springsteen is the poet of the smalltown escape, a romantic street rocker possessed by rock 'n' rollall of it-which is why he can follow "Thunder Road," say, with a monolog about hassling with his dad that becomes a five-minute intro to The Animals' "It's My Life," and pull it off. He's the Boss. 187





ROAD & TRACK

"The TR7 convertible must rank as one of the most comfortable, practical and entertaining sports cars on the market today."

"It tracks as straight as a laser and speaks through the steering in positive, reassuring tones. Peeling back the top reveals a roomy and striking interior... this is one of the great remaining

bargains." Reprinted from Car and Driver (c. 1979 Ziff Davis Publishing Co

"With several thousand miles on the clock, the TR7 convertible still felt tight and solid, and all things considered, it's an exhilarating car to drive."

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SCCA NATIONAL CHAMPION IN D PRODUCTION!

THE CONVERTIBLE



SOURIEWY IBANLILS

(continued from page 163)

"Sammie Land had requested a lightweight flak jacket that he could wear under his uniform."

always tomorrow, then he's going to wake up one day 39 and he's going to say, "Well, it's time to get me a hit," only he'll get a shipped disk, because it's too damn late. When you hear a man who is 40 say he' feels like he's 30, you can have him, because that means he hasn't been doing a thing for ten years.

Now, you can be too emotional.

Our first baseman years ago in Ardmore was a kid named Richardson and one night we were trying to get into the play-offs because the team fed you free meals as long as you kept playing. Richardson was in the on-deck circle and one of the opposition yelled, "Richardson, key, your wife is a hog."

We started yelling at Richardson, "She is not," but he was so crazy by the time he got in the box, he couldn't even think. He tried to stretch a single into a triple and was tagged out around second. Richardson charged their dugout and cracked his head on a post and missed the play-offs with the injury, so he didn't get paid.

The point is, you have got to control your emotion.

And you can't be giving away emotion like it was dime beer.

That's what our team did, preceding the crucial September Boston series.

The men got a little carried away.

In a copyrighted story in the Boston paper, Sammie Land, outfielder, was quoted as saying, "We're going to kick their [Boston's] butts right up that slumy left field wall."

Our catcher, Edgar, was quoted as saying the only one of Boston's players who could start for us was their bat boy, and without the cheap shots off the left-field fence, Boston would never be a contender in our division. "If they played in our park, nobody would hit ten home runs," Edgar concluded.

First baseman Doyle Legg was much more to the point, "I hate Boston's guts," he said

That catchy phrase was the headline in that edition. Doyle Legg's picture, and Edgar's and Sammie Land's, appeared on the next page under the subheadline "MARKED MEN."

The Boston manager, a coward named Fish, had a quote of his own. "The gentlemen over there are entitled to their opinions."

Sammie Land was outraged. He clipped that quote out and put it in our dressing room. "He can't call us gentlemen," he said.

One thing was for sure. Boston would

be ready for us. They made it out like we were a motorcycle gang swooping down on an old folks' home

The person who prospered the most was the Boston owner. The day before the series opener, he sold out the standing room, and then sold out the leaning room, and had only about three stalls in the bathroom left to unload.

The commissioner of baseball had caught wind of what promised to be a very heated rivalry and he sent us a telegram encouraging, "Hearty competition and, above all, honor and sportsmanship."

"If that's the way he feels, he can go to hell," Doyle Legg said.

While we were shocking Detroit, the Red Sox split at home, winning 3-2 over the White Sox when a pop fly over the pitcher's mound blew over the dumb

wall in left.

The vital stats were: We were six out of first going into the five with them.

Sammie Land announced at our final team meeting that when we took the field in the bottom of the first inning of the first game, he would do something that would let the fans and the Red Sox know exactly what we thought of them.

Sammie said his strategy would also

help us win the game.

Guessing what Sammie Land would do in left field broke a lot of the pressure the day before.

"I predict he goes to the bathroom on the wall," Arnette Blackwelder guessed

"I say he climbs it like a mountain climber," Golden Rule guessed. "With rope and suction cups."

"Whatever he does," Cliff Masterson said, grunly and majestically, "I'll be

there to back him."

Game day, news of our opener in Boston was on top of the front page, above "GOOD HUMOR MAN MURDERER STRIKES AGAIN" and "COST OF LIVING INDEX HAS BIGGEST JUMP OF YEAR," we were that important.

I drove over the morning of the game with our owner, McBroom.

He was in fine spirits.

When pressed for a key to victory in the first game, I told him, "If we're still alive in the fifth, we should win it."

He wondered exactly how I meant alive.

I told him I was not sure.

Rudd was pitching the opener of the series with Boston We probably would have been better off with Golden Rule or Mulebach, since Boston has a ton of right-handed litters aiming at the runt fence, but Rudd was going to have to pitch sometime over there, and it was best to stay with the normal rotation

So here is what our line-up looked like.

- I. Jimmy Netherlands 2b
- 2. Arnette Blackwelder CF
- 3. Cliff Masterson 3b
- 4. Sammie Land LF
- 5. Edgar C
- 6. Doyle Legg 1b
- 7. Jesus El Dorado RF
- 8. Bone S5
- 9. Rudd P

That's some crew, all right.

Ina flew in for the big series with Boston and brought me up to date about the goings on with the in-laws, like her sister's 16-year-old daughter was named alternate homecoming queen.

There are all kinds of theories about what makes a good marriage, and I have always believed that honesty is the most important thing two people can have going.

"Ina, I don't give a damn about that kid," I said.

She sulked.

She rode with me to Boston with McBroom and his wife and was bored to death as the three of us talked strategy Mrs. McBroom said she had promised the girls at the club a pennant.

"El Dorado will pro sably have a great series," McBroom said. "Guys who don't understand what's going on don't choke."

The secret was, Rudd had to keep the ball down so they would hit grounders and not routine flies over the chicken wall.

Sammie Land had requested a lightweight flak jacket that he could wear under his uniform. He had some spectacular trick planned for the wall in left

McBroom placed a hand on my shoulder and said that whatever happened, I had done a brilliant job and deserved Coach of the Year.

Mrs. McBroom was wearing a low-cut

When they got a runner on first, she planned to expose her left breast and hope the guy got picked off

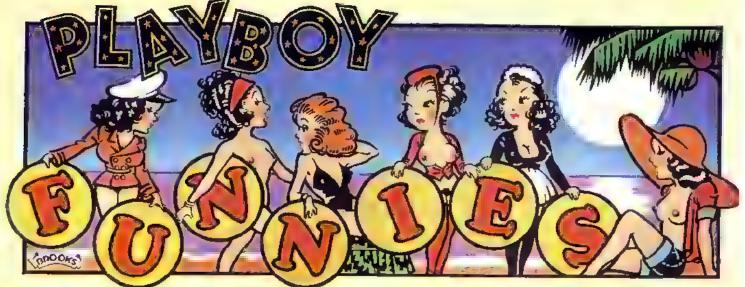
"How much farther?" Ina asked two miles into the trip.

Boston is one of those towns where they use gimmick nights a lot, and it was unfortunate that this game had been designated Quarter Beer Night. The way it turned out, with our rivalry, they could have filled the joint charging \$20 a ticket. You can imagine what variety of person a 25-cent-beer night would seduce. There is hardly anything meaner than a premeditated drunk.

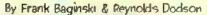
The Boston management had the courtesy to station extra cops in and behind our dugout and in and around our

(continued on page 270)





THE LONER











SUZY Q AND MIDNITE







cupid's corner

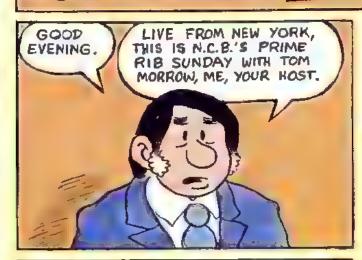
by J. Michael Leonard







TOM MORROW N.C.B.'S PRIME RIB SUNDAY Chie Browne



THOSE OF YOU WHO KNOW ME FROM THE LATE SHIFT MAY BE SURPRISED TO SEE ME ON A NEWS-MAGAZINE SHOW ... SOME MAY SAY OL' TOM'S "NOT READY FOR PRIME TIME"....

BUT, HEY! I'M A STRANGER TO FAILURE! I'M NOT AFRAID TO RISK IT ALL TO TRY SOMETHING NEW-I WAS BORN TO BE WILD, FRIENDS!



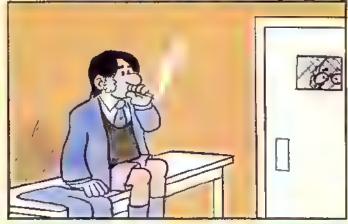
SO, TO START OFF, WE HAVE A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE REOPENED INVESTIGATION INTO THE ASSASSINATION "ACCIDENT" THAT TOOK THE LIFE OF



NEW EVIDENCE INDICATES THAT THE DEATHS OF PARK AND HIS AIDES WERE NEITHER ACCIDENT NOR PLANNED KILLING BUT A MASS SUICIDE, NOT UNLIKE THE EVENTS AT JONESTOWN



WITH MORE ON THAT, WE NOW GO TO BILL FISH AND OUR LIVE CAMERAS IN SEOUL







PHONUS INTERRUPTUS II



RRING!

RRING!

THOO ANSWER IT!

RRING!



HONEY, I CAN'T JUST LET IT RING. IT MIGHT BEBILL WITH THE TICKETS. I TOLD HIM TOCALL.

HOW CAN HOUDOTHIS TO US? DOESN'T WHAT WE'REDOING MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

HELLO?

IS HE MORE IMPORTANT TO YOU THAN I AM? MY GOD .. YOU WERE MAKING LOVE TO ME-



- HOWCAN THERE BE ROOM RIGHT NOW FOR ANOTHER MAN-



SALLY? WHEN DID YOU GET IN? GREAT TO HEAR YOUR VOICE. HOW'D YOU KNOW I WAS HERE?



-ME?OH, NOT MUCH 400 KNOW, IN A RUT AS USUAL.















AMERICAN JAMES BOND

(continued from page 132)

"Harvey resigned 'with deepest regret,' wisely circumspect given Hoover's appetite for revenge."

Robert Collier and Lish Whitsun tar geted against America's ostensible ally the Soviet Uman. 'We were the first ones to be fighting the Soviet side of it.' Collier recalled

It wasn't long before Harvey found himself sitting in a small room in New York City, listening intently as a plump. dowdy, brown-baired woman named Elizabeth Bentley confessed that she had been a courier for a Soviet spy ring. If she was telling the truth, Bentley represented the bureau's first big break in combating Soviet espionage. Harvey left the interrogation to other FBI agents while he sat quietly and simply tried to get a feel for this woman who would consume the next two years of his life During 14 days of questioning, Bentley recled off the names of more than 100 people linked to the Soviet underground in the United States and Canada, "Fiftyone of these persons were deemed of sufficient importance to warrant investigative attention by the barcau," an FBI memo stated. "Of those 51 individuals, 27 were employed in agencies of the U.S. Government." One of those 27 was named Alger Hiss

In a few years, the name Hiss would be on every tongue, but to Bill Harvey in 1945, Hiss was only one of several senior Government officials suspected of treason. Bentley had mentioned himcalling him Eugene Hiss-almost as an afterthought at the end of her 107 page statement. Within 24 hours of her appearance and before he had verified any of her information. J. Edgar Hoover sent a top-secret message to the White House, "As a result of the bureau's investigative operations," he puffed, "m formation has been recently developed from a highly confidential source indicating that a number of persons cmployed by the Government of the United States have been furnishing data and miormation to persons outside the Federal Government, who are in turn transmitting this information to espionage agents of the Soviet government." Hoover named 12 officials as being either witting or unwitting "participants in this operation," no doubt taking private satisfiction in the fact that five of them had served with his archrival, the Office of Strategic Services

There was one problem, however, Despite intensive surveillance of the suspects identified by Bentley, the FBI could uncover no evidence of an ongoing 198 espionage operation. One year after the

surveillance had begun. Hoover was forced to report that his agents had turned up nothing but "repeated meonsequential contacts" among suspected members of the spy ring.

An unbroken string of 18 and 24 hour days spent tracking down Bentley's leads had not produced a single prosecutable case of espionage. The FBI-and Har vey-could proceed no further Eventually, a very crude and uneven sort of retribution would be exacted. Harry Dexter White. Assistant to the Secretary of the Treasury, would die of a heart attack in 1948, after Bentley publicly named him as a member of her network, and Hiss would be convicted of perjury in 1950. But Harvey could feresee none of that, and in the stammer of 1947, his exhaustion and frustration boiled over in an incident that resulted in his being dealt with more harshly than any of Bentley's suspects.

Thundershowers, heavy at times, had fallen throughout the evening of July 11. It was past midnight and another downpour washed over the city as Harvey beaded his car across the Potomac River into Washington, A second car splashed along in Harvey's wake, following him home from an FBI stag party in a Virginia suburb. Once across the Potomac, the two cars went their separate ways. Harvey drove toward the west, passing the Jefferson Memorial, the Washington Monument and the World War Two temporary buildings that lay scattered across the Mad like so much litter. At the Lincoln Memorial, he turned nort twest and headed into Rock Creek Park his fallights disappearing into the dark and the rain.

When he had not reached home by nine o'clock the next morning, Libby Harvey could wast no longer. She phoned FBI headquarters to report her husband missing. Bill "had recently been despondent and discouraged about his work at the bureau and had been mondy," she said. Pat Coyne the agent who had followed Harvey back to town. was dispatched to cover the route from the Potomac to Harvey's home in Georgetown. Other agents began a discreet check of accident and amnesia reports with the local police. The search ended in less than an hour, when Harvey called in to report that he was home.

According to a summary of the incident prepared for Hoover, "Mr. Harvey indicated that after he left Mr. Coyne, he . . . was proceeding toward his rest dence in a heavy downpour of rain. He

drove his car through a large puddle of water just as another car going in the opposite direction hit the puddle, and the engine in his can stopped. He coasted to the curb but was unable to get his car started again and accordingly he went to sleep in his car and slept until approximately ten A.M. when he awakened and proceeded to his home." Harvey insisted that his drowsiness was not alcohol in duced, and his colleagues backed him up. "Mr. Harvey stated that he had about two cans of beer, and from the recollection of others at the party, there was no indication that Harvey was drinking any more or any less than anyone clse," the summary said.

Nevertheless, FBI regulations required an agent to be on two-hour call at all times, either leaving a number where he could be reached or phoning in every two hours. Harvey had volated regulations. The Dragoman Hoover directed that a memo be written. 'It is recommended that Special Agent Supervisor William K. Harvey of the Security Division be transferred to Indianapolis on general assignment." Hoover scribbled OK' at the bottom

Rather than accept the transfer. Harvev submitted his resignation "with the deepest regret," citing "personal and family considerations" and speaking of the "pride and personal satisfaction" of having been an FBI agent remarkably restrained, considering the circumstances. but wisely circumspect given Hoover's appetite for revenge.

Cast out from the inner sanctum of espionage. Harvey found himself in a world that had not yet heard of Whit taker Chambers and Elizabeth Bentley. that did not yet doubt the loyalty of Alger Hiss, that did not yet realize that while the shooting war against Germany had ended, the secret war against Russia was just beginning. As if blinded by the bright light of this naïve and unsuspect ing world, Harvey quickly ducked into the shadows of the Office of Special Operations a small and highly secret cadre within the newly formed Central Intelligence Agency.

The CIA was a tonier set than Harvey had known at the FBI-the was stepping from the world of ex-cops and smalltown lawyers into an organization of Ivy League bluebloods and Wall Street at torneys. Many of the men he met were heirs to considerable lamily fortunes. Harvey was crossing the tracks, joining the establishment. Compared with his better bred colleagues, this lumpen spy from the Big Ten who collected firearms and delighted in the simplest duty honor and empire themes of Radyard kipling, fairly reeked of gancheric and nařveté. His spreading girth quickly

(continued on page 250)

AFTER YOU COMPARE IT FOR MILES PER GALLON, COMPARE IT FOR COMFORT PER MILE.



Load up Renault Le Car, and take advantage of more luggage space than you'll find in either a Ford Fiesta or Honda Civic.†

Settle into the anatomically-contoured seats, and luxuriate in more passenger room than either a Civic or a Datsun 210.3

Pick out a really rough road, and watch Le Car's four-wheel independent suspension and standard steel-belted Michelin radials soak up jolts and bumps so well, they give you a smooth, level ride *Motor Trend* says "would do credit to far larger, more expensive cars."

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coast, and take Le Car for a test-drive

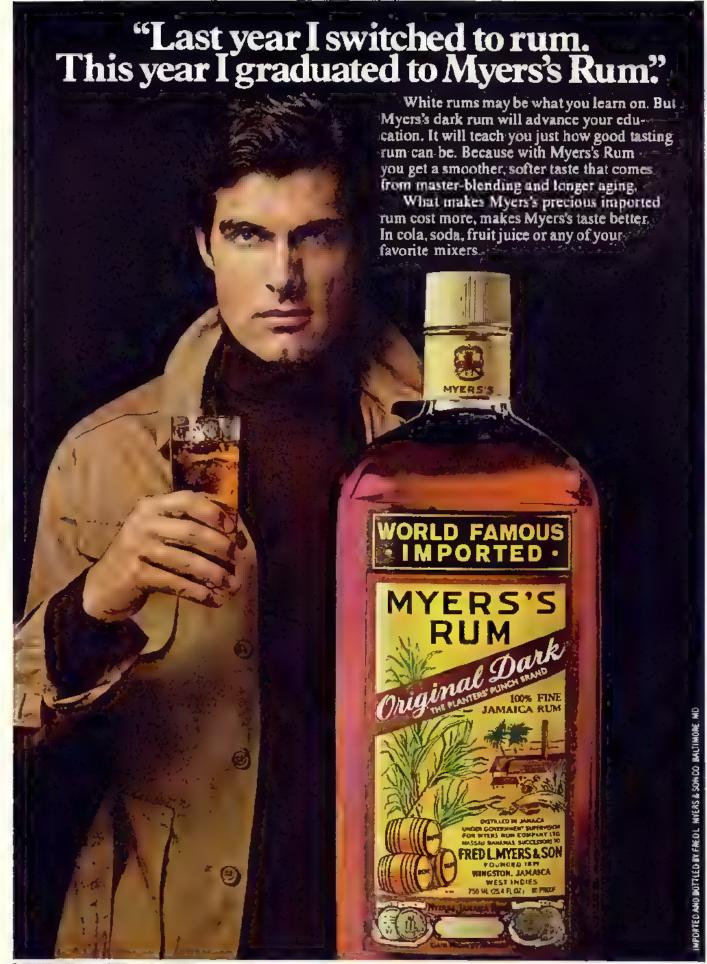
When you read the mileage estimates, you'll know how much a car costs to drive. But only after you test it on the road will you know whether or not it's worth driving.



*Remember Compare these 1980 EPA estimates to estimated mpg for other cars. Your mileage may vary due to speed, trip length or weather. Your highway mileage will probably be lower. California excluded **Based on 1980 EPA data

RENAULT LE CAR

WE BUILD MORE INTO ECONOMY CARS THAN JUST ECONOMY.



PLAYBOY'S PIPELINE MAN & WOMAN

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

HER MOVE

The phone rings "Honey, they've transferred me to Phoenix. How soon can you be packed?" It's an old story with a contemporary twist: Because working women and their employers are taking her career ever more serious ly, the voice is likely to be female. Assaming you can't talk her out of it and aren't ready to use her departure as tie easy way out of a moribund relatronship, your only choice is between tigging along and long-distance love.

HELL, NO, YOU WON'T GO!

Thousands of couples sustain successful relationships by commuting between two cities, though most con sider that a temporary expediency until one partner finishes school or finds suitable employment in the other town

When commuting is prolonged, couples may be forced into the embarrassing admission that work dominates their lives. A Boston man married to a New York manufacturing executive told Business Week: "What's most implicit in our living arrangement is that our particular positions are more important to us than each other at this point. That's a pretty miserable statement."

On the up side, commuter relationships enable both partners to retain their jobs and, without distractions such as sex and fun, keep their minds on their work. When the couples do get together, they have plenty of juley catching up to do during college-style weekends that crackle like minihoneymoons

Disadvantages reported by commuting couples include loneliness, lack of shared growth experiences, fears of (and temptations to) infidelity, loss of friends suddenly uninterested in half a couple and expenses. The Boston-New York couple spends \$8000 a year in extra rent, air fare and phone bills. Commuter relationships may work if they are short-term and you trust each other, but you can shorten the odds even more if either partner works for the airlines, has access to a WATS line or owns a black box.

MOVE IT OR LOSE IT

In the best of possible worlds, when Sweetie goes, your satisfying career and lifestyle will smoothly transmigrate to her new city. If your line is computers, accounting, some engineer ing and medical specialties or sales, you come out smelling like a rose wherever she plants you. If your livelihood depends on an association with a company that can't or won't transfer you, or on local clients and contacts, prepare yourself for the worst. You may wake up one morning in Buffalo sans job, sans friends, sans family, sans even your long-lost furniture, with your sole connection to humanity a woman too involved with her challenging new job to pay a hell of a lot of attention to your problems

Certain types of men can handle the stress better than others. Francine S. Hall, who co-wrote The Two-Career Couple with her husband, Douglas, believes you're more likely to



survive if you define yourself in terms of relationships and leisure activities rather than of a job or status in a corporate hierarchy. You should be experienced in moving, accustomed to periods of unemployment and you're better off if you're not abandoning a complex network of social and profes sional relationships. Large cities are easier to break into than small ones (except for high-unemployment urban playpens such as Denver, San Diego and San Francisco) and it helps if you're a free-spirited dilettantish sort of gay who can see the move as a golden opportunity to try something new.

Expect a difficult time at least for the first year, but don't bend over backward to torture yourself. Prowl around while she's working and learn your new city. Make friends who are all yours. even if it means talking with strange

men in bars. Comfort yourself with small pleasures, afternoon movies, premium Scotch, men's magazines. And keep in touch with your old friends; you've merely moved, you're not in exile "After you've lost your old security and have nothing to take its place, you may feel your self-worth go straight downhill," says Hall, "but hang in there and eventually you'll come back to seeing yourself as the cool person you've always been."

Of course, even if the two of you have your collective mind right it may not shield you against unauthorized assumptions that a couple moves for her job only when the man makes a shambles of his career or because she wears the Glor a Vander bilts in the family. Although you may be solid financially and mentally, your frail male ego will be wounded by insunuations of your subordinate role, the so-called Mr. Elizabeth Taylor

"It really helps the guy to have a rationale other people will buy," Hall advises. Sell them the one about how you're enjoying an early retirement, or taking time off for personal projects, or indulging a long suppressed craving to reside in Boise. Don't be ashamed of passing out a good story; the face you save may be your own.

If her firm thinks she's good enough to transfer, it probably thinks she's good enough to keep happy. Married womenand single cohabitants with industrial strength chutzpah-can demand that it find you a job either within the company or among its connections. Matter of fact, twice as many companies (30 percent) provided job finding services for transferred executives' spouses last year as did the previous year, according to Merrill Lynch Relocation Management, Inc. The companies would either refer the spouse to an employment agency or counsel the spouse informally themselves. Also, firms can be persuaded to delay transfer until the time is better for the spouse. And if you're buying or selling homes, you can consult RELO, a free intercity full-service relocation counselor. The male-female relations may have changed from 'Whither thou goest" to "With her you go," but be creative and resourceful and you won't just be along for the ride. -THEODORE FISCHER 201



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THE SECRETS OF SHOOTING POWER POOL

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

ifty years ago, when a pool hall burned down, a newspaper could dramatize the tragedy by reporting that 5000 men were homeless. While that would still be an exaggeration today, the game of pool has been enjoying a vigorous revival A 1979 survey of participant sports taken by the A. C. Nielsen Company revealed the surprising fact that there are more male pool players in America than there are male bowlers, skiers, golfers or tennis players. Eight ball, thanks to the proliferation of the coin-operated bar table, has probably become the most often played game in the land. Tavern leagues are sprouting everywhere and are growing at a rate too fast to follow. St. Petersburg, Florida, for example, boasts 1500 players on eight ball teams (one third of the players are women) and is the scene of an annual banquet for 1300

players and guests with prizes totaling about \$25,000. Cen erally, the larger the city, the larger the numbers. In 1978, New Orleans had 4500 men and women competing in a businesssponsored eight-ball tournament. Skill at pool is no longer evidence of a misspent youth-it is a social necessity.

Like all great games, pool can be enjoyed at any level. But playing well-infinitely more fun than playing poorly-requires the scrupulous observance of certain fundamentals:

BUILD A FIRM BRIDGE

Provide the cue with rock-steady support by planting your bridge hand on the table as solidly as possible, with the fingers spread and the heel of the hand on the cloth. Resting the cue in the V formed by the thumb and forefinger is OK for shots that don't require English, but if you plan to impart spin to the cue ball, you must learn to keep the cue on line by curling the forefinger around it.

USE THE RIGHT GRIP

Don't whiten your knuckles by grabbing the cue like a baseball bat, and don't use a fastidious teaspoon grip. Hold the butt of the cue lightly but firmly in the crotch of the thumb and forefinger, with two or three fingers resting against the underside. Keep the wrist flexible. When the cue tip is against the cue ball, the forearm should be pointing straight down

KEEP THE CUE LEVEL

Unless you are trying to make the cue ball jump or curve, keep the cue as level as possible. To impart backspin to the cue ball by hitting it below center, lower the bridge hand, don't raise the back of the cue. Don't build a normal bridge on a rail, because you will have to shoot down at the cue ball; instead, lay the cue on the rail and form the bridge hand around it.

FOLLOW STRAIGHT THROUGH

During the warm-up strokes, which should be smooth, straight and authoritative, and when hitting the cue ball, only the



forearm should move, not the head or the body. The forearm should swing back and forth in a vertical plane, like a pendulum suspended from a motionless elbow. Hit through the cue ball in a straight line without letting the tip veer to one side or another and certainly without letting it rise into the air like a partridge . . . unless, of course, you are masquerading as a neophyte.

CROUCH

Plan the shot while standing erect, execute it while bending over low enough to aim the cue like a rifle. If you change your mind about the hit, speed or spin while in the aiming crouch, straighten up and start over

CHALK UP

You deserve no sympathy if you chalk up after miscning. Chalk the tip

whenever you decide to strike the cue ball anywhere but dead center. The tip itself should be exactly the diameter of the end of the cue without the slightest overhang. Don't try to play with a flat tip-shape it with sandpaper to give it the approximate curvature of a quarter.

THINK AHEAD

The secret of clearing the table lies not so much in making tough shots as in avoiding them by controlling the cue ball. Delicacy of touch, experience, even genius are brought to bear in playing top class "position," but newcomers can accomplish a lot without using tricky English just by varying cue-ball speed. Never take a shot without looking ahead to the next one. The game is as much mental as physical, which is why crafty old menwith fading eyesight can often handle young hot-shots.

THE RIGHT ATTITUDE

There's more to shooting pool than just knowing how to stand and where to hit the ball. The player who's cool in the clutch also has a big advantage over his opponent. Learn to play with a quiet confidence and without thinking negatively.

TAKE A LESSON

There is simply no substitute for intelligent coaching, especially early on It's the only short cut to prowess. Because not all expert players are good teachers, ask for a recommendation from a billiard-room proprietor or a dealer in billiard supplies.

READ A BOOK

As many as a dozen how-to-play-pool titles can be found on the shelves of a well-stocked bookstore. With a low bow to myself, one of the most comprehensive is Byrne's Standard Book of Pool and Billiards, which is especially good on advanced technique, tactics and strategy. Still the best book for beginners is Willie Mosconi on Pocket Billiards. Worth while are The 99 Critical Shots in Pool, by Ray Martin and Rosser Reeves, and Mastering Pool, by George Fels. Good shooting! —ROBERT BYRNE 203



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GETTING INTO CUSTOM-MADE CLOTHES

TIPS ON KEEPING YOUR LIFESTYLE IN HIGH GEAR

way from the sort of supermarket operations that dominate modern retailing. Given plenty of time—and money—a good tailor can make you a suit, a sports jacket or a shirt that will fit better and, consequently, look better than any readymade garment.

WHY NOT THE BEST?

You'll start with a bit of talk about style. A good tailor should have samples of various designs on hand to help you make a decision. When the design questions have been settled, it's time to select a fabric. Better tailors are likely to have an inventory of several thousand kinds of cloth. They can supplement their stock with swatch books of samples that they order from suppliers. Your tailor should also have some sug-

gestions about color, weight and pattern to help you choose. Measurements are the next step. A good tailor may make as many as 18 different measurements to fit a suit coat and another ten for the pants. He uses these to make a paper pattern to guide the actual cutting. The pattern will be modified as necessary during the fitting process and then kept on file for future orders. If your dimensions don't change, you can buy subsequent garments with only a single final fitting.

The first fitting on your first suit will have you trying on a sleeveless approximation of the finished coat. The seams will be basted—lightly sewn—so that the tailor can rip them apart easily. He is likely to tear out the shoulder seams in order to get the front of the coat to hang just right. That will have to be done separately for each side, since nobody is symmetrical.

The second time you see the suit, it will look much more finished, but certain irrevocable decisions—such as the placement of buttonholes—will be left to the very end of the process. Incidentally, the mark of a true custom-made suit or sports coat is cuffs that actually button. Insist on them.

A good tailor makes a suit to fit your precise dimensions, but he does more than just work from the numbers. He will also notice how you stand. If you have the carriage of a regimental sergeant major, he will cut the front of your coat a little wider and the back a little narrower. And he'll put the armholes toward the back, where your arms are.

THE COST OF CUSTOM TAILORING

You will, of course, have to pay for a fit that good. A customtailored suit coat has 25 to 30 hours of expensive skilled labor sewn into it, and that doesn't count the tailor's judgment in fitting or his work as a designer.

Prices vary somewhat around the country, but you can expect to pay an absolute min.mum of \$600 for a two-piece suit. A vest will add at least another \$100. This price assumes the cheapest fabric a tailor is likely to stock. If you would like something in, say, a good British woolen, you can expect the price to skyrocket.



Sports-coat prices begin around \$500 and slacks run about \$175 a pair. A cashmere overcoat can run as much as \$1500, Shirts start around \$50 and may go as high as \$125 or more for silk.

WHERE TO FIND A TAILOR

If the prospect of a perfect fit makes you long for a custom made suit, how do you pick a tailor who can deliver what you want? Word of mouth is the best way, but if you don't know anyone with a good tailor, you'll have to do some shopping around.

Longevity is a good thing to look for. Most tailors get about 90 percent of their sales from repeat customers. If a tailor has been in business for 20 or 30 years, chances are he is satisfying them.

Tailors should have some samples on hand for you to look at. Begin by in-

specting a coat made from a patterned fabric, such as a glen plaid. The individual pieces should fit together perfectly, with no breaks apparent in the pattern. Lapels on finished coats should have a symmetry that is usually lacking on readymades and they should have a slight roll.

Obviously, if you are looking for a cheap suit, custom tailoring is not for you. However, the prices don't look so high when compared with the most expensive lines of ready-made clothes. Designer originals off the rack often start about \$500, too

SEMICUSTOM TAILORING

You can get a semicustom-tailored garment at substantial savings if you go to what is known in the trade as a cut, make and trim operation. These shops take your measurements and send them to a factory. The factory returns a finished garment.

Factories can save a lot by using automatic machinery and by locating in areas where people are willing to work for lower wages. A cut, make and trim suit manufactured in Hong Kong can be had for as little as \$160, with better-quality fabrics ranging up to \$400. Shirts start as low as \$20

These are bargain prices, but you are giving up something to save the money. Making certain that a garment really conforms to your body requires a series of fittings.

Brooks Brothers has its own variation on the semicustommade suit that it calls the special-order suit. If you buy a special-order suit, you can select any imported fabric from Brooks Brothers' stock, but the style cannot depart from the usual Brooks designs. Your measurements are sent to the factory, which returns a partly finished garment for one fitting before the suit is completed. Brooks recommends special-order suits for men who have problems getting fitted off the rack. It charges \$55 over the off-the-rack price for a special-order suit and \$35 more for a special-order sports coat.

Custom threads may be expensive, but they pay huge returns in looks and self-esteem. And when you walk down the street in great-fitting clothes, somebody's bound to say: "Man, he looks like a million bucks."

—JERRY SULLIVAN

"One man's humor is another's bad taste, while one woman's funny bone is another woman's soapbox."

in the pillory or the jailhouse for their humor is very long; it includes Rabelais, Voltaire, the Marquis de Sade, and also the relatively dour Defoe, whose attempt ar a satirical essay about the mistreatment of dissenters misfired utterly, landing him in the stocks.

Nothing is quite as dangerous to its author as satire, for satire depends upon tone, subtle word use, topical social reference and, especially, the capacity for humor of its readers-something the writer can neither predict nor control. Since the funny bone is a vestigial organ in times of social change, and since the gift for irony is always a rather rare human trait, the satirist always runs the risk of being misunderstood by both sides of any issue: If the king doesn't behead him, the revolutionary tribunal surely will.

Thus, I fear that we will restore a sense of humor between the sexes only when we are more secure about our new roles in society. When women truly feel liberated, they will be able to laugh at themselves again, and when men truly accept female equality, they will not worry so much about how to act with liberated women.

Neither literature nor life can be reduced to revolutionary slogans without great violence being done to our humanity. There is a tendency in this country to try to reduce both writers and their books to slogans and to attempt to recruit them as soldiers in various ideological battles. "What do you really mean by the ending of your novel?" readers are always asking; and books are often reviewed according to the sides they seem to be taking-when, in fact, it should be obvious that if one wished merely to take sides, one would hardly go to the trouble of writing a 300 page novel. The novelist writes novels precisely because the human events he or she wishes to chronicle cannot be reduced to slogans.

Nevertheless, the books that fascinate us at any given historical moment are indicative of certain cultural trends. The popularity of a novel like Garp, for example, with its obsessive concentration on various forms of castrationboth real and symbolic-bespeaks a rather different historical moment in the relations between the sexes than the popularity of a book like Fear of Flying (in which sex is more often absurd and humorous than tragic and destructive).

What conclusions we draw from those differing attitudes toward sex is another

matter. Patterns of sexual change take years to emerge and we are not very good at recognizing them in our own culture. Still, it is true, as Henry Miller once said, that "books are created in answer to our inner needs." Thus, it is important to recognize the grim and violent component in a novel like Garp and to meditate on why so many readers find in that violent sexuality a mirror of their own lives. I often become discouraged by the amount of violence I see in American novels (and, of course, in movies and on TV) because it seems to me that we turn toward violence as a source of titil lation, a way out of emotional numbness, an excitement beyond that of sexuality (but which also has a sexual component). I have always marveled at the curious double standard that sees sex as dirty and mayhem as acceptable for family consumption. Even in the old days of censorship, a disemboweling wouldn't get you banned in Boston, but a blow job surely would.

If books are created in response to our inner needs, so, too, is humor. As our sexual roles begin to change, our humor about sex must also change, Jokes that degrade women are not as funny as they once were. Mother-in-law jokes and sexysecretary jokes seem more and more irrelevant and tasteless as we come to recognize the humanity of women. Some of us are beginning to find we can no longer laugh at women as fragmented organs. But when the old humor of oppression dies, what will come to take its place? The humor of derogation must have a scapegoat as surely as a circus must have a clown, and for centuries, women served that purpose. I think that much of the current nervousness about men and women, as well as the current uncertainty about what is or is not funny, stems from the fact that sexual values are changing at different rates in different parts of the world. What may be funny in Woody Allen's Manhattan is tragic in Iran, a matter of total indifference in the gay bars of San Francisco and almost incomprehensible in the truck stops of Montana. While gentle frony runs the risk of being baffling to the unsophisticated, the most outrageous and iconoclastic humor runs the risk of sending its author to the gibbet or the guillotine-especially in times of changing values. And that is one reason why humor between the sexes is so problematical right now: We have literally dozens of sexual cultures coexisting side by side.

While I am not the sort of feminist who feels offended by nude female centerfolds (on the contrary, I think they serve a useful social function—if you consider masturbation useful, that is), I do wince at the unrecognized sexism in a film like Manhattan-which poses as being sexually hip but really takes a series of not-so-funny swipes at women. Jokes about wives turning lesbian and writing books about their ex-husbands don't tickle my funny bone. Just as my gut feeling says that anti-Semitic jokes are funny only when told by Jews, I tend to feel that jokes about women turning lesbian (or turning writer) are funny only when told by women writers. And even then, people are likely to misunderstand

When I attempted a spoof of lesbian chic in How to Save Your Own Life, lots of people thought I was questioning gay rights, or attacking lesbian sex, when I was only trying to parody the absurd situation that results when people choose their sexual partners out of duty, faddishness or status seeking rather than out of true inclination. But you see how tricky this whole matter is: What is sexually funny depends not only on the joke but on the teller, not only on the teller but on the audience.

Well, where does that leave us? We cannot have only men telling jokes about men and women telling jokes about women and a high commissar of sexual humor arbitrating it all. That would be even worse than the present anarchy. And it remains regrettably true that one man's humor is another man's bad taste, while one woman's funny bone is another woman's soapbox. Just as there are people who consider any humor counterrevolutionary, the majority of people consider their own jokes lunny and someone else's jokes tasteless. Nor does one's sense of humor fail to change in the course of one's development. Fart jokes are not as sublimely humorous to me as they were when I was ten (though they're still a whole lot better than most of the jokes I hear). Polish jokes are, I guess, funny to me only because I'm not Polish. I adore The Benny Hill Show, despite the fact that my English intellectual friends think it's the pits, and I am more offended by a Woody Allen slur upon women than by a Benny Hill one, because I expect things from a fellow New Yorker, fellow Jew, fellow writer that I would never expect from a British vaudevilhan

Aha. Perhaps that is the crux of the matter with sexual humor: our expectations. What is funny coming from an unenlightened boob is not so funny coming from a sophisticate. As women's status (presumably) rises and various sexual standards coexist, it becomes more and more difficult to separate humor from bad taste. Moreover, that separation must be made again and again and



"Where have you been? Your camel came home hours ago."

on all levels. Since we judge not only the joke itself but the joke in the context of teller and hearer, we are constantly being called upon to make subtle adjustments in the tuning of our funny bones. We need a veritable xylophone of funny bones to deal with our present cultural chaos.

In the past, the dependably low status of women provided a rather easy, everavailable target for humor "Never trust a woman, not even a dead one," goes an old Slavic proverb "Women are only children of a larger growth," said Lord Chesterfield. "Here lies my wife here let her lie / Now she's at rest. And so am I," said John Dryden in a characteristic couplet. Female gabbiness, wiliness, stupidity, stubbornness, lecherousness, extravagance, fecklessness, fickleness, and so on, provided unfailing sources of sexual jokes. As long as society at large accepted those givens about female character-or the lack of it-there was never any dearth of material for jokes about the sexual status quo. No one seemed to notice that the sexual stereotypes about women often contradicted one another totally. In fact, if you study a compendium of dirty jokes about women, you will find that our sex is condemned for being sexless and insatiable, stingy and extravagant, duplicitous and naïve, dominant and submissive. Never mind what we really are, the only constant is constant condemnation.

In his brilliant (if occasionally daft

and dogmatically Freudian) book, Rotionale of the Duty Joke, Gershon Legman points out that humor is in reality verbal aggression and that most jokes about women derive from men's fear of female dominance. Sexual humor about women is, in fact, a way of settling scores. Men feel that women have too much power in sex (and perhaps in all of life) and they use hostile humor as the great equalizer Samuel Johnson summed up this basic male fear and envy of women in his famous line "Nature has given women so much power, that the Law has wisely given them little." Here, I suspect, is the origin of patriarchy and of patriarchal humor as well.

Woman's awesome ability to create life, together with man's uncertainty about paternity, potency and performance, leads to the frantic male need to control women that results in patriarchy. Since we are all inheritors of patriarchal culture, patriarchal assumptions, patriarchal literature, art, religion, sex and sexual jokes, it is hard for us to see how truly pervasive and distorting an influence it is upon our lives-particularly our sexual lives. But we must try. The very fact that our Bible shows man giving birth to woman (rather than birth happening in that ordinary yet miraculous way it happens all over the earth, every millisecond) should alert us to the topsy-turvy way out culture has chosen to misperceive reality. But all of man's attempts to hold women down have

availed him nought. He has succeeded in making us economic semislaves, social inferiors and handmaidens rather than matriarchs; but the battlefield of the bed still defeats him. Hence, the function of sexual humor: a last-ditch defense against that last ditch that entices him, mocks him, pleasures him, fascinates him, repels him, gives birth to him and, finally, buries him.

Can we honestly expect this to change because of a decade of media hype about "women's liberation" and the nervousness it has wrought? Doubtful. Even if the sexes had complete social equality (which we are far from having—despite working mothers, the cultural changes wrought by the two-pay check family and the general acceptance of oralgenital sex), male fear of women would still have the same physiological and psychological roots.

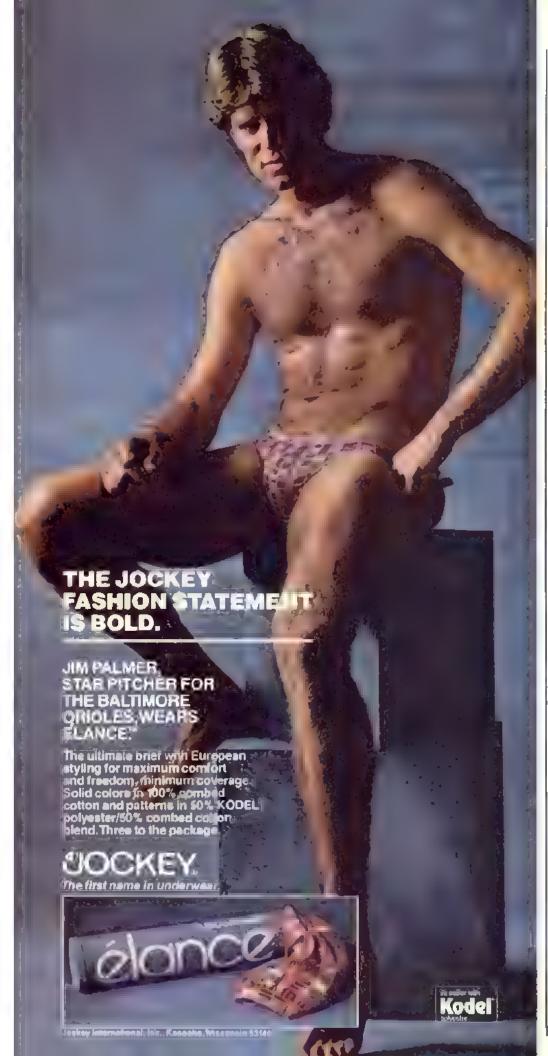
Perhaps male fear is even greater today than in the past because women's social status is rising, if only, as yet, in token ways.

Perhaps, too, one of the reasons for the great discomfort we see around us detives from the fact that men still have the same psychological need to attack women (the joke as verbal aggression) but it is no longer chic or sophisticated to do so. Thus, two imperatives come into conflict: The desire to be trendy, with it, sophisticated, cool (so crucial in our status-seeking culture) dictates that the hip man be 'sensitive" to women and pay lip service to "women's liberation," but the old, primitive castration anxieties still push him to release his fear of female dominance in jokes that degrade women. Where does this conflict leave him? Silent, usually. Silent and confused. He can't make the old jokes without appearing déclassé, and nobody seems to have invented new ones. To return to my earlier point about humor and mental health, I think that, paradoxically, we are in a worse psychological situation now than when we could all laugh at some of the classic subjects of sexual jokes—big vaginas, small penises, female secretions and smells, impotent penises and, of course, the masturbating nuns.

Why? Because we have lost the escape valve of the sexual joke and found no replacement for it. Perhaps that's why there is so much sexual gloom and newly repressive movements seem to be burgeoning everywhere. Women's liberation made some cosmetic changes and inflation sent millions of mothers and wives to work, but our basically repressive patriarchal society has never really been restructured, yet we are not supposed to talk about this evident truth, We are supposed to mouth platitudes about "growing liberation for women" and "sensitive" men as if we were blind to the reality of our society's underlying structures. Both men and women suffer







as a result of this lying, particularly this lying to self. The old humor of oppression at least reflected certain basic truths about society. Men were alraid of women sexually; women were socially manipulated by men. Now we have lost that tradition of hostile humor, but we have vet to create a humor of liberation-so either we laugh at the old degrading jokes and feel guilty and smarmy or we shut up and feel repressed. Neither one provides much outlet for our psychological needs.

But perhaps the Eighties will be a time of sexual reconciliation through humor. Maybe the concept of a liberated jokebook isn't a contradiction in terms. Dottie Archibald, one of the brightest of the new breed of women stand-up comedians and now a regular on The Meru Griffin Show, may be pointing us in the

right direction

"Certainly, humor needs a scapegoat." says Archibald, "But the scapegoat can be the situation, not a gender-linked trait." Archibald herself, who writes her material with her husband, has two rules for her humor: no self-deprecation and no semale retaliation against men (e.g., small-dick jokes-to compensate for all those years of big-vagina jokes). She honors Totic Fields, Phyllis Diller and Joan Rivers for opening the field of comedy to women but notes (as I have often noted myself) that their humor often sadly relies on self-attack.

She wants, rather, to portray "the intelligent woman baffled by the world"-and she succeeds admirably, I think. She has created the persona of a working woman with house and spouse, but though she pokes fun at her husband, she pokes equal fun at herselfalbeit not in the way of Diller or Rivers. There is no talk of her inability to snare a husband and no making herself look freakish. She comes on stage looking like a pretty, 80ish woman, dressed in ordinary but attractive clothes. Her mystification by life may then represent that of her women viewers. "She has walked out of the audience and turned around," Griffin says of her.

Dottie Archibald maintains that things are certainly getting better in the field of liberated humor. Few of the younger male comics rely on sexist jokes anymore, she says, and the opportunities for women are greater than ever. We may finally be entering an age, she insists, in which it is possible to make fun of human traits rather than of those of either men or women.

I certainly hope the Eighties prove that true. Whatever else the decade brings, it'll be a lot easier for all of us to take if we can have our laughs-and be liberated, too.

"Why, in a world in which almost everything seems to be carcinogenic, don't we all get cancer?"

seems to have a direct bearing on, an active feedback relationship with, physical health; and, second, because traditional modern medicine has found itself in the embarrassing position of being able to cure more and more specific diveases without being able, in certain respects, fundamentally to improve health

"The extension of man's life span at tributable to medical intervention is very, very minimal," says Ken Pelletter, a professor at the School of Medicine of the University of California, San Fran cisco and one of the leading developers of and spokesmen for a new approach to health care, one that considers the mind or spirit, it you will-as at least an equal partner with medicine in the mannerance of health, "Increased disribution of adequate food supplies, economic equality, hygiene and the quality of the environment despite recent appearances to the contrary-have had a great deal more to do with our increase in longevity and the apparent improve ment in our health than has any specific medical intervention?"

As befits a general in the growing army of new-age health experts. Pelletter wears a shirt with epaulets: battle latigues And, also appropriately, he looks unnaturally healthy. Unnaturally, Even in California, the appearance of such splendid health is not common. The whites of his eyes are as white as the glare of sun on a car's windshield. Not a thread of blood or a spot of yellow. His skin glows with such a vital tan it seems as though it I stayed long enough in his presence my own skin would brown from his stored-up and reflected radiance. His thin is dimpled—also appropriately with an inverted peace sign. Sensibility of the Sixties informing medicine for the Eighties.

By 1950 to 1955," Pelletier says, "medications like the sulfa drugs and poho vaccine had in a major way stemmed the infectious disorders. The classic plagues." What should have happened then was that more and more people would live longer and healthier lives. What did happen was that more and more people lived longer but not particularly healther lives.

"What we saw," says Pelletier, "was an increase in noninfectious, nonspecific, stress-related disorders like ulcers. And those have been steadily increasing. Today, you could conservatively say that 50 to 80 percent of all disorders in the United States are stress related. I think it's probably closer to 90 percent."

The stress-related diseases were not simply the chorus suddenly stepping to the apron of the stage once the stars were gone, he believes. "If," he says, "after around 1955, once the infectious diseases were largely stemmed in this country, you suddenly saw an enormous mushrooming of these noninfections. nonspecific, stress-related afflictions of civilization, you could say, 'Well, these were all masked by the infectious diseases that we have gotten under control All the people who would have gotten these arress related diseases went from polio or one of the sulfa-related infections like pneumonia instead? But there wasn't that sudden mushrooming. What happened after around 1955, 1956, was a gradual incremental increase in both the ratio of individuals succumbing to these desorders and their absolute numbers. So it wasn't that these stress-related disorders were simply masked by the infectious diseases."

At first glance, it almost seems as though, deprived of our old diseases, we have invented new ones to manifest some essential dysfunction or lack of aarmony within, something corrupt at the core of our being-as though all disease were merely an expression of something that blocked in one direction, would find an outter in mother

At second glance, the increase in stressrelated diseases may seem a function of the change in our understanding of disease. Many disorders that formerly were not considered stress-related-even some infectious diseases-are now being redefined as baying some stress-related com-

"If you look at the most recent literature in the field," says Pelletier, "you might even conclude that virtually all states of disease, all states of health are to some degree psychosomatic. The four major categories of disease in the United States today—cardiovascular diseases, cancer, arthritis and respiratory disor ders-are increasingly seen as psychosomatic. I think that virtually all viral infections are stress-related, virtually all inflammatory disorders are stress related. The only disorders that are not are tranmatic injuries. Accidents."

After considering for a moment, he admits that even some accidents could be the result of psychological states. A hasband separates from his wife and within a few months breaks an arm. which tempts the sympathetic wife to take him back and nurse him. If the husband knows the wife well enough to be

reasonably sure that, if he were injured, she would unbolt the door to hun, he unconsciously may have promoted the acci-

If writially all states of disease have a psychosomatic component (psychosomat ic meaning not that the mind causes the discuse but that the mind and body are so interrelated that they act on each other in an intimate, direct and inseparable way), then the question becomes not post why there has been a rise in stress related disorders but also why one person contracts a disease and another person doesn't. Why does one two-pack a-day smoker get lung cancer and an other doesn't? Why, in a world in which almost everything-from the air we breathe to the water we drink-seems to be carcinogenic, don't we all get cancer?

Iwo of the most health-cosessed people 1 know-friends from Vermontjog 12 miles a day, are vegetarians, drink only bottled water, and always have sick ly pattors, constantly complain about ail ments and frequently get colds. And a friend who lives in what is apparently the least bealthy way-slurping up fatty gravies, drinking to excess, snortingsmoking popping powders weeds pills getting exercise only as a by-product of his hell raising -radiates health

Life-denying versus life-affirming behavior. Stress versus joy Calvin versus Rabelais.

But how does it work?

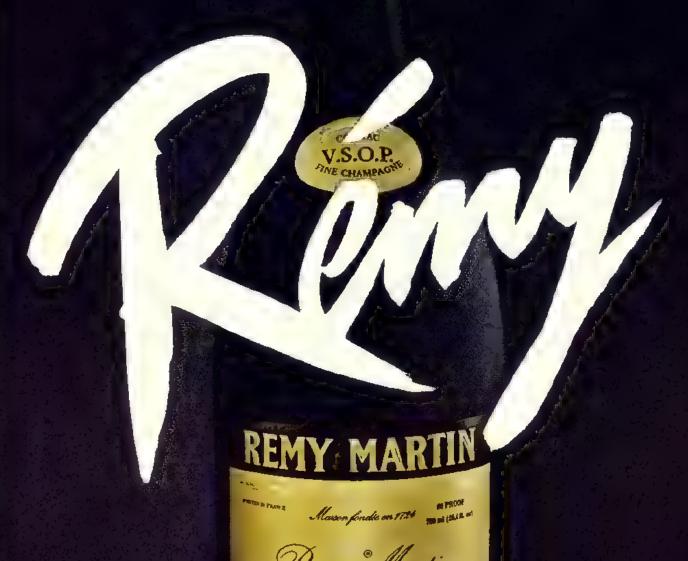
The natural field for dealing with such an issue, psychosomatic medicine has expanded and changed, as medical doctors have become more psychological ly oriented and psychiatrists more biologically oriented. But psychosomatic medicine, bound to its classical Freudian roots did not easily allow for the kind of interdisciplinary approach that was necessary to tackle the mystery an approach that involved not just med cine and psychiatry but also epidemiology sociology, anthropology, preventive medior c. nutrition, learning theory and techniques and studies of patient comphance (a crucial area, since it's been estimated that lewer than half of all prescriptions made out in the United States are filled and, of those that are filled many are misused, people not taking the medication when or for as long as they should or taking it when they shouldn't)

The field rapidly moved from infancy through adolescence. The kid was grow ing up, the old coat no longer fit, so he looked around for a new, snazzy reversible style. The sober side, charcoal with dialk pinstripes, was behavioral medicine. The flashy side, multicolored silk was holistic medicine.

Behavioral medicine, when it first gained currency (in a book called Bia-Jeedback: Behavioral Medicine, edited 211

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by Lee Burke and published in 1973). meant a behavioral approach to the treatment of disease. Not only the cause of disease," says Dr. Gary Schwartz of Yale, one of the researchers responsible for the development of this new field. "but literally modifying people's behavior as a way of treating disease."

In 1977, Schwartz and Stephen Weiss of the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute put together a conference at Yale to bring some order to a field that was growing rapidly and chaotically The thin air in the upper stratosphere of science tends to inflate egos; and, while Schwartz-like more than half of the over three dozen people I talked with while researching this article-was amiable, modest and helpful, more than a baker's dozen were remarkable for their arrogance. The lure of a Nobel Prize hangs as bridiant and uncanny as a moon in their skies. Many of these scientists are on the prowl for whatever immortality our doomed planet still offers. Ravenous as werewolves, they will feed off any innocent who crosses their path. All of which is not as irrelevant as it might seem, because research fueled by egoism can run into problems. The spark struck by the collision of two such egos can ignite the fuel and cause the whole business to go up in flames. Which means that the organizing of any new field of science is as much a product of soothing babies in white smocks as it is the result of meetings of coolacaded professors. At any rate, in the past two years, behavioral medicine has metastasized throughout the country and today is being taught in 20 medical schools.

Now we turn the coat inside out and, voila! Holistic medicine

"Hobstic medicine," Schwartz explains. "is a loose term that implies treating the whole person in a system"; that is, seeing the patient within his or her own context: family, community, society 'And holistic medicine has become a catchall plurase that justifies trying any school of thought of technique that might be related to health. Consequently, it often picks up the so-called lunatic france of health care."

The difference between behavioral medicine and holistic medicine is that behavioral medicine is grounded within the scientific community—which means that any claim must be backed by repeatable experiments

To go forward, the advocates of a new approach to medicine—whether it be called psychosomatic, behavioral or holistic-have had to go backward. In the West, certain personality types have been associated with particular diseases since at least the Second Century A.D., when Galen noticed that depressed women were more likely to get cancer than happy women were. In the 17th Century, Descartes—as though separating the egg

yolk from the white-divorced the mind and the body; after that, the correlation between personality and disease seemed less and less valid. The body was merely a machine that the mind drove around, a model that today inclines us to search through terminal wards of hospitals for space parts. If the transmission of your car breaks down, you take it out and put in a new one: if your heart breaks down you take it out and put in a new one.

But although the correlation between personality and disease tended to be ofheally ignored, it was not entirely lost. Lay people, free of medical prejudices, observed what seemed to be commonsense connections between the way people behaved and the ailments they suffered from. And while common sense, like a king's fool, can sometimes dwell on the urelevant, more often, also like a king's fool, it tells us in an unofficial way the truths we otherwise ignore

Gradually, the medical community began to recognize the mind's ability to affect the body in a few disease states, the classic psychosomatic complaints like ulcers, asthma and hypertension. This wedge opened the held. It's as though we had been chopping up the tree of knowledge for fuel and, splitting the log in logic, found trapped inside, like some mythological sprite, the spirit of the new medicine. One by one, psychological components were connected to disorders. For example, in 1955, G. L. Engel published a study that suggested patients suffering from colius tended to be obsessive, compulsive, indecisive, fanatically neat, morally rigid, overmtellectual, conforming and anxious—fastidious sheep desperate to stay within the herd. In 1965, R. H. Moos and G. F. Solomon published a study that suggested patients suffering from rheumatoid arthritis tended to be martyrs, self-conscious, shy, intolerant of anything less than perfection. inhibited, tense, nervous, moody; convinced their mothers had rejected them and their fathers had been extremely strict unable to express anger, andoddly—fond of sports.

Evidence of correlation continued to mount and, in the early Seventies, reached a critical mass. The explosion, a modest enough bomb, a mere nitroglycerm pill set off in the heart of the matter, was the publication in 1974 of Meyer Friedman and Ray H. Rosen man's Type A Behavior and Your Heart.

"That book, even more than the study that preceded it"—in the professional publication Annals of Clinical Research in 1971-"opened things up a lot," says Pelletier. "It came from an absolutely reputable source and, probably more importantly for its impact on the general public, hit the major killer: cardiovascular disease "

What a shock: The mailed fist that punches up your left arm and grabs your

heart, squeezing it like a ripe persim mon and trying to drive it across your chest, up your throat and out your mouth, that armored fist that seems to be the very hand of death itself turns out to be your own. If you are a Type A personality-which means if you are shorttempered, competitive, aggressive, argent, unpatient, constantly feeling under pressure and fighting time, as though time were the enemy, an evil magician, a Proteus, capable of transforming himself rate any form, a deadline, a wife, a child, a car that refuses to get out of your way, a slow elevator, a secretary, a boss, anyone or anything that impedes forward motion, progress—if you are this type of frustrated, angry overachiever, then chances are good that you are going to give yourself a heart attack, an ultimate, perhaps final struggle against time: How long can you last without the normal flow of blood to your brain, suckers

A barrier was broken. Or, rather, a membrane was passed through. The correlations between personality and states of cisease and health have become so clear that, according to Pelletier, "by looking at half a dozen or so factorsgenetic, biological, nutritional, amount of physical activity, psychological profile, environment etc.—you can make a pretty accurate prediction of what diseases a person is likely to get."

Last year, Drs. Barbara Betz, a psychiatrist with the Southern California Perriamente Medical Group in Los Angeles, and Caroline Thomas of Johns Hopkins parsed the person even further by making a distinction between personality and temperament. "Temperament is a given at birth, an inborn disposition that may come from your immediate clan," Betz says, "Personality is the product of everything that has happened to you, a kind of learned behavior.

Inherited versus acquired character

Betz holds up the index fingers of both hands, as though she were about to do the hokeypokey. "Temperament has to do not with cognitive skills or intelligence but with traits like rate of movement--vivacity or calmness," she says, "things that are recognized in the dogbreeding world, for instance. Nurses in newborn nurseries know that babies aren't all alike. From the moment they're born, there are the little stinkers. the calm smily ones and the shy ones The lay person tends to recognize temperament more taan the scientist does."

In fact, although before World War Two scientists had conducted a number of studies on what was called constitution (inborn characteristics), since World War Two, scientists have avoided the subject as though it carried a moral plague bacillus—which, in a way, it did. The step from discussing inborn characteristics (emotional, mental, physical- 213 and perhaps even spatitual—heirlooms passed down from generation to generation) to discussing racial types is very short and leads into an abyss of propaganda.

Added to this natural hesitation to tackle a subject that could be so danger ously misrepresented was the equally natural interest in why many line young men who went off to war returned home basket cases—apparently demonstrating the effect of environment on personality

"At the same time, psychoanalysis was getting stronger and stronger, offering a marvelous tool for understancing human beings," says Betz. The focus of research in this area went into how we get to be the way we are People began assuming that you'd turn out fine if only you had good enough parenting, adequate food supply, clean air to breathe. This is important. But that emphasis left out something equally important temperament."

To see if temperament—as distinct from personality—rould be correlated with particular states of disease or health Betz and Thomas exhumed and autopsied a body of work Betz had buried 30 years before in 1948. At that time, she had studied 45 students and classified them as Alphas (who were steady self-reliant and cautious). Betas (who were easygoing, spontaneous and cheerful) and Gammas (who were quick

to anger, moody and cither over- or underdemanding). Each year thereafter, subjects were to write back regarding the status of their health. In 1978, Betz analyzed the data that had accomulated Only 25 percent of the Alphas and 267 percent of the Betas had been stricken with severe illness, while about three times that number, 77.3 percent, of the Gammas had suffered from serious physical or mental disorders. A follow-upstudy confirmed the findings.

When the results of the studies were published in 1979, the public and the press reacted like-well. Gammas. Frantic, demanding, moody; lascinated, of course-Betz is astounded at how many people contacted her but the fascinal tion roller coastered from joyful satisfaction (at getting nature by the balls again and showing that our species, this collection of Alpaas, Betas and Gammas. could understand the mysteries) to diead. After all, it was not like learning that you were a Type A personality Personality was made up of acquired characteristics, so you could learn new ones, learn how to change. But inherited Gamma traits? It sounded like a death sentence from which there was no appeal.

"This theory scares people a little." Betz says "because it seems as if you have a face. And I believe you do—to a certain extent."

Discuss as fate

Well, one doctor, respected in the community of new-medicine advocates and influential in Government circles, says

One of the things some people in the held talk about when they let their har down—never for attribution but when they're with friends; one of the odd questions that keeps coming up—speculation only, you understand, just the kind of daydreaming that people do at the end of a hard day, one of the farthest-out possibilities is—and it's not that anyone takes it too seriously, but you know, it's there—is....."

And here he takes a breath and the plunge

"Is how much of disease and health is karma."

Karme?

Wages we must pay for how we lived in previous lives.

Whether disease is something we do to ourselves, generic inheritance or karmic judgment, everyone apparently has some completity in the state of his or her health, from the ghost of pain to the ghoul of cancer. And it may be useful to examine these two conditions in some detail to get a sense of how the new medicine understands them

"Pam," says Dr. David E Bresler the director of the UGLA Pam Control Unit,



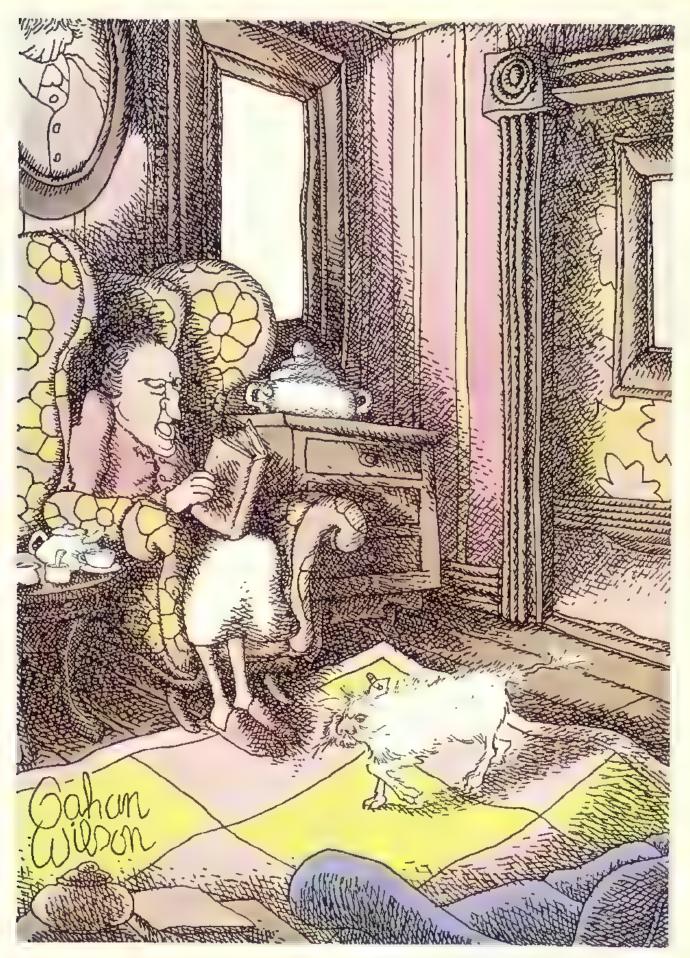
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"You've been to one of those punk-rock places again, haven't you?"

"is the most common, expensive and disabling disorder in the United States today.

And what is pain?

Attitude-to a great degree, "We know the football player who breaks his arm in a game is getting a lot of sensations into his spinal cord and brain," says Bresler "Why doesn't he call it painfal? When you hypnotize a patient, take a scalpel and make an incision, there are some strong signals coming up the neuraxis. Why is that not painful to that patient? What's going on? Obviously, the mind and the body interact to suppress the expérience of pain. How? Or take two patients with osteoarthritis, the same degree of physical degeneration involved. One patient is in agony, can't sleep, cat, hold a pencil. He goes around clutching his hand in genuine, agonizing discomfort. The other patient says, 'Yeah, my hand feels a little stiff. It's achy But I write as best I can with it. I still work, do other things. It doesn't bother me that much."

"Why? You can count on the endorphins as an intermediary to explain how this happens, but what is that second patient doing to produce the endorphins? I think it has to do unconsciously with that patient's belief system, his expectations, self-image, basically a whole varicty of psychological strategies he isn't even aware he is using. The first patient may see himself as a hopeless, helpless vicum of an incurable, horrifying, painful disorder. The second patient may see himself as somewhat slowed down by a little arthratis in his hands, but he's sure not going to let that stop him. It's helpful to distinguish two aspects of all this. When you have a physical injury or a disease like osteoarthritis, it's sending cleatrical messages through your nervous system. Those messages in themselves are not painful; they're strong, urgent signals, but it's how your nervous system interprets them that determines whether they are painful or not. That's the component called suffering."

Pain is an energy monster; we give it the power to hart us. And we can take that power away-depending on how we choose to view ourselves. All pain is real, but you can change your reality.

"Yogis can walk on hot coals." says Bresler, 'Hypnosis can be used as an anesthetic in surgery "

Norman Cousins can laugh himself

"Almost always," says Bresler, "people who have chronic pain are also depressed It's not just their lower back that hurts: their life hurts, and they have placed that hurt in their lower back."

To get rid of pain, all you have to do is change your mind. As a way of regainmg health, changing your mind (which, of course, includes changing your behavior) works most dramatically with 216 terminal-cancer patients. Strong hints that cancer was associated with particular personality traits were dropped throughout the Fifties and Sixties. Serious studies by various researchers were published in 1952, 1954, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1961 and 1967. Those studies, like the trail of bread crumbs left by Hansel and Gretel, all led out of the woods into the same clearing. The cancer-prone personality tends to have had an unhappy childhood that included either loss (through death or divorce) or estrangement (because parents were always fighting or any number of other reasons) of a parent or parents; as a result, the cancerprone personality develops into a lonely, anxious, hopeless and self-hating adult, who, to achieve the love he or she missed as a child, strives too hard to please others. Typically, the cancer prone personality, upon getting some positive feedback from the world-through success in a job or love from a mate or child, say-tends to make the source of that feedback all important, So if the circuit is broken (by a job loss, retirement, death of or rejection by the loved one), the cancer prone personality relapses into the lonely, anxious, hopeless, self-hating child he or she had been. And the despair and bitterness-locked up inside, unexpressed, transformed into cancer-begins to cat away at the patient.

Despite the similarity of results in those Fifties and Sixties studies, no significant program of treatment based on such findings was initiated until 1974, when O. Carl Simonton and Stephanic Matthews Simonton of the Canter Counseling and Research Center of Fort Worth, Texas, started using therapy designed to treat not just the disease but the whole person

'As a new oncologist in training, I observed that I could give two patients with the same diagnosis and similar back grounds the same treatment and get widely divergent results." says Carl Simonton, "And I was curious, I was more than curious. I was hungry to know."

Sitting in his office in an eight story building that looks as if it were made out of Lego bricks, Smionton leans for ward conspiratorially. Here I was," be says, "in the position of being response ble for telling people how they would respond to treatment, and I knew that I couldn't predict. So I started to ask them why they thought they responded as they did. What I heard from them had to do with attitude, goals in life and some relatively hitangible things that lumped together made a lot of folksy sense?"

Folksy sense? Asking the patients what they thought and taking it scriously? This was unconventional treatment, indeed-except it seemed to be ascful

"I was able to piece togetaer what I Icarned? Sunonton says, "and develop something that could help patients help themselves improve their chances of getting well. Overcoming medically incur-

able cancer is a very big task. It's doing the impossible."

An obvious statement—though he means it in a less than obvious way. What was impossible was not just reversing the course of a terminal disease, it was reversing the attitudes that may have generated the disease.

"You run up against the patients' belief in their own limitations," says Simon ton, "all the ways they put themselves down. All those things have to be dealt with if the patients are going to consciously participate in regaining their health '

More odd talk. The patient helping to cure him- or herself, not merely going to a doctor to buy health the way we've gotten used to dealing with doctors they give us health. But for the patient to consciously participate . . . ?

"I don't know if it's possible to systematically teach patients how to consciously participate in regaining their health," Simonton says, "I do know that some people with medically incurable cancer we work with do get better."

Although there's no hard data, some revealing estimates can be made. In general, fewer than five percent of cancer patients get dramatically better. Simonton and his wife have bad results about twice as good with the 240 cancer patients they have treated. Not a bad record, "Their cancers went away quickly," he says. The patients regained health and returned to active lives '

Even those who experienced no such dramatic cures often lived longer than the ypical terminal cancer patient, "The median survival time of the patients whom we have worked with should have been—according to the national average—12 months," says Smonton "Across the board, including all kinds of cancer, the median survival time of our patients has been about twice as leng, two years. The median survival time for people with bowel cancer is 11 months, ours is 24 months, for breast cancer, it's 16 months, ours is 36 months."

Again, not a bad record.

"Usually," he says, "our patients are only ill a relatively short time before they die Someone might have had cancer for 36 months but will be severely ill for only about one month requiring relatively little hospitalization and pain medication. We also try to improve the quality of death. That is, how comfortably the patient dies, how conscious he or she is at the end, how much he or she communicates to the family and in what sorts of messages and how the family is left. In short, we look at the sorts of feelings that surround the patient's death. All this is pretty intangible and there are almost no studies of other patients for us to use for comparisons."

Smonton's best estimate is that nationally, only about 15 percent of cancer



Something so special is meant to be shared.

deatls are what he would call "good quality." But that's as much an informed guess as it is a statistic. He can however, get fairly accurate figures by comparing the patients he worked with before his method was quite as far along as it is now with those he works with today.

'In the past," he says, 'less than 25 percent of the deaths we saw were good quality. Now we have about 50 percent."

The interest in good quality deaths is not as grim a business as it might appear. After all, if you're going to die and, one way or another, we all are—it's octter to have a good death than a bad one.

How has Simonton achieved such remarkable results? He started with the profile of the cancer prone personalitywhich was pretty much the same as that developed in the earlier studies, although in conversation he emphasized as important factors the inability to express emotion (a trait, he quickly added, that is not limited to the cancer-prone; 'a number of other diseases are associated with impaired emotional outlets," he said) and the inability to grieve. He also discussed the usefulness of thinking of cancer as physical metaphor, something other studies and Susan Sontag's book on the subject have implied. For example, women who nurse babies tend to be less susceptible to breast cancer than women who don't Smoonton, sees this as suggesting that breast cancer may be associated with confusion over the sex role, the cancer taking up residence in an area of the body associated with sexual identity According to Simonton. Studies by the World Health Organization have sug gested that changes in incidences of breast cincer occur in cultures that are experiencing changing sex roles." There s also evidence in men that confusion over sex roles can be maintest by cancer of the prostate—a connection that has its own

metaphorical logic. Confused by the changing definition of gender, men and women—in a variation of the tradition of killing the bearer of bad news—seem to be destroying those parts of their bodies that define them as male and female.

"Lung cancer"—which is also increasing—"seems to be associated with intense emotional repression," says Simonton Not being able to breathe because of all those suffocating bottled-up emotions sometimes this metaphorical expression of the disease is, Simonton says, "uncanny, Very clear,"

In a real way, disease is a language our body uses to communicate with us. And this is true not just for cancer. Soon after I started researching this articlewhich involved more work than I had ever done before for a single piece-1 developed excruciating stomach pains. No matter how little I ate, I felt bloated, I was nauscated 24 hours a day. A few days before ending the rescarch T happened to be describing my physical symptoms to one of the doctors I was interviewing and, apparently coincidentally mentioned how much trouble I was having digesting all the material I had been gathering

He smiled

Oh, yes: digesting the material.

My body was telling me in a very graphic way—virtually using a physical pun—just that

In cancer therapy, Simonton and his wife try to correct destructive thinking. I sey don't offer their treatment obstead of traditional incdical therapy, because moving away from medical treatment can be devastating, even though medical treatment may have little to offer." Their work is an adjunct to a traditional medical approach. They take in only patients who are open to their method and motivated to try it. Just as there is a cancer prone personality, there apparently is a personality that seems to be able to

throw off cancer: someone with high ego strength and high self esteem, flexibility of thought, the ability to tolerate stress and what Simonton calls social autonomy (that is, a healthy enjoyment of people coupled with a capacity to be comfortably alone).

Critics accuse Simonton of getting good results because he tries to select only those types of patients, but that very accusation admits that there are certain behavioral traits or personality types that seem to be associated with dramatic cancer cures. Simonton admits one potential flaw in his therapy. Unless patients can be taught such behavior, his method is limited to converting the converted, healing those who might have licated themselves.

"I believe these things can be learned." he says, "because I see people who intitually have relatively few resources for dealing with the disease improving physically as their psychological profile changes."

The work of others in the field suggests Simonton is right. People can transform themselves or be transformed by disease. The threat of death can shock them into making changes they otherwise might never have risked. Pelletter became interested in seven muracle cancer-cure cases that occurred in the San Francisco area and tried to find out if the people involved shared any lifestyle traits. They did.

"Some emphasized one trait over another." he says, but, for the most part, all the traits were present in all of them. One, they all changed their dict: a reduction of red meat, more vegetables. Many of them did this without forethought. They simply were responding to what their bodies were demanding I wo all began to engage in some form of physical activity—not necessarily something strennous like jogging; even walking a good distance every day sufficed. Three, all began a kind of meditation or deep relaxation; prayer or just sitting quietly for 15 minutes a day Four all became religious. Very rarely in an orthodox sense, they had different metaphors. But all believed that there was something higher, bigger or greater than they that helped them. Five, all tended to revise their personal and business lives, so that what they did metmore of their personal needs. They began to look at what gave them pleasure. This was a very big change. Six, all became more community oriented, more involved with friends and associates in a kind of selfless partreach: "

All those traits, like the traits Simonton describes, share what Wallace Ellerbrock, a psychiatrist at Metropo itan State Hospital in Norwalk, California, calls "positive affect."

"Depression is behind all physical and





"OK, now, all together, 'Eeyi, eeyi, oh!" "

mental disease," he says. Ellerproek is a former surgeon who quit his practice and started studying psychiatry when he decided it was more important to change how people thought about the world than to cut them up after they got in trouble for thinking about the world in mappropriate ways. "If you get sick," he says, "it's because you've been thinking screwy."

Diseases. Ellerbrock believes, are behaviors; not things that happen to you but things you do. One doesn't have cancer, one is cuntering. Diseases are misinterpretations of and struggles against the real world.

"When your fantasy of how things ought to be doesn't match your fantasy of how things are," Ellerbrock says, "you get into trouble. If you feel you can do something about it, you get angry; if you feel you can't do anything about it, you get depressed. Both states are responsible for diseases."

What actually happens to us is less important than how we interpret what happens to us, he explains; and it is the interpretation of reality-not reality it self (whatever that is)-that kills or cures us.

"The hardest part for people to be heve" he says, "is that when you think a stupid thought that leads you to itch or have almormal gastric acidity or something like that, the thought is translated into every cell in your body."

What you think is true becomes true, "It's been pretty well shown that asthmain kids is due to the so-called overprotettive mother. There's only one thing wrong with that. You can have a mother who's a dope addict, an alcoholic, who hasn't been home for six months; and here's her kid with asthma. The critical thing is subjective perception. The kid sees his mother as overprotective, even though she's a neglectful bitch."

On the other hand, according to Ellerbrock, useful thinking—"thinking aimed in the direction of reality, nonneurotic thinking, whatever you want to call it"can effect positive changes in the body He cites the case of one woman who had been hollowed out by cancer-her peavis bladder and rectum had been removed until she seemed to be nothing more than a bag of flesh draped over a skeleton that offered shelter not for internal organs but for spreading tumors. She asked to be allowed to die on the shore of a local lake. In those peaceful surroundings, something happened; she jet tisoned her anger and depression, her spirit, like a balloon freed of useless weight, soared, and her tumors started to shrink. She was cined.

"Remember, these are cancer mira cles," says Ellerbrock, "And you can't make a cancer miracle just because you've got cancer. You've got to be dying, far advanced, untreatable."

And you must want to live more than you want the cancer

But doesn't everyone want to live? Who would want cancer? Apparently, some people do want their diseases more than health. "I believe we develop our diseases for honorable reasons." says Simonton "It's our bodies' way of telling us that our needs-not just our bodies' needs but our needs—aren't being met. And the needs that are fulfilled through our illnesses are important needs."

To be noticed. To be cared for. To be loved. More common sense that science is just catching up to.

A woman who gets breast cancer may. for the first time in her life, get attention from her husband affection from her children, even help around the house. She may be given -or, more significantly. give herself-the freedom to express her feelings fully. This does not mean that she is responsible for her illness in a guilty way-and it is crucial for patients to understand that this new approach to medicine is not a court before which they will be condemned. She did not make herself sick. But her sickness is an expression of something more than the activity of a virus, and the problem she faces is to find a less physically compromixing way to express her blocked needs or, better yet, to change the situation in which those needs became blocked in the first place.

Lo do this, Simonton and his wife ask the patient to list five changes that have taken place in his or her life in the past six to 18 months. Some changes are typically more charged with stress than others. According to one scale used by the Simontons-as well as other practi tioners of the new medicine-death of a spouse rates the highest: 100. From there, the scale (the Social Readjustment Rat ing Scale, which was published in 1967 by Dr. Thomas H. Holmes and his coworkers at the University of Washington School of Medicine) descends from the giddy heights of anxiety-divorce, 73. separation, 65; jail term, 63-to the relatively level swamps of apprehensiveness, change in eating habits 15; yaca tion, 15: Christmas, 12: mmor violation of the law 11. One or all of those stressfil events may have been the triggerlike the Abomb that sets off an Hbomb-of the cancer

The Simontons' patients take an extensive battery of and no doubt batter ing from other psychological tests and then over a period of ten days discuss their lives: early life experiences and decisions, the present family structure, its dynamics and lines of communication, the possible triggers of the cancer; the secondary gains provided by the illness, the secondary gains of any themotherapy (when your hair falls out from the medication you're taking, it's a won-

derful reminder to your family that you are sick and they should pay attention to you); and death. During this time, the patient also is taught how to put him- or herself into a meditative state and to imagine the body's own healing system fighting the cancer. A patient can picture anything from white knights slaying dragons to pleasant music dissipating cacophony.

The bizarre thing is that the immune system seems to respond

"Clinicians have observed for years that at times of stress, there may be changes in the immune response," says one of the country's leading immunologists. Dr. Marvin Stein of Mt. Smail Hospital in New York "If you talk to old time physicians for example, you hear about kids who under stress develop herpes, fever blisters. Now herpes viruses are floating around the body all the time. What happens when you develop a fever blister is that the immune system has changed as a result of psychosocial stress. We know this. We've learned in the laboratory that we can modify the immune response by subjecting experimental animals to stress."

Zapping electrical shocks up through the tails of mice is guaranteed to produce very tense mice.

"The old notion that, for example, bacteria or viruses cause illnesses no longer holds water," says Stein, "The host plays just as important a role "

But how? It's not enough to know that certain personalities (Type A's), certain temperaments (Gammas) and people in general under certain conditions (for example, death of a spouse) are more prout to stress, and therefore disease, than others. Nor is it enough to know that diseases get handholds, or footholds, or pseudopodholds, or whatever, in a stressed individual as a result of a suppressed immune system. The big question, the mystery at the root of the other mysteries, is how?

This is the mystery science in the past few years has begun to penetrate—but it is like entering a fun house at an amusement park. 'It all interacts in such simple and complex ways that it leaves us baffled," says Dr. Kennet i Greenspan of Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Like Pelletier, he is remarkable in the field for his depth of knowledge, breadth of vision and common sense. "We don't have a really tight scientific system to explain the things we're beginning to see."

Everything is in flux. And there seem to be a number of ways of approaching the problem. But it seems clear that a principal mechanism linking emotional states to physical responses can be pictuled as an organizational flow chart, which reveals the bureaucracy of the 219

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body. Psychosocial stress leads to depression, anger and despair. Those feelings affect the activity of the limbic system (which seems to be associated with our experience of emotion). The limbic system affects the activity of the hypothala mus (which regulates the autonomic responses such as body temperature and blood pressure). And the hypothalamus affects the immune system directly-and indirectly, by influencing the pituitary gland, which regulates the endocrine system, which in turn controls the balance of hormones in the body, which in their turn also affect the immune system In other words, there are at least two routes to the immune system, one a su perhighway, the other a scenic bypass

The mechanism seems efficient enough, but not particularly reasonable. Why did the hand of God or the blind power of evolution so maladapt us to the world? But we are not maladapted to the world into which mankind first emerged. whether it was Eden or some more Paleolithic paradise. The highways and byways leading to the immune system are simply old footpaths of instinct "Anthropologists say nothing has changed in our gene pool for the past 10,000 to 50 000 years or so," says Dr. Elmer Green, organizer and director of the Voluntary Controls Program at The Menninger Foundation in Topeka, Kansas. "We still have our cave-man bodies. We still respond in our cave-man ways.

"If you're a cave man," he says, "and, while you're sleeping, a bear comes up, you don't want to have to say to yourself, 'Blood-flow increase. Prepare for an emergency' You want it to happen automatically. You don't want to have to think about controlling how much you are sweating so your palm will be sweaty enough for your club to stick to it but not so sweaty that it will slide away. You want that to happen automatically. Thinking about these changes would be too long a process. By the time you got your blood pressure up consciously, the bear would be on top of you."

This system worked wonderfully for our cave ancestors, but now, as Green says: "We don't sleep in caves, and the only be, is we light are on Wall Street. But, even though they are symbols, im aginary bears, the blood pressure still rises and the adrenalme still flows."

A response that was designed to operate for short periods of time, a matter of minutes, today operates too often 24 lours a day. Politically, we see hears in our enemies' camps. Professionally, we find hears snarling in the kneeholes of our desks. Our newspapers are full of reports of hears. Our streets are jammed with maniac hears driving back from their jobs. When we at last reach home, our spouses tell us dreadful tales of hears and we eat dinner with hears prowling around the dining-room table. Even at

night, when we ought to crank up some positive stress by making love, we have to put up with a bear at the foot of the bed, snarling rude remarks about our performance

Our body can't take such stress. Our system overloads and burns out. Our immune response falters. We get sick How can we exile—or at least tame—the bears?

When ancient alchemists tried to change lead into gold, they really were trying to transform their own souls. The lead into-gold experiments they fussed with were externalizations of an internal process. They believed that if they could change a base metal into a noble metal, they, at the same time, through sympathetic magic, would be changing their base spirits into more noble ones.

Like ancient alchemists, the advocates of the new medicine manipulate what is accessible in order to transform what is inaccessible; manipulate attitude, behavior and consciousness in order to change internal physical states. They are trying to tame the bears at long distance. Some of the methods used are traditional: prayer, meditation, yoga postures. Others are newer: hypnotism; the Jacobson relaxation method (a progressive relaxation technique that involves untensing muscles one by one); using mental images; biofeedback; autogenic training (which is biofeedback without a machine). . . . There are dozens of methods, many differing only slightly from the others; the focusing techniques of Dr. Eugene Gendlin of the University of Chicago; the Quieting Response of Dr. Charles Stroebel of the Hartford, Connecticut, Institute of Living: the techniques used to induce the Relaxation Response of Dr. Herb Benson of Harvard. All work.

In working, all raise a final question, one more mystery behind the other mysteries. Do these relaxation techniques work by virtue of omission or commission? Do they work because they reduce stress or are they active forces that promote health? The question is tricky, because it seems to be asking, for example, if the inside of a bowl is concave because the outside is convex. It's possible the answer lies only in the potter's hands

But there are some hints that a joyful, hopeful, positive attitude promotes healing, not just because it relieves stress but because it also activates some dynamit healing processes within the body. Processes, not process. There may be more than one Benson at Harvard believes that the Relaxation Response is not just the absence of stress but a distinctive healing physiological state. Schwartz at Yale believes that there is yet another distinctive physiological state associated with not relaxation but joy; he calls it

the psychobiology of happiness. Green at The Menninger Foundation believes that by entering profoundly relaxed states, one can have extraordinary control over the body-from preventing infection to even making scars vanish ultimately to be replaced by smooth skin. Dr. Robert O. Becker at the State University of New York Upstate Medical Center Veterans' Hospital in Syracuse has experimental evidence that electrical currents can cause rats' amputated limbs to partially regenerate-although theorengally they could completely grow back. The implications are staggering. If we could learn through biofeedback techniques to produce those electrical currents within ourselves from the electrical impulses along our nervous system, then, for instance, we would not need heart transplants. We could simply grow the needed new rissue in our own brarts.

These are the outer limits of current research, unfamiliar and somewhat uncanny precincts of science; and yet, by using our map-stress-depression-limbic system hypothalamus, etc -we can find our way home. But there is one uncharted area that has been staked out by advocates of the new medicine. It appears on no map. Not yet To reach it, we must make a leap beyond our own skin. There is some evidence that healing can be effected at a distance, that I can heal you and you can heal me. In charismatic religions, it is called the laying on

Dr. Robert L. Swearingen, director of the Colorado Health Institute, has evidence that when he uses what he calls a loving approach-which involves relaxing and touching-his patients need half the average amount of painkiller and may exhibit an increased rate of healing, And Dr. Dolores Kriger of New York University has evidence that when she uses what she calls Therapeutic Touch-a technique that is similar to Swearingen's and that is today taught in 38 universities in the U.S. and Canadaher patients experience significant rises in hemoglobin levels. "We know that there is electrical conductivity through the nervous system," Krieger says, "And we know that there has to be a field to carry that conductivity."

She suspects that the healing process works through the interaction of the therapist's electrical field. Patients don't even have to know that their practitioner is using Therapeutic Touch-and, if they don't know, its results cannot be due to any placebo effect. Perhaps we all do wander around with auras and by treating our auras, we can treat our Arsonalere.

"I think that health is not an end product but a by product," says Swearingen. "I think that if somebody constrongly evolves—if a person becomes aware of the factors that are important to him as he goes on his journey that is life, however you want to say it, and if he pays attention to those factors—then health is just a by-product."

Now we have truly strayed from the hospital and gotten lost in the forest beyond the grounds. But that is to be expected if you go searching for the answers to mysteries. You can't pioneer using an old map. When the old map no longer reflects reality, you must explore new terrain, taking notes as you go along. None of the advocates of the new medicine-and they range from the cautious like Stem to the metaphysical like Swearingen-wants to overthrow modern Western medicine, but all want to include within the practice of that medicine new theories and techniques. Whether or not they will be successful is moot. The forces of tradition and selfinterest are arrayed against them. Even in a fairly obvious area like delivery of health care, the odds against the new medicine are formidable. After all, if stress does contribute to disease. Norman-Cousins is right to say that hospitals are the last places in which to be yick, since they are stressful environments. And to take on the hospitals is to take on a multibillion dollar-a year industry-even without tackling the insurance companies that often pay benefits only if the patient is hospitalized

Still, there are hopeful signs. The Government seems increasingly interested in the new medicine in fact, the Surgeon General's 1979 report was virtually a mandate to develop the kind of alternative and preventive techniques that most of the doctors involved in the new medicine advocate. The high cost and often ineffectiveness of traditional medicine have turned more and more patents away from orthodox doctors and therapies. And more and more doctors are letting themselves be seduced by the raw excitement of the new field

"What's thrilling," says Greenspan, "Isthat everything seems to be coming together. Medicine seems to be getting closer to modern physics. In disease, there's a breakdown of organization. Disease is entropic. In health, there is a new level of complexity. Health is antientropic."

Disease, then, is a process of running down and coming apart; health is a process of energizing and coming together. When your body, mind and spirit are not in harmony, you become sick: when they are in harmony you are well.

"The bottom line," says Pelletier, "is that you are healthy when you are most yourself. There is no prescription for health other than that: Do anything that gives you a sense of enthusiasm and joy-and be yourself "

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YEAR IN MUSIC CONTAIN LONDING

"The goose that had produced gold and platinum nest eggs so steadily had suddenly disappeared."

stores with plastic in the closing weeks of 1978 plastic that some came drift bling back to them in the odrous form of "returns," In the first months of 1979. saies continued to be negligible, with m dustry people blaning a host of falliputian formentors such as bad weather the gas shortage and a ten-day truckers' strike. Retailers complained about the fatful flow of records from the major companies and the absence of what the trade calls superstar product.

In the meantime, expenses were using, as OPEC jacked up the price of oil, forcing linkes in the cost of polyvinyl chloride and polystyrene-the raw materrals for LPs and 45s, respectively. A paper shortage made it more expensive

to get record covers printed. Small to a panies found it harder to get bank loais and harder yet to pay them back. The high cost of fuel, and its relative scarcity. made life hellish for groups on the road. Studios and pressing plants jacked up their rates. Most critically, people were not going to concerts or buying records in any significant numbers, and the companies were starting to wonder if the Grease and Saturday Night Frees albums hadn't been the business equivalents of comets that flash by once in a generation. When the figures for the first quarter of the financial year were talhed, all the biggies were hurting. CBSwhich in the opinion of some industry people had needlessly burdened itself



"How can you be so aggressive just on Perrier?"

by paying several huge advancesshowed a 17 percent drop in income, despite an 11 percent gain in revenues Werners was down six percent, RCA reported substantial losses. MCA, another heavyweight with oversized muscles, lost St., 9.040 or the litst six months of the year - a diderent story from 1978, when as polit over the same period was 85 (17,000) The realistry, as Pickwick's Chirck 5m th said was afflicted with a general mood of gloom," Executives debated one another in the pages of Bill. boord with Arista's Clive Davis bravely in antaring that the slimp had been caused by the incompetence of his colleagues shipping records that hada't been sold promoning records that hadn't been on paying artists huge sums in expectation of great deliveries-rather than the fickleness of the public or any dearth of creativity. The distemper of the times was dironkled by the mounting lawsuits, not only between artists and retord companies but also among record comp nies, retailers, concert promoters, radio stations and licensing or gamiz tions. It seemed as if the goose that had produced gold and platerium nest eggs so steadily over a 15-year period had suddenly disappeared and all the other denizeas of the barayard, with goose feathers protruding from their teeth were standing around accusing one another of fool pay a wonderal sight for autiestablishment cynics.

But the goose hadn't died, any more than the duck in Peter and the It off: if you listened closely you could still hear it honking somewhere. For the record companies were struggling to right themselves. Huge mergers took place in the silent sea of corporate invisibility as MGA bought out ABC, RCA took over ASAI's distribution. Arista was sold to Germany's Ariola Eurodisc and Unit ed Artists to England's E.M., Phonogram and Polydor combined sales forces. As the companies whittled away at oudgets and payrolls, the familiar self-congramlatory ads stopped gracing the pages of the trade papers-or the billboards over Hollywood's Sunset Strip Promo records, not to mention the traditional champogue, balloons and Tshins, stopped for ing. Heads rolled at CBS, RGA, MCA, Casablanca, Motown, Elektra Asylium and ABC; suddenly, there were more than 600 bright young record company people heating the sidewalks in search of jobs. The howls and screams of the wounded found a forum in People, which gleefully detailed the tribulations of the rock group America, forced to relinquish its private jet; of Journey, forced to drink Bud instead of Hemicken; of Rod Stewart, whose record company refused to promo a concert tour with the usual \$10,000 party; of Maria Mudaur, who was taken off the road by her company

Poor babies. They were just learning,

the hard way, what they should have known all along-that "artists" are not the guiding lights of the music industry but, rather, its chattel. MCA's Al Bergamo complained in August that "The animals are in charge of the 200; we've got to get them back in their cages." By the fall of the year, CBS Records Division president Bruce Lundvall could announce to a convention of radio programers that the record business was "on the road to recovery"—and, at the same time, joke that an accountant's eyeshade would make an appropriate new logo for his company (some of his former employees and recording artists might have suggested a scythe). Record sales were up again, as long-delayed new albums by Dylan, Fleetwood Mac, Cheap Trick, Led Zeppelin. Boz Scaggs, Bruce Springsteen, the Eagles and Punk Floyd finally made their appearance. Mean-while, a score of new acts had climbed aboard the charts, a situation that boded well for the industry, espetially since many of the acts were New Wave rocksters whose records had been produced on comparative shoestrings: The Knack, for example, cut its LP at a minuscule \$18,000, but it went gold in 13 days. And not only was the New Wave really making a dent in the market place—after several years of talking about it-but special interest varieties of music, such as classical, jazz, blues, Gos pel and the purer strains of country-and western, had also prospered during the "slump"; many of the same companies that had just cut back on their opera tions were launching new labels in an attempt to diversify their income by exploiting those bitherto neglected fields. Execs were now referring to the setbacks of early 1979 as "a necessary shaking out" and predicting that the industry would be stronger as a result. The consensus was that they were entering a period of relatively modest but firmly based growth. And why not? The mergers had made the monoliths more monolithic, the slump in mainstream pop/ rock had helped them realize there were bucks to be made elsewhere and their new emphasis on controlling their expenditures made them, at least theoretically, more capable than ever of implementing their corporational dreams of maximum profit and constant growth. In the world of show business, where everything is done with morrors, it had taken a recession that was something of an illusion itself to cure everyone of the old illusion that he didn't have to care about the price of gasoline.

Jet fuel, however, didn't seem to be as much of a problem. Not only was the industry dominated by multination al companies such as CBS, Polygram, WEA, RCA and EMI, and fighting international problems such as piracy, bootlegging, counterfeiting and home



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taping—have you nonced the price of blank tape going up yet?-but the artists themselves kept crisscrossing the globe, as Sweden's Abba toured America and B. B. King, followed by Elton John, toured Russia. The Boston Symphony Orclestra toured Communist Chinabusy expanding its own recording facilities-and then, upon its return to Boston, cut an album with two Cimese soloists. Frank Zappa went to Vienna, not for psychoanalysis but to have several orchestral works premiered by the Vienna Symphony Pink Lady, with Kiss in the Dark, became the first Japanese act to bit the U.S. charts since 1963 (re member Kyu Sakamoto and Sukiyaki?), while Rita Coolidge went to Tokyo to cop first prize in Japan's international singing contest. Billy Joel, Kris and Rita, Weather Report and other CBS superstars spent three days in Cuba for the company's Havana Jam, otherwise known as the "Bay of Gigs"; the Cuban group Irakere, now a CBS act, traveled north to wow critics in the States.

America was also laid waste by a new generation of British rock acts, including Joe Jackson and The Clash and The Police. A sign of the times-and proof that the international teenage conspiracy still packed enough revolutionary punch to turn an occasional duck-tailed country squire into a millionaire—was the success of Firgin, a fair magazine whose owners started selling records by mail order. They now own a chain of retail stores, their own 600-seat theater in London and their own Virgin island, on which they were last seen

building a studio.

In circling the globe, of course, one always takes the chance of running into cranky rengious leaders such as Iran's Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, who banned music altogether, claiming it stupefies people listening to it and makes their brains mactive and frivolous." Pope John Paul II didn't seem to share the Ayatollah's viewpoint; in fact, he became a recording star, as Infinity Records pressed 1,000,000 copies of Popi John Paul II Sings at the Festival of sucrosong, an album recorded the previous June in Kraków. Meanwhile religious music was in what they call a growth mode all over America, with record sales, air play and concerts upthis, while the secular labels were losing money, Billhoard speculated on the psychology of people turning to religion when times get bad but admitted that Gospel music was also getting the benefit of sophisticated marketing and produc tion, not to mention friends in high places. Pat Boone, for instance, owns Lamb and Lion Records, which released Dan Peek's All Things Are Possible, the first "Christian" song on a "Christian" label ever to hit Billboard's pop chart MCA launched a religious label, with

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California's Lieutenant Governor Mike Curb at its helm, proving that under the right circumstances, music, politics, religion and business can all lie down together. Warners also moved into the Gospel field, signing the highly regard ed Andrae Crouch, L.A. got its first Gospel-entertainment supper club, The Fisherman Little Richard was spotted back on the Gospel trail, preaching agrinst rock music, drugs and homosex uality. There were rumors that Bob Dylan was going to become a Christian, that he had become a Christian-that he had, in fact, become one in Pat Boone's swimming pool. In Nashville, construction began on Gospel Land, U.S.A., a park and museum that would eventually display sculptures of 100 "distinguished Gospel indiciduals." Tupelo, Mississippi got the Elvis Presley Memorial Chapel, unveiled on the second anniversary of the singer's death (the doctrine of transubstantiation also got a boost as the spirit of Elvis became the spirits of Always Elvis Frontenac Blanc d' Oro, a four-dollar wine marketed by Colonel Tom Parker, his manager, for whom death has been no impediment to profit)

The growing involvement of rock with world affairs—a function of agingle-was dramatized when the Bee Gees topped an all-star cast including Donna Summer, Rita Coolidge, Olivia Newton John, John Denver, Abba and Andy Gibb in a benefit concert for UNICEF. The United Nations later asked the Beatles to do another benefit; at pressume, they were still trying to talk Lennon into it. Jackson Browne, Joan Baez, Gil Scott Heron and others drew 18,000 to the Hollywood Bowl for Survival Sunday II, a concert aimed at stopping the opening of a 1.4-billiondollar nuclear power plant at California's Diablo Canyon. Opposition to nuclear power also motivated the 300,000 people who flocked to Madison Square Garden in September to see Browne, Bruce Springsteen, James Taylor, Carly Sumon, Peter Tosh and others perform in the biggest benefit since George Harrison's concert for Bangla desh in 1971. Party politics and rock intersected when California governor Jerry Brown took Linda Ronstadt on a ten day tour of Africa and when Eagles guitarist Joe Walsh ran for President on a platform of free gas for everyone

The delusions of grandeur and the problems of overexpansion that plagued the music biz as a whole were concentrated in the hermetic world of disco. Early in the year, radio stations scrambled to adopt disco formats; later on, as disco stood accused of "spotty performance" in the Arbitron ratings radio sequivalent of the Nielsens—the stations were just as eager to drop it. Meanwhile, disco representation on the lists of best selling albums had plummeted (16 percent in three months, according to Cash

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Box). All the enemies of the genre came out of the closet, as record-company execs started complaining—in The Wall Street Journal, among other placesabout the expenditures needed to produce disco hits by artists who couldn't last. Promoters complained that disco, a producer's medium, simply had no stars once you got past Donna Summer, Chic and the Village People. The Black Music Association charged that disco, while based on the traditional dance beat of thythm-and-blues, had failed to create wider opportunities for black artists, who were being forced into disco styles by the record companies (some of which were reportedly considering segregation of their disco branches into "black" and "white" disco) and were increasingly underrepresented on the charts, despite the disco-inflected comebacks of a few artists such as Gene Chandler, Edwin Starr and Peaches & Herb, It was claimed that disco was driving other forms of black music off the radio and that the discos had taken the place of clubs that used to present live jazz, blues or soul music. Latin-record producers blamed their shrinking sales on the encroachment of disco. Furthermore, Billboard reported that doctors were treating everincreasing numbers of disco patrons for

hearing loss caused by the high-decibel sounds; that plastic surgeons were doing an increasing amount of bridgework on the damaged noses of people who'd been snorting coke in the discos; and that an increasing number of podiatrists were expressing concern about the long-range damage done to the feet of women who insisted on boogicing on stiletto heels.

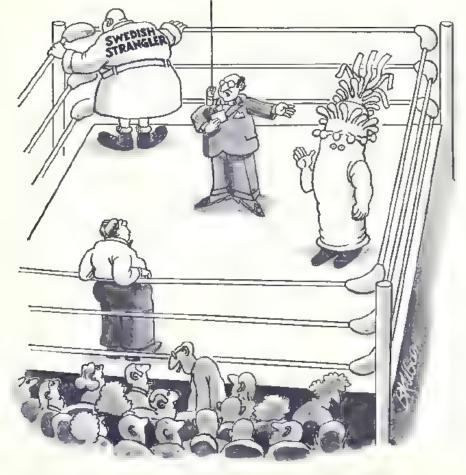
In June, sociologist Dr. John Parikhal told a conference of disco station managers that rock is aimed at young men who are fearful of sex and that its violent rhythms reflect their frustration; disco, with its smoother rhythms-to which women could relate much better, Dr. Parikhal asserted-could expect a rough backlash from the fans of rock. It came a month later in Chicago, the macho capital of the Midwest, as local rock deejay Steve Dahl drew 70,000 would-be members of his "disco destruction army" to watch him blow up disco records in Comiskey Park; the 50,000 who gained admittance chanted, "Disco sucks,' set bonfires and otherwise effed around until White Sox owner Bill Veeck was forced to cancel the second game of a double-header. Meanwhile, a Chicago rock bar was selling T-shirts with the legend DEATH TO THE BEE CEES. They'd already gotten the message in

far-off Rhodesia, which banned disco on its radio stations. Said Harvey Ward, former director general of Rhodesian Broadcasting, "It's what the Watusi do to whip up a war, What I've seen in the discos is just what I've seen in the bush. It turns a group into a malleable mob."

And there were those who thought disco could self-destruct without help from its enemies, as its rhythmic impetus petered out in such disparate (and possibly desperate) oddities as Bobby Vinton's disco version of *Pennsylvania Polka* and a record released in Canada by CBS. You'll Like the Whip, that featured the sounds of cracking leather followed by those of orgasm

On the other hand, maybe Vintou's record signaled that disco had achieved such a level of squareness that its longevity was assured; after all, Fthel Merman Helen Reddy, Andy Williams, Barbra Streisand and Count Basie also cut disco records in 1979. So did Rod Stewart-and Do Ya Think I'm Sexy? quickly went platinum. Disco deejays were recruited for jobs by record companies and radio stations. New York's Cotton Club and Stork Club both went disco. So did the grand ballroom at Knott's Berry Farm in California, Several disco musicals hit Broadway or were Broadway bound, including the horrific Phantom of the Disco. Disco roller rinks proliferated all over the States, reviving a tradition of skating to music that went back to the 1870s. Houston came up with the first disco in a record store. There were new developments in gadgetry, including liquid dance floors \$100-a-pair shoes with lights that flashed in time to a dancer's movements and, in San Juan, the first freestanding, completely prefabricated disco-a fiberglass dome that took three years to make. In Europe, Belgian Railways introduced the first discoson rails, for the winter-sports tourists

It would be a mistake, of course, to assume that all forms of black or black inspired music other than disco were suffering. Blues made something of a comeback, thanks to the comic antics of John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, the promotional zeal of Chicago's Alligator Records and the reawakened interest of black disc jockeys. A growing young audience for jazz-composed largely of music students and would-be performers-purchased the offerings of an increasing number of independent record labels and supported a growing number of festivals, including the two-day Playboy Jazz Festival that packed the Hollywood Bowl in June (highlights included Joni Mitchell's tribute to the late Charles Mingus and a reunion of former Mingus sidemen). Such major companies as Motown and MCA started new jazz labels and Jazz Alive! continued to be the most popular show on National



"And in this corner"

Really tying one on.

Getting s___ faced.

Having one more for the road,

Becoming polluted.

Drinking someone under the table.

Being plastered.

Bragging about the size of your hangover.

Going out and getting looped:

IF YOUR IDEA OF A GOOD TIME IS LISTED ON THIS PAGE, YOU OUGHT TO HAVE YOUR HEAD EXAMINED.

With the possible exception of sex, no single subject generates as many foolish tales of prowess as the consumption of alcoholic beverages.

But there is a basic difference between the two subjects. Excelling at the former can be highly productive. Excelling at the latter, very destructive.

We, the people who make and sell distilled spirits, urge you to use our products with common sense. If you choose to drink, drink responsibly.

Then the next time someone tells you how lousy he feels because he had "one too many," you can tell him how great you feel because you had "one too few."

That's having a good time.

IT'S PEOPLE WHO GIVE DRINKING A BAD NAME.

Distilled Spirits Council of the U.S. (DISCUS) 1300 Pennsylvama Building, Washington, D.C. 20004 Public Radio, which also introduced a new program featuring planist Marian McPartland in a series of duets and interviews with fellow planists.

I here were rumblings of discontent in the world of commercial black music. however, as the Black Music Association and Atlanta's Reverend Hosea Williams. afraid that black concert promoters were being driven into extinction, put pressure on major black acts that were doing business exclusively with white promoters. Certainly, there was mucho business to be done-Mighty Three Music, the publishing arm of Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff and Thom Bell, was running 30 percent ahead of 1978, when it was tops in the soul field and number eight over all—and the record companies were taking notice, as RSO, MCA, Elektra/ Asylum and EMI got funkified.

Business was consistently bullish in Nashville-even when CBS over-all records operation was struggling, its Nashville division was running 181 percent ahead of projections for the year. The number of stations playing country music, nationally and internationally, increased 25 percent. The Grand Ole Opry broadcast live on public relevision and the success of country crossover artists, rather than having a repressive effect, seemed to pave the way for a resurgence of traditional country music, represented on the charts by Hank Lhompson Hank Snow, Eddy Arnold and Ernest Tubb, among others. Hank Williams, Jr., switched record labels, started singing about his daddy and became something of a legend himself. In 1979, country even went Hollywood, where a spate of big-hudget films were either released or in the works-films such as Coal Miner's Daughter, Urban Cowboy, Middle-Aged Crazy, The Coregirl and the Dondy, Red Headed Stranger, Take This Job and Shove II that starred country singers, were about country singers or were based on country andwestern songs. The trend went along with the movies' ongoing glorification of rock via such pacans to adolescence as Americathon The Warriors and Rock 'n' Roll High School

Speaking of The Warriors, the year had its share of violence and had karma-Disco singer Grace Jones was robbed in her Manhattan penthouse by a gunman who claimed to be a fan. Record producer Jack Nitzsche, who had worked with Neil Young and The Rolling Stones, was busted for allegeely raping actress Carrie Snodgress with a gun barrel. Punk rocker Elvis Costello distinguished himself while touring the U.S. by giving his St. Louis sponsor an onstage insult and by getting his glasses knocked off by Bonnie Bramleu in Columbus, Ohio Lou Reed scuffled with David Bowie, his soon to-be producer, in 228 a London restaurant. John Denver's

neighbors, charging hypocrisy, demonstrated against his reported installation of a 4000-gallon gas tank at his home outside Aspen and his declared intention to sink three 2000-gallon tanks into the ground at his nearby ranch. The city of Burbank banned a series of rock concerts that it feared would draw crowds of "homosexuals, antinuclear demonstrators and dopers." Dark clouds continued to follow The Rolling Stones, as a 17year-old boy who had been living in the South Salem, New York, home of Keith Richards and Anita Pallenberg shot lumself to death in their bedroom. a reported victim of Russian roulette. And how about The Who? A mob of its fans rushed to claim seats at a concert in Cincinnati in early December, and 11 were trampled to death

Death took no holiday-does it ever?as Minnie Riperton died of cancer at the age of 31 and Van McCoy of a heart attack at 38. Donny Hathaway was 33. when he fell from a New York hotelroom window. Lowell George died of an accidental drug overdose at 34, shortly alter leaving Little Feat and starting a solo career Former Wings guitarist Junmy McColloch was found dead in his London apartment at 26. The casualties in jazz were a bit older, and distressingly numerous. Trumpeter Blue Machell died of cancer at 49; guitarist Grant Green and bandleader Don Ellis had latal heart attacks at 48 and 44, respectively Trombonist Frank Rosolino was 52 when he shot himself to death and vocalist Eddie Jefferson was 61 when shot to death, in Detroit, by parties un known A pair of giants were lost when Stan Kenton, 67, fell victim to a stroke and Charles Mingus, at 56, died of a heart attack in Mexico, where he had gone to seek treatment for amyotrophic lateral sclerosis. Classical music lost a popularizer in Arthur Fiedler, who died at 84 after selling 50 000 000 records in his long career as conductor of the Boston Pops, and a propagator in pumist/ teacher Nadia Boulanger, who died in Paris at 99° country music (bluegriss, too) lost a pioneer when guitarist Lester Flatt died in Nashville at 64

The survivors continued to live within easy reach of their barristers. Dylan was sued for delamation of character by Patty Valentine, a witness in the Hurricane Carter case. Penny McCall, who had been Peter Frampton's girlfriend until they busted up in the summer of 1978, sued him for half his assets. Ike Turner sued Fantasy Records for holding up the release of two albums, including the last one he'd made with 1 ma. and Porter Wagoner sued Dolly Parton, his former partner, alleging breach of contract and asking for \$3,000,000. Midsong International Records sued John Travolta for \$1,000,000, claiming he bailed out of some contract options.

Mike Maitland sought \$14,000,000 in damages from MCA after he had been ousted as its president. Todd Rundgren sued the British musicians' union over what he called "restrictive strangle holds" on the rights of visiting musicians to play and broadcast. Rod Stewart had a writ issued in London to prevent the British branch of Warner Bros. from raising the price of an album. Bruce Springsteen and CBS sought \$2,000,000 from an alleged California bootlegger Helen Reddy sued to get away from Capitol, claiming breach of contractfor which she asked \$1,793,000. Donald Byrd and the Blackbyrds sued each other, with the trumpeter asking \$250,000 in damages and the group looking for \$3,000,000 Rock singer Tom Petty filed bankruptcy papers; so did CT1 Records. Phonogram sued Arista to stop release of material by the Ohio Players. Ted Nugent and Pink Floyd sought \$1,000,000 in punitive damages from a trio of Chicago concert promoters who, they said, skimmed off the ticket receipts Woolfsongs Ltd wanted \$100,000 in exemplary damages from 20th Century Fox over royalties it claimed were due Alan Parsons, Nick Mathe, fired as Rick ie Lee Jones's manager, sued her for 15 percent of her earnings over a two-year period. Arif Mardin wanted \$1,000,000 in damages from RSO after it used the studio version of Iwe Talkin', which he produced, in Saturday Aight Fever. The Government filed criminal charges against four radio stations in Maine for playing copyrighted music without a because; ASCAP and BMI both sued people for allegedly operating jukeboxes without a license. CB5, seeking a "better deal" from the licensing compames, sued ASCAP and BMI, claiming their policies of blanker licensing amounted to price fixing (the Supreme Court felt otherwise), and a group of Christian stations also sued to get around blanket licensing, claiming it forced them to support authors of immoral songs.

A great deal of litigation centered on the Beatles. Apple Corps sued to stop further performances of Beatlemenia. the successful Broadway show, and to stop a proposed Beatles movie and TV series: Apple asked for \$60,000,000 in total damages. It also sued Capitol and TMI for \$16,050,000 in damages, claim ing the Beatles had been shortchanged by those companies. Former Beatles man ager Allen Klein paid half a million for the rights to He's So Fine in hope of collecting damages that might result from a suit against George Harrison, who had been found guilty of plagrariz ing the song in his 1970 hit My Sweet Lord. Meanwhile, Klein was appealing a \$5000 fine and two mouths in prison for filing false income-tax returns in 1970 Later in the year, the comebacking Sly

TV BUILT WITH THE STATE OF THE ART TOUCH.... COMPU-MATIC II TOUCH TUNING AND MORE.

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sharp, natural color. Audio Spectrum Sound™ with multiple speakers instead of one, for dramatic presence and realism

Then we added the same mastertouches to our Mediterranean, Early American, and Country Contemporary cabinetry...

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A pocket professor. Information Processor with interchangeable Memory. Capsules...

Quasar Company, Franklin Park, Minols, 80130

Some was also accused of income tax evasion. And just to keep rock from getting too respectable. Chuck Berry was busted for tax evasion just after he performed for President Cauter at the White House. Proving that who e a new decade may have been upon us, it was the same old story for prophets who insisted on Lying at home.

And now, here's how the year looked to you. The results of your voting

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

BEST RHYTHM AND BLUES LP: Briefcose Full of Blues / Blues Brothers (Atlantic). Double-platinum proof that maybe blues boys John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd tan sing the whites. Don't forget what Jake advised on the album. "Buy all the blues records you can!"

BEST POP ROCK LP Breakfost in America / Supertromp (A & M). This successfully different blend of art rock and slick poportion bound together by a wiggly vix that sounds like a water snake at play has taken Supertrump from the wings to stadium center stage.

BEST JAZZ LP Rickie Lee Jones (Womer Bres.) Chuck E s in love, and so were you with this new back street-jazz voice, which sounds like Tom Waits with a melody and vocal cords.

SEAT COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN TP. The Gambler / Kenny Rogers (United Artists) From Iofkie to first ecition to this one Kenny Rogers has shown he knows when to hold 'em and knows when to Iofd em.

BEST RHATHM-AND BLUTS LP

- Briefcase Full of Blues / Blues Brothers (Atlantic)
- 2. Bud Girls / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
- I. Am , Earth, Wind & Fire (Columbia)
- Midnight Migic / Commodores (Motown)
- Linn' Insule Your Love / George Bettson (Warner Bros.)
- Lave and More / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
- 7. We Are Family / Sister Stedge (Cotilaion)
- 8. Journey Through the Secret Life of Plants / Stevie Wonder (Lamfa)
- 9. Earth, Wind & Fire (Warner Bros.)
- 10. Ruchie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.)
- Off the Wall | Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 2 Hot (!!) / Peaches & Herb (Polydor)
- The Boss / Diana Ross (Motown).
- On the Radio (Greatest Hits) / Donna Summer (Casablanca)
- Bubylon by Bus / Bob Marley & the Wailers (Island)
- Songs in the Key of Life / Stevie Wonder (Tamla)
- 17 Take It Home B. B. King (MCA)
- 18 C'est Chic Gue (Allantie)
- Teddy (Teddy Pendergrass (Philadelphia International)
- 20 Disco Nights | GQ (Arista)
- 20 Mmute by Minute, The Doobie Broil ers (Warner Bros.)



"Let this be a lesson to you. Crime simply does not pay for women, yet."

BEST POP ROCK LP

- 1. Breakfast in America / Supertramp (A & M)
- 2. In Through the Out Door Led Zeppelin (Swan Song)
- 3. Minute by Minute / The Doobig Brothers (Warner Bros.)
- 4. The Long Run / Eagles (Asylum)
- 5. Rust Vever Sleeps, Neil Young & Grazy Horse (Reprise)
 6. Tuck / Identifyond Mar. AV 2000
- Tusk / Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros.)
- 7. Candy O . The Cars (Elektra)
- 8. Get the Knack The Knack (Capitol)
- 9 52nd Street Billy Joel (Columbia)
- Slow Train Coming / Bob Dylan (Columbia)
- Bud Girly / Donita Summer (Casablanca)
- 12. Parallel Lines / Blondie (Chrysalis)
- Communiqué / Dire Straits (Warner Bros.)
- 14. Back to the Egg / Wings (Columbia)
- 15. Darkness on the Edge of Town / Bruce Springsteen (Columbia)
- Discovery Electric Light Orchestra ([O)
- 17 Foliano , Jimmy Buffett (MCA)
- 18. Evolution / Journey (Columbia)
- Some Galls Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones Records)
- 20. IFet , Barbra Streisand (Columbia)

BEST JAZZ EP

- 1. Rickie Lee Jones (Warner Bros.)
- In Evening of Magic (Live at the Hollywood Bowl) / Churk Mangioac (A & M)
- 3. Rise / Herb Alpert (A & M)
- Morning Dance | Spyro Gyra (Infunty)
- Children of Sanchez / Chuck Mangione (A&M)
- 6. Feels An Good Chuck Mangione (A&M)
- 7 Mingus Joni Mitchell (Asylum)
- & Street Life / Crusaders (MCA)
- Touchdown Bob James (Columbia Lappan Zee)
- Liota' Inside Your Love | George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 11. Spyro Gyra (Infinity)
- 12 830 Weather Report (Columbia)
- I. Wanna, Play for You, Stanl & Clarke (Nemperor)
- 14. Mr. Gane Weather Report (Columbia)
- Weekend in L.A. | George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 16. Pat Metheny Group (ECAI)
- New Chantauqua / Pat Metheny (FCM)
- A. Faste for Passion / Jean-Luc Ponty (Mlantic)
- Breezin' / George Benson (Warner Bros.)
- 19. Carmel / Joe Sample (ABC)

BEAT COUNTRY-AND WESTERN LP

1. The Gombler / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)

- Million Mile Reflection / The Charlie Damels Band (Epic)
- One for the Road / Willie Nelson and Leon Russell (Columbia)
- 4. TNT / Tanya Tucker (MCA)
- 5. Kenny / Kenny Rogers (United Artists)
- 6 Greatest Hits / Waylon Jennings (RGA)
- 7. Stardust / Willie Nelson (Columbia)
- Blue Kentucky Girl / Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros.)
- Willie and Family Live | Willie Nelson (Columbia)
- Living in the U.S.A. / Linda Ronstadi (Asylum)
- II. Waylon & Withe / Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson (RCA)
- Miss the Mississippi | Crystal Gayle (Columbia)
- Totally Hot / Olivia Newton-John (MCA)
- 14. Great Balls of Fire | Dolly Parton (RCA)
- When I Dream | Crystal Gayle (United Artists)
- 16. Pink Cadillac / John Prine (Asylum)
- Moods / Barbara Mandrell (MCA)
- Bop Till You Drop / Ry Cooder (Warner Bros.)
- 19. Heartbreaker / Dolly Parton (RCA)
- Larry Gathn's Greatest Hus (Monument)

MUSIC HALL OF FAME

We haven't seen the future of rock 'n' roll, but we have seen the Hall of Fame results, and the winner's name is Bruce Springsteen. From nowhere in 1978 to number four last year, the Boss now joins the giants. Placing close behind him in second slot is Mr. Rust himself, Neil Young—up from seventh last year Repeating in third place is Miss Wet, Barbra Streisand. Among new entries to the top 20, the saddest are Lowell George at number ten and Charles Mingus at number 14—and the most attractive addition, Joni Mitchell, at number 18.

Your Hall of Fame picks:

- 1. Bruce Springsteen
- 2 Neil Young
- 3. Barbra Streisand
- 4 Peter Townshend
- 5. Jimmy Page
- 6. Neil Diamond
- 7 Ronnie Van Zant
- 8 Willie Nelson
- 9 Billy Joel
- 10 Lowell George
- 11. Frank Zappa
- 12 Barry Mandow
- 13. Kenny Rogers
- 14. Charles Mingus
- 15. Buddy Holly
- 16. Chuck Berry



"Your Chivas or mine?"

- 17. Jim Croce
- Joni Mitchell
- Robert Plant
- 19. Chuck Wangione

READERS' POLL

With a few exceptions, it was business as usual across the board, with most of last year's winners right back on top-

In pop-rock, several newcomers turned up in the female-vocalist category-Deborah Harry at number three, Rickie Lee Jones at number five, Nicolette Larson at number eight and Karla Bonoff at number 14. Paul McCartney took over top-composer slot from Billy Joel and Led Zeppelin deposed Steely Dan as the favorite group-both up from number eight last year. Also in the group voting. Supertramp soared to number two from nowhere last your ditto the Doobie Brothers to number three and Bruce Springsteen to number seven. Other notable new entries were The Cars, Blondie and Dire Straits, Intrusion of New Wave came from Elvis Costello in the male-vocalist and composer categories and Joe Jackson on keyboards.

Veteran R&B vocalist Feddy Pendergrass didn't make the top 20 last time, but this year he's number four. The only other notable changes in R&B came in the group voting. The Blues Brothers made it to number two, truly out of the blue(s). The other new entries were all disco tinged-Sister Sledge, Chic, Peaches & Herb, Boney M, Raydio and GQ

The big news in jazz was the welcome appearance of Rickie Lee Jones right at the top of the female vocalists. And Joni Mitchell at number three is another new face in this particular slot. Pat Metheny turned up at number five for the first time among the jazz guitarists, as did Jaco Pastorius at number four on bass, Ralph MacDonald, at number three on percussion and Spyro Gyra as the number three group.

And gambling really paid Kenny Rogers this year. On the strength of his best-selling album The Gambler, Rogers-who didn't make the finals last year-knocked off Gordon Lighttoot as favorite country-and-western composer. Otherwise, it was pretty much the same group portrait you painted last time



"Doesn't bother me_I've got erection insurance."

POP/ROCK

MALE YOU SHIST

- Billy Joel
- Paul McCarence
- Bruce Springsteen Barry Mandow
- Robert Pant
- Neil Dramond
- Ned Young
- Jackson Browne
- Terrino Ballicia
- III Rod Stewart
- James Taylor Kenny Loggins
- Mick Lagger
- Rob Dylan Roger Daltrey
- Gerry Rafferty
- 17 Eleon John 18 Robert Pilmer
- Livis Castello
- 20 Eddie Money

1980 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL RESU

DEMAND VOCALISE

1. Lindo Ronstedt

- Domes Summer
- Deborah Harry
- Barbra Stressand
- Rickie Lee Jones
- Ohyia Newton John
- Ann Walson
- Similarie Labora
- Carly Simon 10 Jona Mitchell
- Bonnic Rautt Stevic Nicks
- Christing McVic
- Karla Bonoff
- Melosa Majichester
- Paul Smith Bette Midler
- 8. Grace Slick
- 19. Joan Bacz 20. Judy Collins
- 20. Phoebe Suow

1. Eric Ciapton

- Carlos Samana Limmy Page
- Joe Walsh
- Bruce Springsteen Ted Sugent
- Chuck Berry
- Frank Zappa
- Mark Knoptler
- Peter Frampton Tell Beck
- Peter Lownshend
- 13 Bor Scages
- 14 Keith Richards
- Stephen Stills
- 16 Rick Nicken
- Jerry Garcia 16.
- Dickey Bers 516 Waddy Wachtel
- 20 Robin Trower

KLAROARDS

- 1. Billy Joel 2. Kealt Emerson
- Floor John
- Barry Mandow
- Rick Wakeman
- Jackson Browne Billy Present
- 8 Leon Russell
- No. 1 1 mag 10 Lodd Roodgoon
- U. Gregg Albrian
- Joe Tackson
- Roy Bitton
- 14 Booker 1
- Nicky Hopkins to Brean Auger
- 17 Cars Wright
- Clork Leavell
- 19 Bil Pavije
- 20 Robert Laura

DRI 165

1. Mick Flautwood

- John Bonhain
- Carl Palmer
- Ringa Starr
- 5 Charlie Warrs
- 6. Russ Kunkel Stevic Winnder
- Ginger Baker
- 9 Peter Upw 10 Nigel Olsson

11	Danny Scraphine	
12.	Max Weinberg	
13.	Karen Carpenter	
14	Arnsley Dunbar	
15.	Bill Bruford	
TG.	Johanny "Jaimae"	
100	Johansun	
17	Carmine Appare	
18	Levon Helm	
10.	Neil Peart	
20.	Jim Capaldi	
20	Bill Kreutzmann	
20 A SS		
1.	Poul McCariney	
2	John Entwistle	
3	John Paul Jones	
4	John McVie	
3	Gene Sammons	
6	Greg Lake	
7	Chris Squire Peter Cetera	
8	Prior Cattra	
η	Bill Wyman	
10	Rick Danko Jack Bruce	
12	Lee Sklar	
13	Donald Duck Dunn	
19	Klain Voormann	
6	Phil Lask	
15	Garry Tallent	
17	Freebo	
18	Walton Felder	
10	Jack Casady	
20	Larry Graham	
20	Chuck Rainey	
	COMPUSER	
1.	Poul McCartney	
3	Billy Joel	
4	Bruce Springsteen Becker/Fagen	
5	Bob Dylan	
5	Seil Young	
7	Stevie Wonder	
Ř	Frank Zappa	
9	Neit Diamond	
10	Jackson Browne	
II	Rob Seger	
19	Barry Calab	
14	Ian Anderson	
14	Jimney Bullett	
14	Michael McDonald	
16	Peter Townshend	
17	James Taylor	
10.	Elvis Costello	
18.	Kerny Loggins	
120	Screla Barroll	

GROUP 1. Led Zeppelin Samerti armi-Double Brothers Eagles Rolling Stones

20 Karla Boroff

Bet Gets Bruce Springsteen & the E Street Band

Steels Dan Fleetwood Mac 10. Wings

Cars Electric Light Orchestra

13 Blonde

14 Abba Climago Dire Straits Bob Seger & the Silver 17

Bullet Band Santana

Pink Flord 90 He art

RHYTHM-AND-BLUES MALE VOCALISE

1. George Benson Steene Wonder Ray Charles Leddy Pendergraw P. H. King Bob Marley Smokey Rebusson Barry White Marvin Gaye 10

Isaar Haves All Chern 12. Tames Brown Bo Diddley 13 My Stone

Rick James

Bill Wahers

17. Bobby Bland

15

26

10. Sylvester 19. Peabo Bryson 19. Curtis Mayfield FEMALE VOCALIST **B**onna Symmer Hiana Ross 2 3 Natable Cole Joan Armatrading Dionne Warwick Roberta Flack Time Therner Aretha Franklin Bonna Poster Chaka Khan 10. Gladyi Knight 12. Gloria Gaynor Maxine Nightingale Deniece Williams The ma Houston Melba Moore Esther Pholips 16 17 Stephanie Mills Part I alicide 20 Milhe Jackson COMPOSER 1. Stevie Wonder

Nicholas Ashford-Valerie Significant Bob Marley Smokey Robinson Isaac Haves

Barry White Al Green Allen Toussamt Bill Webers 1.0 James Brown

Curtis Maybeld Kenny Camble-Leon Hoff Bobby Womack 14 Thom Bell

George Chinton 14 Eugene McDamels 16 Matorice White

Norman Whitfield 19. Johnny Bristol. Willie Hittch

GROTTE Earth, Wind & Fire Blues Brothers

Commodores Bob Marley & the Waifers Sorrer Sledge Pronter Sesters

Cloc Peather & Herb

Temptations Gladys Knight & the Pips Isley Brothers

Parliament, Funkadelte

Boney M. 14 Raydio

15. O'Tavs 60 17

1.0

Line Unlimited Orchestra 18 Emotions 18. Hamld Melvin & the

Blue Notes 20 Ohio Players

> JAZZ MALE FOGALIST

1. George Benson Linu Ranels

Al Jacreau Ray Charles Frank Smatra Johnny Mathis Sammy Davis Jr

Gal Scott Heron. Tony Rennett 10 Mel Torme

Mose Allism Billy Edstine Joe Williams Brook Benton 14 15.

Jummy Witherspoon Jon Hendricks Milion Nascimento

Johnny Hartman 19. Michael Joanka Leon Thomas

PENALT VOCALIST Rickie Lee Jones Barbra Stressand

Jont Mitchell Ella Enzgerold 5. Phoebe Snow 6. Roberta Flack

7. Nancy Wilson Sarah Vanghan Flora Perum Angela Bofill 10 Cleo Lainc Esther Satterfield 13 Lena Horne Lua Minnelli 14 Della Reese Peggy Lec 17 Melba Moore Dee Dee Bridgewater 18

Father Phillips Carmen McRae 20 BR ASS 1. Chuck Mangione

Herb Alpert Doc Severingen Maynard Ferguson Miles Daris Duzy Gillespie

Randy Brecker н Freddie Hubbard James Panlara Donald Byrd

Junior Walker 10 Woody Shaw J. J. Johnson B.D. Watrous 13 14.

Not Adderley Chet Baker Wayne Henderson 16.

Thad Jones 18 Clark Terry 20. Jon Faddis

WOODWINDS 1. Benny Goodman

Edgar Winter Tom Scott Herbie Mann Grover Washington, Jr. Stan Getz

Rounte Laws **Hubert Laws** 8 Some Roll as Woosly Herm in

Wayne Shorter Stanley Turrentine Junior Walker Zoot Sums

Gerry Mulligan 16 Joe Farrell Yusel 1 arecl 17

Bobbi Humphrey Phil Woods

905 Dester Gordon

KEY BOAROS 1. Chick Coron Herbie Hancock

Embre Blake Reith Jarrett Dave Brubeck

Bob James ñ Sergio Mendes 7. Ramsey Lewis

Jan Hammer 10. Oscar Peterson 11 Casomie Dinke.

Joe Zawintal 12 Euror Deodato Earl "Fatha" Hines

13. Mary Lou Williams 16. Bill Evans 16. Thelomous Monk

Ahmad Jamal Les McCann 19. McCoy Tyner

VIBES

1 Lional Hampton Roy Avery Gary Burton Keith Luderwood Terry Cabbs

6. Mille Cackson Votor Feldman Cal Trader Tommy Vig

10. **Buddy Montgomery** Bobby Hutcherson Mike Maintert 12

Red Norvo 14 Fmil Richards

1. George Benson 2. Jeff Beck 5. Al Di Menta 4. John McLaughlin

GUITAR

Herb Ellis John Abercrombie Tony Mottola Phil Opchurch Los Hall Gabor Stabo Renny Borrell Larry Carkon 19. Grant Gersman Lee Ritenour 24.. 20. Melvin Sparke B 45% 1. Stanley Clarke Ron Carter Ray Brown Jaco Pastorius Ine Byrd kufus Reid Carl Radle Bob Comstany Monk Montgomers Walter Booker Mike Bruce Carol Kaye Eddle Comez Act Davis bob Haggare Cleveland Fators Kerez Betts 18. Percy Heath Manuslay Vitous

5. Pat Metheny

Toe Pass

Fric Gale

Earl Klugh

Charlie Byrd

Larry Coryell

6.

0.

10

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10.

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20 Jim Fielder PERCUSSION. 1. Buddy Rich 2 Bally Cobham Ralph MacDonald Stry Hooner Lenus White Forn Williams Mongo Santamaria Elvin Jones Airto Moreira

Jo Jones Imay Cobb ΤI Joe Morello Withe Bobo

May Roach

Mcl Lewis Harvey Mason Art Blakey 17

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Steve Godd Alphorise Mouron

CONTROSER 1. Chuck Mangione

2. Quancy Jones 3. Chick Corea Dave Brubeck Bob James

Stanley Glarke Herbie Hancock

Kenth Jarrett Miles Days

10. Gal Scott Heron/Brian lackon

loe Zawrond Michel Legrand Antonio Carles Johnn

Loshiko Akiyoshi Ennur Dendaio 15 Thelomous Monk

Wayne Shorter Carla Bles Thad Jones

20. Horace Silver GROUP

1. Chuck Mangione Weather Report

Spyro Gyra Crusaders Doc Severmsen Tom Scott & the L.A. Express Count Basic Return to Forever

Maynard Ferguson 10 Sergio Mendes & Brant 98 Ray Charles

Dave Brubeck

Buddy Rich

13

14. Jan Hammer John McLaughlin Herbie Hancock 17. Ramsey Lewis 18. Miles Davis 19. Aklyoshi/Tabackin Bsg Band 20. Larry Coryell & the Eleventh House

COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN

MALE VOCALIST 1. Kenny Rogers 2. Willie Nelson Gordon Lightfoot Waslon Jennings John Denver David Brumberg Eddie Rabbitt Kris Kristofferson ц Larry Gattin Roy Clark 10 Glen Campbell 11 Ronnie Milsap 13 Jerry Jeff Walker 11 Johnny Cash Jerry Reed Iñ. Jerry Lee Lewis 1b Michael Murphey 17 Johnny Psycheck Charley Pride 10.

20. Hank Williams, Jr. TEMALE SOCALIST Linda Renstadt Crystal Gayle Emmylon Harris Dolly Paction Obera Newton John Anne Murray ß. Barbara Mandrell Tanya Lucker Rita Coohder ID. Barbi Benton Judy Collius 11 Jessi Coltex

Tammy Wynette 14 Loretta I vnn Distric West 13 Brenda Lec

17 Donna Fargo Fracs Nelson Stella Parton 17

Luida Hargrove 20. Connic Smith

PICKER 1. Roy Clark

Chet Atkins Leo Kuttke Jerry Reed harl Strugge

Ry Cooder David Bromberg Doc Watsun

John Hartford David foreman Charlie McCoy Sonny James 12

John Falley 13 Charlie Damels Johnny Comble

16. Pete Drake Reggie Young 17 Amos Garrett 18 Lloyd Garen

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14. Merle Haggard 15. Roger Miller Hank Williams, Jr. 16

17 John Hartford Charlie Daniels 18. Townes Van Zandt

20. Marty Robbins

PLAYMATE REUNION (continued from page 125)

"The one thing all had in common was their interest in one special Playmate -Janet Pilgrim."

had been a major feat of logistics that had taken more than a year. Phone calls were made to husbands and exhusbands, boyfriends and ex-boyfriends, parents, photographers and agents. Although most of the Playmates had kept in touch with PLAYBOY over the years, it took as many as 15 calls each to track down some of the most peripatetic. Two hundred were located, a few fairly surprised at having been found. The most consistent reaction, said Miki Garcia, Miss January 1973 and now Director of Playmate Promotions, was a "desire to see Hel again, to find out what he's like now and to renew the Playmate experience "

That there would ever be such a thing as "the Playmate experience" was not readily apparent when the magazine was started. PLAYBOY's first issue, back in December 1953, featured the famous nude photo of Marilyn Monroe, but she was called "Sweetheart of the Month." By the second issue, the word Playmate was used to describe Margie Harrison The first triple page foldout appeared in March 1956, Now the PLAYBOY Playmate is generally considered the most successful continuing feature in the history of the magazine industry.

How successful?

Consider the following statistics, compiled for the magazine's 25th an niversary: Over the years, PLAYBOY has used 68,250,000 pounds of paper to produce the centerfold. Only God can make a tree, only Hel can make a Playmate Placed end to end, the centerfolds would measure 3 013 billion linear feet, enough to circle the earth almost 23 times and fill every locker room, dornutory and military barracks in the world. The ink used to print the centerfolds would total gallons-enough to fill four and a half Olympic-sized Jacuzzis-and some 715,000,000 staples have been used in and, or around the world's most celebrated navels during the past quarter

As long as we are on the topic of vital statistics: Last January, PLAYBOY staffer Gloria Reeves tabulated the combined measurements of 25 years of Playmates. If such a delectable creature as the Total Playmate actually existed, she would stretch the tape to an astonishing 10,508" x 7305" x 10,302", She would stand 1670' in her bare feet and weigh a mere \$4,008 pounds. Most likely, she'd have dark hair (158 out of 310 Playmates are bruncttes). Her 234 name would be Nancy (nine Playmates), her sign Aries (32 Playmates). She would knock your socks off.

The Playmate is the classic all-American girl, but some parts of America seem to produce more than their fair share. Forty Playmates came from California, 16 from Texas and 11 from New York. Nine were imported from Germany, several from other countries. But during the entire past decade, not one gatefold girl was born in the states of Alaska, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, District of Columbia, Georgia, Idaho, Iowa, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Dakota, Vermont, West Virginia or Hawaii. Maybe it's something in the water supply.

You didn't read all of the above in your local gazette, but media coverage of the reunion itself would have gratified a Presidential candidate. There were teams of American reporters and photographers, so many that the whir of the motor drives on the cameras at times sounded like the chirps of maddened in sects. Reporters from England jostled representatives of West German radio and of the Voice of America. A thin crew from NBC TV's Real People vied for the best angles with news cameramen from a half dozen local stations and network addiates. The best TV news angle of all was gotten by KCRA TV of Sacramento, which sent Kristine Hanson down to cover the event for Weehnight, the TV magazine show on which she appears But Kristine had an inside track: She was a Playmate in 1974. In addition, filming was being done by a group from Playboy Productions, working on a 90minute special for Showtime, the cable-TV network (It is the first of many shows in the works to be produced by Playboy for cable TV)

Stories on the reunion appeared in more than 100 newspapers and migazines, ranging from such journalistic exemplars as Time and The Washington Post to folksier publications on the order of the Logansport, Indiana, Pharos-Tribune, the Bucyrus, Ohio, Telegraph Forum and the Quincy. Illinois Herald-Whig. One paper called the event a "Foldout Fantasy," another a "well-puttogether get-together." The Hollywood Reporter said, "It was like dying and going to heaven."

The one thing all the papers, magazines and film crews had in common was their interest in one special Playmate— Janet Pilgrim. She was the 19th Playmate, not the first, but she was the only one to appear on the centerfold three times (July 1955, December 1955 and October 1956). The reason for the encores was that Janet was the first of the girl-next-door types who have helped win PLAYBOY its enormous audience.

As far as PLAYBOY was concerned. Jan et Pilgrim literally was the girl next door—she was a staffer on the magazine. In effect, she was the Subscription Department. Recalling those days at the reunion, she said. "Hef was having trouble getting the kind of pinup pictures he wanted, and all of a sudden. someone in the office said, just as kind of a lark, 'Maybe we could send Janet to the photographer."

Now married, the mother of two teenage daughters and a striking looking woman of 45, Janet had not seen Heiner in 15 years-and had never seen Playboy Mansion West. "It amazes me," she said, looking around at the lush acreage, "when I think back on how we start ed with tiny little offices in a tiny little building, and only 13 people on the staff.

I just can't believe it." Many of the 135 other Playmates who came to the reunion were equally astonished at the success they had helped bring about. Most arrived on Friday and were picked up at Los Angeles International Airport in limousines and taken to their hotels. After checking in and freshening up, most went to the Mansion to partake of the Friday-night buffet, which traditionally precedes the showing of a movie. But the film was of secondary interest to the guests who were seeing one another, and Hef, for the first time

The next day, Saturday, the official festivities began at 11, as a procession of limousines took the Playmates to the Mansion for registration and presenta tion to each of a specially designed jew cled Rabbit Head pendant.

in many years.

One by one or in small groups, the girls drifted into the enormous gauze tent that had been put up on the Mansion grounds. It was filled with ferns and, just as importantly, decorated with huge color blowups of selected Playmate poses from the magazine's history. One could almost see the little explosions of emotion as Playmates found themselves standing under huge reproductions of the centerfolds that had propelled them to the center of men's consciousness and, in many cases, had propelled them from their lives as the girl next door into careers in show business.

In many respects, the atmosphere seemed that of a college reunion, complete with hugs, kisses, squeals, giggles and much posing for Instamatic snapshots, as women who had not seen one another in years gleefully compared notes. Fame had come to many, in vary ing degrees: Everyone pretty much knew about Cyndi Wood's burgeoning career



"May I take a message, Mrs. Burke? Your husband is off the floor at the moment."

as an actress and about the career of Claudia Jennings (who was, tragically, to die in an auto crash weeks later). But it was the less-well known stories that often gave the most satisfaction, such as learning that sue Bernard, Miss December 1966, is the author of Joyous Mother-hood; or that Bonnie Large, Miss March 1973, is, of all things, a performing hypnotist; or that Patti Reynolds, Miss September 1965, is one of the Cook County, Illinois, Forest Preserves district's few female naturalists

"It's like a sisterhood. We all share a common bond, and there are emotional feelings that aren't verbalized," said Miki Garcia. "If you meet another wom an who's been a Playmate, you can start the conversation on another level. It's like guys' saying, 'Gee, I've been in the Air Force, too'. What other modeling job could a person do, then go on with her life, come back years later, and still have a place in the family?"

The titular bead of that family, Hefner himself, was by his own admission captivated by the sentiment of the occasion, by seeing what Miki called "his lifelong work in flesh and blood."

Speaking to the guests, Helner said, "I wasn't prepared for so much emotion. This is without question an event that will stay with me for as long as I live. When you think of how much the Play mates have meant in the collective dreams and fantasses of American males to have them all here in one place at one time is sharing an experience that will not come again."

After Hef spoke, TV-game-show host Richard Dawson took the stage to emcee an informal program in which a group of Playmates modeled the new Playmate promotion costumes. Then Hefner drew names out of a bowl to award gifts Stereos, cameras, TV sets, tape and home video recorders were given away. Then came the drawing of the two first prizes—Volvo Bertone coupes, each valued at over \$17,000—won by Barbara Hillary, Miss April 1970, and Julia Lyndon, Miss August 1977.

The guests partook of a sumptuous buffet lancheon and, once it was over, drifted out of the tent into the warm California sunshine. The photographers, naturally enough, gathered at the two areas where most of the Playmates clustered—the tennis court, transformed for the occasion into a roller-discorrink, and, on the other side of the estate, around the pool

For some of the Playmates, the afternoon was a time for reflection, a claime to explore the things they had felt when they had posed, and to examine the changes the Playmate phenomenon has gone through in its 25 years.

To Eleanor Bradley, Miss February 1959 and a self-described "golden oldie," the difference between the Fifties and now is the amazing change in public attitudes about sexuality "My pose," she sud, "was strictly seminude. It was a head shot from the waist up, no nipples allowed. In terms of mulity, it was nothing—like walking around in a biking But at the time, the people closest to me found it hard to handle. Today I think things have changed for the better People have grown in their own heads.

For example, back then, we had to fight the stigma of men thinking that we were all made out of cotton candy. If we told someone we were Playmates, it seemed as though we had to prove that we weren't idiots. One of the things I'm proudest of is that in the promotion work I did for the magazine. I helped with the PLAYBOX standards that showed that Playmates were girls of real quality."

As stereotypes have broken down, recent Playmates—such as Dorothy Stratten, Miss August 1979 have been able to look at the experience of being a Playmate as "something just a little out of the ordinary, a good way to get started in a career." Vicki McGarty agrees. A Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of California at Berkeley, the holder of a law degree from Cambridge University England and a student at Hastings College of the Law who will be graduated this spring and sit for the California bar exam, she is also Miss September 1979

McCarty, 26, had grown up with PLAYBOY and recollects having "seen the naked ladies in the magazines on the coffee table, and having wondered all along what that life was like. I'd been a serious student and a diligent young professional, and I wanted a whole new facet to my life, a crazy experience. I'm thrilled by the way it has turned out.

"Being a Playmate is almost a invilucal thing. The magazine is a madition: it created the image of what a successful, sexually liberated man is like, and has helped define what a successful, sexually liberated woman is like, too. Heading to the pool, she added, "Being a Playmate isn't scandalous anymore. It's just a little risqué, and that's what I like about it."

As the afternoon light turned golden, the Playmates went back to their hotels to change for the evening's dinner and disco dancing. One of the guests, after dinner and after some dancing, sat by the lighted pool and said that the day had been like a "fantasyland; the rest of the world simply did not exist."

Many of the Playmates found that that fantasyland feeling was a long time wearing off. For Janet Pilgrim, whose biggest prereunion qualm was "Whoever'is going to remember me? Surely Pll be considered long gone and by the way-side," the experience of the reunion was "positively overwhelming."

Very, very late in the evening as many of the guests were departing. Hef sat in a quiet corner and answered the in evirable how-does-it-feel? question. 'On one level," he said, "it's clearly a wild nostalgia trip for me and for many of the girls. But it is also a very special family reunion.

One of the more remarkable elements of this day is that we were gathered here not only to look backward at the past but also to look at the present and the luture. We had go is from the Fiftres and Sixties and Seventies, but also girls who will be appearing in the magazine in the Eighties. And that's very special forme, to see the PLAYBOY dream as it has been and as it will be."

And what about your place in this Hef? "Me? I'm the proud poppa"

Several weeks later, we caught up with Janet Pilgrim to see if the magic had worn off It hadn't, "I couldn't believe what was happening to me from the minute I walked in It surpassed my wildest dreams.

I felt as if I'd been asleep to 20 years. The last thing I remembered was Hel running around in baggy pants and loaters with that Pepsi in his hand. And now I'd been awakened into a storybook empire. I've been on cloud nine ever since. The remion was wonderful, the most unforgettable experience. I've ever had. I'm sure nothing like this will ever happen to me again.

At least not for another 25 years





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CHUCK BARRIS (continued from page 13%)

"On a Barris show, the whole point is to watch people balance precariously on the edge of bad taste."

can strut and play their moment with little inhibition. The tone is deliberately lowbrow-manghty silly, voyeuristicand the players are encouraged to let loose with their wildest fantasies.

Barris believes that everybody has an act, everybody can write a song everybody can tell a story. You don't have to be classy to be entertaining—you can be sexy instead. You can be spontaneous and outrageous. You can be word. You can talk about your intimate secrets. You can be creepy. On a Barris show. the prizes are small and the game is never taken seriously-the whole point is to watch the people balance precariously on the edge of bad taste.

You can get on a Chuck Barris show in any number of ways. You can act like a swinging single-sell sexual fantasy and try to be cute (The Dating Gome). You can argue with your newlywed spousebicker over the intimate sexual details of your married life (The Newlyword) Game). You can think up any act at allof any description, that can be good. bad occpy, wend diazy-anything but boring (The Gong Show). If you are a woman you can parade around onstage m a bathing suit, do some sort of simple talent number aggle your tits and ass and allow an m.c. to make fun of you (The \$1.98 Beauty Show). You can play the jealous, competitive secretary vs. the housewife (Three's a Crowd)

Some say television has sunk to new depths with Chuck Barris Productions The Gong Show and The \$1.98 Beauty Show feature people who don't under stand that they are being humiliated. and The Dating Game and The Newlywed Game are devoted almost entirely to questions about sex. The \$1.98 Beauty Mow is by far the most hand American show on television—its late producer Gene Banks called it a peep show-and it certainly shows enough tits and ass to excite many a man. The show gets away with peddling rauntly sex by making fun of it, that way, the audience can have its take and pretend it's never eaten

Barris responds to criticism of Gong and \$1.98 by saying that both shows are 'an outrageous piece of rubbish," not to be taken seriously. But they aren't so casely shrugged off. For one thing, there is big money to be made from selling them. Not long ago, Forbes published a glowing account of Barris' linancial success, reporting that the stock of Chuck Barris Productions has skyrocketed. In

addition to his five current shows, there are four in development, plus a movie All of the shows are fininged and produced by Barris' company and most are shown in the seven to-eight PM prime time local access slot. The shows are syndicated, which means Barris sells them directly to local television scations in stead of to a network. That way, he owns the returns and is not at the mercy of cancellations. According to Forbes, Barris increased the earnings of his corporation by 2500 percent in only four years; his own stock is now worth $822,000\,000$.

But there's more to Barris' shows than money and nonsense, though that extra ingredient is hard to define. A case can be made for the notion that he's reviving an ancient art form. Low comedy has existed for as long as there have been unsophisticated people trying to be fair by and Barris has simply drawn it out of circuses, fraterinties and barrooms out of skit nights and camplines, and has plopped it right smack onto the stage of the Seventies-national television.

Although the origins of low comedy are complex and intriguing-they go back to Shakespeare, Chaucer, Aristophanes-Barris isn't interested in them Oddly (considering his complex artitude toward his success), it doesn't make him happy to consider that he might be marketing a peculiarly Americanized form of comedy that was slicked up for vaudeville and is now returned to its grass-roots origins. What he does consider is the nagging feeling that he's up to his ears in rubbish. He's having tun building his pop-culture empire, but why doesn't he use his talents to do something better? He is an energetic. cute 50 year old man who has an ex wife a 17 year old daughter who lives with him, a garlfriend named Red and more money than he can possibly spend. Why doesn't he drop all this silly television programing and start to play out his wildest dream? Why doesn't he rent a cottage somewhere on the beach, far from Hollywood, and write something that is really good? Why doesn't he write the great American novel?

The problem seems to be that Barris has always followed his instructs rather than his intellect and, consequently, he has gone in the direction of commercial hits. He wrote Palisades Park, a hit bubble-gum rock- it foll song in the Sixties, he wrote You and Me, Babe, a best-sell ing sentimental novel; he started out in television with a successful game show (The Dating Game). Like many of the people who go on his shows, he is seduced by popular notions, quick entertainment and the belief that he should live life as if it were constantly fun-

His office on Sunset Boulevard is, in fact, like a playpen. Everyone wears jeans and funny buttons on his shirt and works in a room that is plastered with photos and drawings with comic captions, circus posters and other bits of pop-culture detrints

Mike Metzger, who is in charge of The Dating Game and The Newlywed Game now that Barris has moved on to other shows, says that Barris always insisted that if work isn't lunt, you shouldn't do it. In the old days, when the network was paying for dream vacations for newlyweds, employees were always taking off to chaperone winners in Mrica, Acapulco and Aspen "We would work 19 weeks at a time " Met/ger says "and then take off six to travel and write our novels or do whatever we wanted It was fun." Now he looks at his calendar, which is scheduled, with few breaks for the next two years. "It's Ok now, ton," he says, "There's the challenge," He means the challenge of getting rich

It was over a year ago when I talked with Barris; now he is refusing interviews with the press (his PR man shouted at me, "This company is hot! Clinck Barris Productions is a glannor stock! If Barris says he doesn't want to do interviews, we don't ask him why!"). Nevertheless, in many ways. Barris is as wide open and "out there" as the people he puts on his shows. And maybe, like them, he is just a little deluded

It was important to him for me to understand that he started out in day time television and the game-show busi ness solely because he had ambitious to become president of ABC. He sees hunself as an impulsive slightly uncouth hastler who ran full tilt into the muck of television only because he knew there was a fortune to be made with a single idea. Barris isn't apologetic about his shows. Kids love them and he's proud of that. Also, the people who get on them isually have a terrific time. What he wonders is why he seems to be stuckstuck in a popeart form that he understands but does not admire. Stuck in a form that cannot go anywhere or transcend itself-a form he can push, shove and pummel but that can only explode or end up in parody.

You don't know? he told me, "but writers are my heroes. I'd like to think I'm capable of writing something really good. My house in Mahbu has book shelves filled with Faulkner Stendhal. Proust: Fread the New York Times Book

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Review every Sunday from cover to cover.
"What," he said, looking me straight in the eye, "did you think of my book?"

He was talking about You and Me, Babe, a slimly disguised account of his marriage and divorce, a book that Barris promoted with \$90,000 of his company's money and that did, indeed, become a best seller. It is a simple-minded tale with a moral. In it, Barris tells the story of a character called Ton.my, an energetic, cute and cocky kid from Phila delphia -a smart person who could never stay put long enough to graduate from college Tommy woos and wins his wite- called \$ammy-solely because he wants her money (In real life Barris' ex-wife, Lynn Levy, is the daughter of Leon Levy, one of the founders and major stockholders of CBS, and Blanche Paley, sister of CBS' current board chairman.) Three days before the wedding, however. Sammy's father disinherits her for marrying Tommy, whom he calls an opportunist, and Tommy runs away to get his bearings. Finally, he decides that he has been fooling himself-he is in love, after all-and races home just in time for the wedding.

After that, the two of them live out a newlywed dream. Tommy gets a job selling TelePromp Ters all over the U. S. He and his bride drive to a TV station, drop off the equipment, tell the station manager to play with it and go back the next day to pick it up. They go to a park, to the seashore, to a swimming pool, to the countryside and he around doing nothing but talking, reading and making love. When Tommy is finally fired from the job after a year, he and Summy are

unwilling to give up their romantic journey. They take their savings and go to Europe, a trip married only by Tommy's inability to write the great novel that he thought he had in lum.

"I was having fun," Barris told me, openly blending his own history with that of Tommy. "It was a great time, hving out of a station wagon, bumming around Europe, even though we were always broke. I was happy even when we came back and I was just about to go to Caracas with USIA. Then the pavola scandal bit and a job came through at ABC, working as a watchdog for Dick Cark's American Bandstand. I'd read The New York Times on the train down to Phiadelphia, talk to all the pretty guls on the show—It wasn't a great job, but I was enjoying it."

Barris is still trying to find out what went wrong. He told me that he got ambitious—that he started "ingratiating" himself with television people, and then had to prove that he could do something on his own. He schemed, he hustled and, finally, he borrowed \$20,000 from his stepfather to produce a pilot of *The Dating Game*.

In the book, Tommy's relationship with his wife goes downhill when his career starts to rise. He becomes King of the Game Shows, and along with the money come the problems. The problems, however, are vague, As always, Barris is most convincing about fantasy.

"Who would have dreamed," he wrote in the voice of Tommy, "that we would never have to stand in line at a bank, or a supermarket or a box office? We would never have to keep a bank balance, or know when the rent was due, or how much our insurance premiums were someone would do it for us someone would make our appointments, wash our cars, cut our lawns, buy our anniversary presents and send out our Christmas cards, get well telegrams and sympathy notes. . . . We would never have to take a bus or a taxi, if we didn't want to, because someone would always be there to pick us up and deliver us. We would never have to reful our refrigerators, our liquor cabinets or our ree-cube trays.

At the end of the book, Tommy and his wife finally separate for good. Barris defends Fommy as a guy who is guilty only of callousness and ambition and is lurt deeply when his wife finally betrays him. But he lets her have the last words:

"You used to be sweet. Tommy Sweet, and sensitive and gentle You used to love life and you used to love to live You had your values all in the right places. You had ideals, scruples, honor, and respect for yourself and for others. But no more. Now you're a tense, taut machine that has to perform.... You're selfish, self-indulgent, self-centered, self-merving, self, self, self."

I wanted to answer Barris' question about his book honestly, but first I wanted to know if it were all true "Some things I changed," he said shyly, "but I was basically writing about myself."

"The story of your marriage is true?"
"Yes," he said "That character is me."

"Well," I said, "I wasn't impressed with the writing, but I did think the book was a good read, on a simple level, and some of the scenes were wonderfully timed. Just putting an entire novel together is a feat in itself—I'm impressed with people who get a beginning, middle and end."

"That's what I think of the book," Barris replied eagerly, "I wrinted to make it a good read, I wanted it to be a best seller, I wrote it in mitation of Love Mory—especially the first half."

"Why did you set out to imitate something?"

"I don't know I wish I knew. And why did I try to imitate a book that I don't think is really very good?" He looked distraught. "I hope I'm capable of moving on," he said, turning away from me. I think I am, but it's hard to pull yourself out of thinking commercial. It's a litestyle. And, like you say, I'm like the people who go on my shows. I'm from Philadelphia and that's the most retarded area in the whole country, the most repressed. I laugh at what Philadelphians laugh at. I like farting jokes, I like tunny hats. Im commercial and I know it. I even went on a game show when I was in college."

"You did?"

"I wanted to impress a girl, and so I got three other guys and we sang Your



"Get married! Pay your debt to society!"



Chealin' Heart. Two weeks later, I asked her to marry me."

"Well," I said, considering his problem, "can you have serious writing ambitions and still be absorbed in popculture—TV, rock 'n' roll, sentimental novels?"

"I'm working now because I'm enjoying it," Barris replied. "I enjoy making money, although that has got to stop, and it's exciting when suddenly you've got a show that is hot. I was mobbed when I went to New York recently. I was mobbed by kids in Gentral Park. He police had to come and rescue me—I couldn't move. That stuff is heady, but, of course, it has to stop. You pay your dues and then you gotta move on."

Barris has, of course, moved on since we had that long conversation more than a year ago, but not in the direction of writing anything that will one day go up on his bookshelf along with Tolstoy and Faulkner. The full page ad in Variety last year read: CHUCK BARRIS PRODUCTIONS, SUPPLYING ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-EAGHT HALF-HOURS FOR TELEVISION, PLUS A MOTION PICTURE IN 1979-80. The ad listed five shows on the air and four in development: How's Your Mother-in-Law?, Chuck Barris Hour Talkshow, Dollar a Second and The Dworce Game, The fifth project was a motion picture called The Gong Show Movie, directed by Robert Downey and written by Downey and Barris. Downey is an avant-garde film maker of the Andy Warhol school who has given us Putney Suope. Barris' PR man also told me that Barris is using a

hiatus in the production of *Gong* and \$1.98 to work on a novel. Is it ambitious? He doesn't know and Barris won't say.

"To be frank," Barris said during that luncheon conversation a year ago, "before *The Gong Show* hit, I had decided to try to write a good book. I rented a studio in the Writers and Artists Building in Beverly Hills and went there each day, but I was having a hard time of it. I spent most of my time in cafés or widking on the beach. When *The Gong Show* took off, I sent back my advance, which was \$100,000."

"And you don't know what the problem was?" I asked.

"No. I took a writing course at UCLA but gave it up—they can't teach you how to write. The book just wasn't going well."

'What was the problem?"

"I don't know,"

"I think there are characters parading through your life who are certainly worthy of a novel," I said.

'I know." he said. "I know. Sometimes I ask them why they come down to the studio, put on their bathing suit or their tutu and do whatever they do, and their answers just amaze me. I am simply amazed."

"Have you ever talked for more than a few minutes with any of them?"

Barris looked at his watch, "My God," he said, "I'm late, I've got to gol"

And so I found myself on the eighth floor of Barris' new office building, trying to understand the success of game/ people shows firsthand. I sat with Mike Metzger and Steve Friedman behind a long table in a small room, where they audition couples for *The Newlywed Game*. Metzger and Friedman are both enthusiastic guys who spring out of their seats from time to time to do comic impersonations.

What Barris taught them before he handed over the reins has to do with the selection of contestants, they said. He taught them to give up the sale, "white bread" types and go for those who were likable but at least a little different. What they are looking for in the couples who parade before them is a real emotion, couples who are so uninhibited and out there that a good question can spark a real-life minidrama.

"It's a borderline show," said Metzger. "Everyone asks us where we find people who are willing to be so honest and revealing; but the fact is that we work very hard at it. We're looking for a spontaneous eroption of feeling, and the amazing thing is that we get it. The only other show to get real emotions to happen spontaneously on the air was Candud Camera, and it had to keep the cameras hadden."

And, unlike Candid Camera, people try to get on Barris' shows. Take, for example, Mike and Sheila. Mike was very fat, dressed in a three-piece green stnt, and Sheila was short, pregnant and had her hair in a Farrah Fawcett cut. They live in Fresno and had driven 200 miles to Hollywood because they were "the outgoing type" and their friends had dared them to get on The Newlywed Gome, I'd been watching them as they filled out their questionnaires before the audition and they certainly were cute—they laughed affectionately at each other's jokes and were continuously fondling each other's hands. They had been married for four months, were 19 and 20 years old and knew exactly what they were getting into. They'd watched The Newlywed Game since they were nine and they'd seen it get more and more bawdy. They knew they would have to argue about things such as whether or not her hoops were big enough for him or whether they made love at night or in the morning; in fact, they'd practiced the questions and answers at home. Whenever the question was about sex, Mike said, they planned to say that they loved it and wanted more. He laughed a little too loudly. Sheila looked at me and said, "Really, though, he wants it more than I do." Then she giggled and grabbed Mike by the neck and kissed him on the cheek,

Before Mike and Sheila went for their audition, they were treated to a briefing To get the couples used to making noise laughing and talking about whitever comes into their heads—especially sexiall of them are briefed by a very hip fast-rapping comic. He's best at ad libs





and imitations, so his routine isn't as good in print as it is in person; but he's also very informative about what Barris Productions thinks they should do to be entertaining:

"OK, folks, two things are going to get you on the show tonight one thing is money and the other is Tylenol with codeine. No, seriously, the only thing that will get you on is talk. And when I say talk, I don't mean complete your sentences, I'm talking chapters of novels, get into it. Even more important than that are those reactions. The Newlywed Game is the number-one game show on TV because of [he makes funny noises, weird gestures, guttural gasps] those interactions. This is not the time to be embarrassed or shy-'Six times in the bathtub, Mary? I thought it was only five!' Go as crazy in there as you want, but watch your language. Bitch, horny and Jesus are out Jimitating a pive-talliing black gify]—'Eh, man, I got me a horny bitch. Jesus, that bitch, she's ---' [Here he sniffs an imaginary line of cocame] This is Hollywood! We're tired of those words. They're boring, Cock is OK. [Shouts and screams of laughter]

"OK, couple of impressions here before you go in. Adam to Eve [he stands with his legs apart and looks down at his cock]: 'Stand back, honey, I don't know how hig this thing's gonna get" [More longiter and some hoots and whistled] "Do you know how clams make love? [Holds his hands, palms flat, together in front of the audience. Then he opens his fingers just a little and says in a low, guitural voice] 'Wanna fuck?' "

"Couple number two," said the kid playing m.c. for the run through auditions. He had Bob Eubanks' voice down exactly

"Sheila, would you say that your husband is numb, grouchy or aggressive when he wakes up in the morning?"

"Well," said Sheda, taking a deep breath, "I'd say"—she paused and looked begudingly at the m.c., who unfortunately, wasn't judging her performance at all—"that he's definitely numb," She was thinking of a story to tell, but the m.c. moved on

"Mike? What did you say to that?"

Make was silently making expressions of disgust, since his answer was "aggressive." He leaned forward in his chair as if he were about to do something rash, but he was still shy in front of an audience. "Numb?" he finally said. "Numb? I hen how come you're always telling me that I'm such a sex manuac?"

"At night, Mike, at night." Sheila responded immediately this time, "Don't you remember all those mornings you wouldn't even speak to me? I had to get up and bring you a cup of coffee before you'd let go of the pillow you put over your head?" She paused and Mike didn't

say anything, "Or was that because you're so ugly?"

Finally, Mike got into it. "But what about after my cup of coffee? What about then? Then I feel like getting... some... and you run into the bathroom to fix your hair so your hoss will like you at work."

"Mike," Sheila said, "I have to go in the bathroom to throw up." [She patted her stomach to indicate she was pregnant and everyone laughed]

Metzger and Friedman were making notations on the six couples, including Sheila and Mike, who were auditioning in this run-through. When the game was over and the couples were leaving, they both handed all their notes over to an assistant.

"Not one of them?" I asked

"Nope."

"What about Mike and Sheda?"

Eh," Meizger said and shrugged.

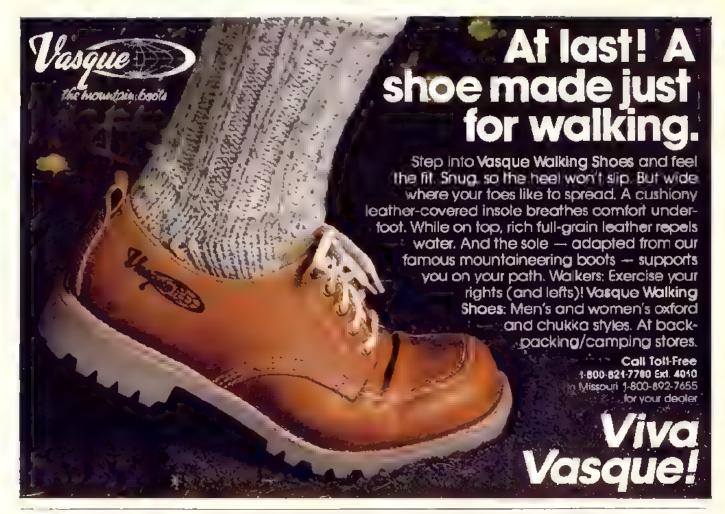
"Dull," Friedman said, "She was trying hard, but nothing special."

"They didn't fight right?" I asked.

"The bottom line," Metzger said, "is that we just didn't like them."

After the auditions. Metager and Friedman David the "briefer" and the kid who was playing m.c. tossed one liners at one another as if they never tired of turning their jobs into playtime. But I couldn't write down the jokes, so I asked them about what they'd learned from





sitting in judgment of so many types of Americans over the past decade

'Om biggest problem," said Metzger "is the guys. We've found out that guys from 18 to maybe 23 are of no value whatsoever. We have a hard time getting them for The Dating Game. They don't know who they are, where they're going where they've been, why they are on dris planet."

Metzger got out of his chair and impersonated a bachelor on The Dating Game, swinging his arms like an ape and stalking over to the benches where the tryouts sit

'Hey, girls, helt lich Here I am, let's have it

Then," he said, "they're asked a question '

"Huh? Well, et . . ." His body crowpled, his face puckered and he made macho body movements. But nothing rame out o. his mouth

"The guys turn into turnips."

"Luckily." Friedman said, "about the age of 25, things begin to change. About that age, men finally began to say, 'Hey, this is who I am and it's OK 1

"What about taste?" I asked, "Can a couple ever get too raunchy for you?"

Friedman held his stomach and groaned Metzger held his nose and made gagging sounds.

"Agh"

"Do you remember the dead mice?" "It II me tell me"

"Well, we couldn't believe it. One couple was here answering a questionsomething like Who's neater, you or voin wife? The guy says something to his wife about the dead mice. Well, it turned out that the dead mice were dirty tampons that the girl threw on the floor beside their bed. No kidding, There were about 20 of them lying around, the guy said, all over the place, and they gathered dust and turned gray. Dead mice was what the couple called them."

But I didn't realize just how fat Barris had strayed from the usual game-show tare until I went to a Gong Show audition and got to know some of the contestants. The auditions are held in a cavernous rehearsal half that Barris rents at Hollywood, and the very first person I met when I went there was Ann Thompson—a 76-year-old lady dressed in white gloves and a powder-blue suit-She sat primly in the hall outside the audition mom, waiting her turn before Barris, smiling serenely as nervous magicians, torch singers and Phyllis Diller housewives fluttered anxiously around her. We chatted about how difficult it was to be old and alone in America and she told me about the Lafavette Ball

room in Long Beach, where she went every Friday night to dance and meet men. "I'm not so popular anymore," she said. "The men who are my age are all taken up by the women with money."

When she was called for her audition I followed her into the studio and heard her tell Burns that she wanted to accompany herself on the plano. But he was strumming his electric guitar quietly and grooving with his own thoughts and didn't seem to listen. Finally, he looked up and smiled and said, "Princess Ann? Hey-you look wonderful. You've got a song you're gonna sing, right? OK, let's take it all by yourself, solo-

The planist gave her a ten-second intro and slie walked to the center of the lines that marked off the make-believe stage and sang "B-l-o-o-o m-o-o-on in a quavery old lady's voice, very off key. When she was finished Barris said, "Terrific You want to be called Princess Ann, right?

"Well," Ann said shyly, "I thought it was kind of cute?

"It's perfect," Barris replied, "Just perfect '

Then he closed his eyes, bent his knees and seemed to get lost in a casual but very foud rock 'n' roll riff that he improvised on his guitar. Finally, he strummed a major chord, opened his eyes, looked at Ann and said with a 245 sweeping gesture of one arm: "You, my dear lady, are a Golden Gong Show Act."

Ann beamed with happiness, "Oh, Mr Barris," she said, 'thank you, thank you."

When Ann and I were out in the hall ortside the studio once again, she dabbed at her eyes, which were misty, and confided, "I figure maybe I should have been a singer. But I never really had the chance. Isn't that a shame?"

I called her the next day to ask of I could go to Long Beach and interview her. Even though her audition had been successful she was very upset about *The Gong Show* "I watched the show on TV." she said. "and I don't see why they choose some of those acts. They could have got better ones, I know they could."

"Well, some of them are supposed to be had," I said. You're supposed to laugh at them."

"I don't understand it." sae said Rather than analyze the show right then. I suggested that since it was her night to go to the Lalayette Ballroom, perhaps we could go together

"What's the matter?" she snapped. 'Are you interested in dancing with old men."

At eight PM, Larrived in Long Beach Very quickly, I began to think that may be Ann was more than I had bargaried for. The address she had given me was that of a stately old brick Catholic church and it was dark and securely locked. When I found a phone book and dialed her number, it rang and rang.

The next morning, however, she answered my call

"Oh, I'm sorry I gave you that adthess." she said quickly, "But I always give people that number. You see, I don't like brown cars."

Brown cars?"

"They always say, 'Yes, ma'am, yes ma'am, we'll help you ma'am' and they never do. It's the CIA, I guess." She sighed "They come and get you."

I heard from many people about the light that happens just before all the acts and contestants on a Barris show perform in front of a live audience—about the energy that builds in the room where the newlyweds, the swinging singles, the crazy ladies, the showbiz hopefuls the models and the prostitutes wait for their moment on national television. I decided to see this chemical reaction for myself—at a Saturday rehearsal and taping of The Gong Show.

It begins at time in the morning and ends at 11 that night. Five shows are taped and except for actual rehearsals with Barris, all of the acts are for sidden to leave the waiting room. They sit at long tables, drinking Cokes, sipping coffee, cating sandwiches and doughnuts and talking.

About four in the afternoon, a professional comic waved me over to his table and whispered, "It's about to begin." I asked him how he knew and he nodded toward a musician who had stated to warm up his sopiano sax. "It always starts this way," he said, and he gestured at all the tables full of expectant people, ready to burst like a champagne cork into national standom. "The real musicians begin to jam and then it gets very wild."

Sure enough, the sax man started improvising quiedy and a young country singer went over with his guitar. The two of them started working together some more guitars and a clarinet pulled up chairs and everyone stopped talking The musicians were really hot. Finally, a hubbly middle-aged woman with a large star pasted on her forchead and an autoharp in her arms shouted. "Let's get this thing going" and she started strumming until the musicians picked up her time Within minutes, everyone in the room was singing and dapping to a rousing. happy, slightly hysterical rendition of Goody, Goody, A few girlish housewife types began to dance and they were joined by some black kids who were in a singing group at UCLA and knew their disco. Showbiz' It was the kind of moment they had all lived out a hundred times before in their wildest dreams

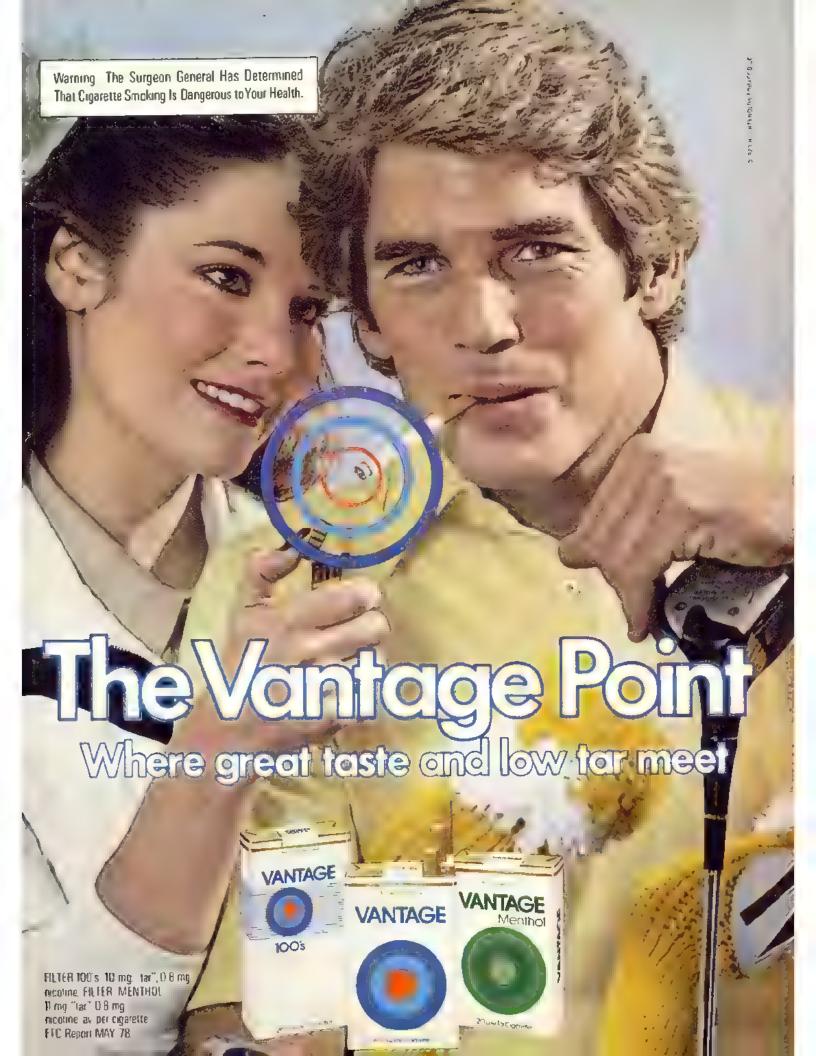
Then I recognized Ron DeVoe doing a high energy jig off in a corner of the room. DeVoe had been pointed out to me as "the resident loony," but I was told that he had calmed down consider. ably since he first came onto the show he was no longer going up to people and making faces at them. When I talked with Ron earlier, he told me that The Gong Show had changed his life He was still living in a halfway house but he had a job now-he was a member of AFTRA-and Barris Productions paid him more than \$200 a week. He calls up every Friday to see if they want hum and if they do, he goes down for a taping. Once, he had to get made uplike a girl and wear a tutu and he was so freaked out by the experience that he can't remember whether or not he was goaged, but, generally, he likes to do whatever they dream up.

"I'm not acting like an asshole any more" he tole me. 'People are recognizing me on the streets. I'm Ron DeVoe, star of The Gong Show!

Ron's dance got wilder and wilder and while everyone was clapping faster and laster, he moved toward the center of the room and was joined by a couple of black kids and a senior citizen dressed up as a bee. The guy with



"They really put on a show at feeding time, don't they?"



the sax was really wailing, and when they broke into When the Saints Go Marching In, the crowd started to cook like a party organizer's dream.

Not only does Chuck Barris have a novel. I said to myself, he has a movie

"Rolling out the freaks?" Barris said. over breakfast at the Polo Loungtthe scene of all his early morning appointments, ' I know what you're talking about, of course I do. We're counting on a lot of people who misunderstand their own talent Look, there are four types of acts that get gonged

"First, there is a group of people who don't believe they're being laughed at. They're too dumb or too blocked

"Second, there are some people who just want to belittle tremselves in a masochistic way Purush themselves They think they're worthless. I'm not sure about this category, but I think there's something like that going on-

'Three there's another group that is simply not sure of what they're doing They're insulated in their homes and get a misconception of what their value is. Their families tell them to do it, or then driends do. They think they are talented and creative and they get beluddled out there on the stage.

"Four, there are people who know what The Gong Show is and expect to be laughted at. They understand what we're doing."

'You don't have any doubts," I said "about the ethics of humiliating people who misunderstand their talent?

Anyone who takes The Gong Show seriously really has a problem and ought to go examine himself," he said, "The Gong Show is a light, entertaining, outrageous approach to talent. The name says it all. We don't take ourselves seriously. We know we're not a class show we're not a class contribution to variety If they think they're at Carnegic Hall or at the Met, then that's their problem."

"You couldn't at least warn the crazies that they will probably be gonged?"

"How do we know who we should wern? Also, if we didn't have the crazies. we wouldn't have a show. No one would watch an ordinary amateur hour, the talent isn't that good. The show business. stories of people breaking through are just a bonus: the heart of our show is the crazies. Who am I to say that some one shouldn't go on the show if he wants to? I've seen people gonged and some how the whole experience has given them all sorts of confidence."

"But we all have to protect chizy people from themselves, to some extent '

How do you know I'm not crazy? Sometimes I wonder if I am, jumping up and down like an idiot on The Gong Show, when I could be writing a good 248 screenplay."

"Come on. I mean the people in categories one, two and three "

"I received a letter yesterday from a woman who begged me not to put her sister on the show. She accused me of exploiting her of all sorts of horrible things. But I saw her sister and I know she is having the time of her life preparing for the show. It's probably the most exciting thing that's ever happened to her. Why should I keep her off the show just because she embarrasses her family?"

Barris gets impatient talking about other people, "What I want to know" he said, "is why I'm not walking away from the show."

"Why aren't you?"

"I don't know"

He put his head in his hands and stared down into the depths of his melon. He ran his fingers through his tousled curly hair and looked up to find two men standing over him. They were ad salesmen who said they also lead an appointment with him for breakfast. He apologized and said that his secretary didn't usually make those mistakesbook two appointments for one mealbut I said I had just one more question. to ask bim, so the admen smiled and retired to the lobby.

I just want to be sure," I said to Barris, 'of your attitude toward the people who are humiliated by the gong If you like those crazies, why don't you warn them?"

"Who am I." he said, "to tell those people what to do? In their context, they may not be humiliated. They may be delighted, overjoyed, excited, happy How can I make a character analysis that's clever enough to know if someone will be humiliated or not by being gonged? I know some of them take The Gong Show seriously. I've seen them. But that's their problem. If they can't make a judgment about The Gong Show, they probably can't make a judgment about very many other things in life."

H. Barris is any bedwether, television will continue to heat up emotionally Which mother in law is the least obnotions: Which divorced couple can argue the best? On Three's a Crowd, a perfect Barris moment happened when a secretary said that everyone in the office knew that the wife made terrible spaghetti. The wife grabbed the scarf wrapped around the secretary's neck and tried to strangle ber

These shows, though they are so personal as to be slightly creepy, are not exploitive. After all, we've just passed through the Seventies. The people who get on television want to flaunt then sex uality, make naughty public statements, be furny, outrageous, spunky Barris is simply in tune with the times

But the question that still sticks in my throat after exploring Barris' minikingdom is the one that I keep asking but never get an answer to. What about the crazies:

Perhaps I should give the last word on this subject to a woman who was gonged and hurt. She is a beautiful Korean immigrant who doesn't speak English very well, but she learned you quickly about using and being used

Myning Soon looked gorgeous onstage, m a long, filmy dress and black banthat hung down below her waist. She looked like a pro-but sang completely off key and out of sync with the orches tra. After she was gonged, a Barris employee went up to Ler and asked if she were OK, She smiled politely and said yes, but I could see her face and knew differently

In her apartment in Bellflower California, three days later, she told me that she thought she had been used. A regular in the bar where she works as a cocktail waitress had encouraged her to go onto The Gong Show He gave her a telephone number to call and said to use his name.

"He tell me he was doing me big favor," Myung said, "but I know now it was nothing. That number was in the newspaper But still I think I am going to win. The one tling I have a deep relationship with is music and I know I can sing? She made me some tea, lit a joint and put on a record of Misty Blue. She stood in her living room. closed her eyes and belted out the torch song in a fell, throaty voice that was mostly in the right key.

When the song ended, she said to me. 'I couldn't do it with orchestra-I guess I couldn't hear it without a voice. But Chuck Barris, he didn't care. I told him something was wrong at rehearsal, but he said, 'You're perfect You're just perfect.' Now I think he use me. He use my beauty, maybe, Maybe he want to get laugh. I feel very bad."

"You were using him to become a singer." I said. "He was using you to entertain his audience. I am using you for my story "

"When you grow up in Korea" Myung replied, 'you learn that everything about America is so big and so good. I want to come here all my life, but now I think maybe people are not nice. Now I am talking to you and what will you save If you don't like something about me will you write it down? All I can say is that if there is something about me that you don't like, I'm sorry. I know I'm a good person. I hope you don't use me for laugh in your story "



AMERICAN JAMES BOND

(continued from page 198)

"Compared with his better-bred colleagues, this lumpen spy fairly reeked of gaucherie and naïveté."

carned him the decidedly inclegant nick name The Pear. Svelter men of greater sophistication and charm than he—men like Allen Dulles, Richard Helms and James Angleton—would dominate the CIA for the next quarter century; but it took Harvey, the FBI reject, to spot the Soviet spy in their midst

Harvey had a fund of knowledge about Soviet espionage that was unmatched anywhere in the United States Government, and he was soon placed in charge of a tiny counterintelligence unit known as Staff C. "We'd all just gotten into the business," a member of Staff C said. "Harvey had experience in the bureau and had seen more than we had."

He "exuded missionary zeal," said a CIA officer named Peter Sichel The .m pression was heightened by a lifelong thyroid condition that made his eyes bulge—"stand out on stems, practically." one member of Staff C said—as if he were a man possessed. Harvey's briefings, punctuated by the ritualistic clicking of his cigarette lighter, would last for hours as he disgorged almost verbatim the files of cases he had worked on. "He had an incredible memory for things in which he was involved," a senior officer in the agency said

"He had everybody sitting on the edge of their chairs," a female staff member recalled not because he was a spellbinding speaker but because "he spoke in a froglike voice that was at times so low that it was very difficult to hear."

As the CIA's leading expert on Soviet exprenage, Harvey should have been in close contact with the bureau, but FBI agents dealt with him at their own peril, "We liked Bill and he was one of us," said a member of the bureau's Security Division. 'but as far as Hoover was concerned, he was the enemy."

Such bureaucratic jealousies seemed particularly petty at a time when the United States had come upon new and startling evidence of Soviet espionage. I brough a combination of good luck, hard work and Russian carelessness, the Armed Forces Security Agency had succeeded in breaking the theoretically unbreakable Soviet cipher. Among other things, the break disclosed the existence of a Soviet spy so well placed he could obtain the word-for-word text of a private telegram from Winston Churchill to Harry Truman

Midway through World War Two a gifted team of American cryptanalysts had mounted an attack against the Russian cipher system, using as their basic weapon the charred remnants of a Soviet code book that had been salvaged from a battlefield in Finland. The book contained a list of 999 five-digit code groups, each one representing a different letter, word or phrase. A large portion of the list had been destroyed by fire and what remained seemed of little value, since the Soviets employed a system of superencipherment in which random numerical values were added to the original five-digit code groups. Since each code group used a different additive, the effect was an infinity of codes.

To the American cryptanalysts, who had already mastered the intricacies of Japan's top diplomatic code, mere super-characteristic did not pose an insurmountable obstacle. Through collateral intelligence, they could sometimes haz and an educated guess about the subject matter. But without a key to the constantly changing additive, the over-all system was still unbreakable—and would have remained so had not the Russ ans committed a colossal blunder

Amid the confusion of war, Moscow had sent out duplicate sets of additives to various Soviet installations around the world. When the cryptanalysts discovered that the same series of additives had been used more than once, they had all the leverage they needed to break the Soviet cipher system. Having used guesswork to deduce the additives for a Soviet message intercepted in one part of the world, they could test those same additives against the massive backlog of messages intercepted in other parts of the world. Sooner or later, the same ones would appear and another message could be deciphered. It was an excruciatingly tedious task with less than perfect results.

One of the first Soviet spies to be undone by the code break was the German born physicist klaus Fuchs. On February 1, 1950, Hoover informed the White House that "we have just gotten word from England that we have gotten a full confession from one of the top scientists, who worked over here, that he gave the complete know-how of the atom bomb to the Russians"

In his confession, Fuchs said his American contact had been a chemist named "Raymond." Asked to pick out Raymond from a series of mug shots, Fuchs pointed to a picture of Harry Gold, a naturalized American citizen of Russian parentage. Gold gave a complete confession that led ultimately to the arrest,

conviction and execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg.

The trial of the Rosenbergs would become one of the most disputed court cases of the century, in part because the Government, hoping to protect its most secret source, never introduced one of the most damaging pieces of evidence against them, the decoded traffic from the New York-to-Moscow channel. The Rosenbergs were identified in the traffic only by cryptonyms, but the picture that emerged of a husband-and-wife team of agents matched them precisely, even down to the fact that the woman's brother was a part of the plot. At the trial, Ethel's brother, David Greenglass, who had worked on the bomb at Los Alamos. was the chief prosecution witness, having admitted his role in return for leniency

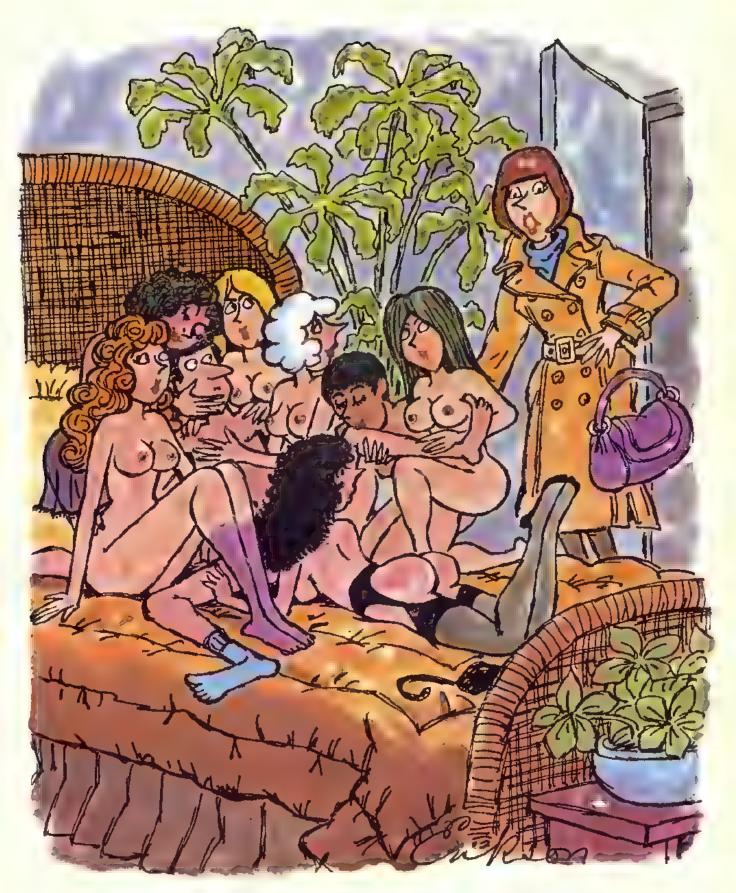
If made public, the evidence contained in the intercepts would have stilled much of the controversy surrounding not only the Rosenberg trial but several other espionage cases as well. Sometimes the evidence fell short of convincing; other times, however, it was convincing beyond doubt, as when Moscow changed its agents' cryptonyms by transmitting a message listing both their true identifies and their new cryptonyms.

The breaking of the Soviet cipher could have tipped the scales of the secret war in favor of the West as surely as had the cracking of the German Enigma code. in World War Two. In 1948, however, the Soviets suddenly modified their cipher system in a way that made it once again unbreakable. Two years later, in vestigators discovered that the Soviets had been alerted to the code break by William Weisband, a diskoyal employee of the Armed Forces Security Agency. The man who betrayed America's ultrasecret was never prosecuted for his crime. since a public trial would have required revelation of the code break Instead Weisband was sentenced to one year in jail for failing to answer a summons to appear before a grand j.ny.

Astoundingly, the British officer assigned to work with the FBI in tracking down the Soviet spies whose cryptonyms appeared in the traffic was Kim Philby, a top agent of MI6, the British counterpart to the CIA. He was also a Soviet spy.

His assignment was a logical one, since he had once been in charge of British counterintelligence operations against the Soviet Union. In retrospect, it seemed possible that Philby's Soviet handlers had instructed him to engineer his assignment to Washington after they learned about the code break from Weisband. Whether by accident or by design Russian intelligence was able to monitor the FB1's efforts to unrivel the Soviet spy nets

The FBI's search for the Soviet agent who had stolen the Churchill to Truman



"My husband!...My best friend!...My college roommate!...My tennis instructor!...My decorator!...My real-estate agent!...My hairdresser!...My tarot-card reader!"

telegram had dragged on for the better part of two years with no break in sight. "We had received some dozen reports referring to the source, who appeared in the documents under the code name Homer, but little progress had been made toward identifying him," Philby later wrote in his memoirs. Philby knew who Homer was and could gauge exactly how close the investigators were coming. All the while, cryptanalysis continued to pore over the intercepts, scarching for some clue that might give Homer's identity away. Philby received drop copies of the messages as they were decoded by the Armed Forces Security Agency, and it must have been chilling for him to see his own Soviet cryptonym appear in the decoded material. How long would it be until some reference in the traffic gave his own identity away? As it turned out, a dinner party Philby gave in the spring of 1951 would do as much harm to his cause as the intercepts.

Libby Harvey, as was increasingly her habit, had had too much to drink. "Thus is god-awful," she proclaimed in a loud voice, jabbing at the roast beef on her plate. Her dinner partner, Robert Lamphere of the FBI, tried without success to shush her. She was right about the roast beef, though. It was cold. Philby had let the cocktail hour go too long, and that had done neither the reast beef nor Libby any good.

Libby was poised at the top of a long slide into alcoholism. Her sister back in Kentucky blamed it on the "highfalutin society in Washington."

One of Harvey's CIA colleagues said the same thing from a different perspective. "Libby was an awfully nice girl who came from humble origins. He started to move up in the world. He moved too fast for Libby. She couldn't keep up." That statement had an unintended double-entendre, for Harvey had acquired a considerable reputation as a skirt chaser.

One of Libby's friends in Kentucky claimed that Harvey plied his wife with liquor in order to keep her submissive while he went about his extramantal activities. "He fed it to her," Libby's friend said with undisguised venom. Another friend said that Libby drank only to keep pace with her busband, who had his own drinking problem. According to Philby, "The first time [Harvey] dined at my house . . . he fell asleep over the coffee and sat snoring gently until midnight, when his wife took him away. saying, 'Come, now, Daddy, it's time you were in bed." The second time the Harveys dined at Philby's, it would have been a merciful blessing had Libby fallen asleep over her roast beef

Dirmer over, Philby and his guests adjourned to the living room for more drinking. Sensing that the evening was getting out of hand, Lamphere said his 252 goodbyes as soon as decency permitted,

departing before the arrival of Philby's old friend and house guest, the outrageous Guy Burgess. In 1950, Burgess had been assigned to the British embassy in Washington as a second secretary, and Philby had taken him into his house. Now, after barely a year in Washington, Burgess was on the verge of being recalled to London for abusing his diplomatic privileges.

Outrageous though he was, Burgess was too irrepressible and too witty to be ignored. He had a reputation as a caricaturist and was fond of telling how he had drawn a sketch of a wartime meeting of the British admiralty that had to be classified top secret. The besotted Libby fulfilled Lamphere's premonition of disaster by begging Burgess to sketch her. He obliged with an obscene cartoon of Libby, legs spread, dress biked above her waist and crotch bared. Harvey swung at Burgess and missed. The party was about to degenerate into a drunken brawl. A friend quickly steered Harvey to the door and walked him around the block to cool off while Libby regained her composure. Burgess continued as though nothing had happened. The evening ended without further violence and the guests staggered off into the night. The entire incident might have been blessedly forgotten, had it not crossed paths with the search for source Homer.

The cryptanalysts had at last succeeded in breaking out a solid lead from the intercepts: Homer had met with his Soviet contact twice a week in New York. The pattern of activity corresponded precisely with that of Donald Maclean, the former second secretary in the British embassy. During his stay in Washington, Maclean had traveled to New York twice a week to visit his pregnant wife, Melinda, who was staying with her American mother.

When he first fell under suspicion in the spring of 1951, Maclean was head of the Foreign Office's American Department in London. He was placed under surveillance and denied further access to sensitive documents. Meanwhile, Burgess had arrived in London to face a disciplinary board for his indiscretions in the United States. The two were seen lunching together on several occasions.

On Friday morning, May 25, 1951, the Foreign Office authorized MI5, the British equivalent of the FBI, to interrogate Madean the following Monday. At almost precisely the same moment, Burgess was telling a young companion he had picked up during his transatlantic crossing that they might have to scrap their plans for a weekend in France, "A young friend of mine in the Foreign Office is in serious trouble," he said. "I am the only one who can help him." That afternoon, Burgess rented an Austin and drove to Madean's home in the

outlying suburb of Tatsfield. M15 sleuths tailed Maclean as he left his offices in Whitehall and walked to the Charing Cross station to catch the 5:19 train, but they dropped their surveillance there. At 11 45 that night, Burgess and Maclean pulled up to the slip at Southampton and boarded the cross-Channel night boat for Saint Malo. A sailor shouted after them, asking what they planned to do about the Austin left on the pier 'Back on Monday," they called. Later, a taxicab driver testified that he had driven two men resembling Burgess and Maclean from Saint-Malo to Rennes, where he thought they had caught a train for Paris. They were not seen again until 1956, when they appeared at a press conference in Moscow.

Philby later wrote in his memoirs that it was from Geoffrey Paterson, the M15 representative in Washington, that he first learned that Burgess and Maclean were missing. "The bird has flown," he quoted Paterson as saying

"What bird?" Philby asked, knowing full well. "Not Madean?" he said with appropriate consternation.

"Yes," Paterson replied, "but there's worse than that . . . Guy Burgess has gone with him."

"At that," Philby subsequently recounted, "my consternation was no pretense." His last words to Burgess when seeing him off for London had been, "Don't you go, too." But Burgess had gone anyway and, in doing so, had linked Philby to the case as one of the handful of people who both knew Burgess and were aware of the suspicions against Maclean.

The CIA's dilemma was only slightly less perplexing than Philby's. The agency could not comfortably share its secrets with someone so indiscreet as to open his house to the egregious Burgess. Yet the mere fact that Philby had befriended Burgess hardly seemed sufficient ground upon which to repudiate the official representative of MI6, embittering relations with the British and, in the bargain, damaging a man's career-a brilliant one, at that. But Bedell Smith, the new director of the CIA, confronted the problem head on. He began by directing every agent who had known Burgess to write down everything he knew about the missing diplomat

Harvey would later tell friends that it had come to him as he sat stalled in traffic one morning on his way to work. That moment in which the anomalies in Philby's career resolved into a pattern of betrayal where others could see only untoward coincidence had been hard earned. It had come from years of working with the files, so that an isolated incident could lodge somewhere in the back of his mind to be recalled when new developments auddenly gave it meaning. It had come from the Bentley



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and Hiss cases, which had convinced him that good breeding was not a bar to treason-and, in fact, was a positive incentive. It had come from the social snubs, real or imagined, that led his distrust of the establishment. And, finally, it had come from the obscene insult to his wife, which had fixed the relationship of Philby and Burgess with outraged clarity in his mind.

Smith forwarded Harvey's memo to MI6 in London with a cover letter stating that Philby was no longer welcome as the British liaison officer in Washington. Working from Harvey's premise, MI5 compiled a dossier against Philby, listing his left-wing youth, his sudden conversion to fascism, the flight of Burgess and Madean and much more. "I have toted up the ledger and the debits outnumber the assets," the head of MI5 informed the CIA.

In July of 1954, President Dwight Eisenhower directed Lieutenant General James Doolittle to undertake "a comprehensive study of the covert activities of the Central Intelligence Agency" and to "make any recommendations calculated to improve the conduct of these operations." Two months later, Doolittle handed Eisenhower a 69-page top-secret report that confirmed what everybody then realized: The CIA was losing the secret war against the K.G.B.

Doolittle recommended a number of specific remedies; more fundamentally, he urged the CIA to become "more ruthless" than the K.G.B. "If the United States is to survive, long-standing American concepts of 'fair play' must be reconsidered," he said. The Doolittle report foreshadowed much of what the CIA, and Harvey in particular, would undertake in the ensuing years. Harvey had already been named chief of the CIA's base in Berlin and was hard at work on a "technical avenue of approach to the intelligence problem."

Harvey's first overseas assignment marked a merciful end to his increasingly unhappy life with Libby. Their marriage was breaking under the strain of his infidelity and her drinking, and on more than one occasion had degenerated into physical violence. He would fly into a rage, "throw glasses, card table, anything he could pick up," Libby testified during the divorce proceedings. She went home to Kentucky and Harvey escaped with their five-year-old adopted son to Berlin.

Soon after the divorce became final. Harvey married a WAC major named Clara Grace Follich, whom he had met at the ClA station in Frankfurt. The newlyweds adopted a daughter, an infant who had been left on the doorstep. of another CIA officer's home by an East German woman who wanted I er child to grow up free. Harvey's friends kidded 254 him that his daughter was the ultimate

Soviet penetration agent, "Is this kid wired?" they cracked.

"Knock it off," he grumbled.

If Harvey's reputation preceded him to Berlin, he did not disappoint. His drinking would become legend during his years there, and his capacity, like his growing bulk, was enormous. On a trip to Copenhagen, he checked in at the Hotel D'Angleterre in midafternoon and waited at the bar to meet the local station chief for dinner. The station chief arrived to find the bartender staring in wonder as Harvey downed his seventh double martini. They adjourned to the dining room, where Harvey ordered another round and wine with dinner. At home, he served his guests martinis in water goblets.

The action in Berlin was wide open and rough. The walls of Harvey's office were lined with racks of firearms, and a thermite bomb perched atop each safe, ready for the emergency destruction of files in the event of a Russian invasion When Harvey arrived in that wild West of espionage, he ordered all CIA officers to carry sidearms when conducting operations. He himself "kept three or four in his desk and never fewer than two on him." At a square-dancing party one warm summer evening in Berlin, Harvey was perspiring profusely under a heavy tweed sports jacket but rejected all suggestions that he take it off, "Can't," he growled, flipping open the jacket to reveal a pearl-handled revolver strapped under each sweaty armpit. Why not check the guns at the door? one of the gaping onlookers asked. "Can't," Harvey growled again, "When you need 'em, you need 'em in a hurry.'

To most of his colleagues, Harvey's guns seemed like so much braggadocio or window dressing, a melodramatic exaggeration of the dangers he faced. Others saw them as a hangover from his FBI days that did not belong in the subtler and more sophisticated world of espionage. Shortly after he arrived in Berlin, Harvey was visited by Frank Wisner, head of the CIA's clandestine services, who asked to be taken to meet the mayor. Wisner squeezed into the back seat of Harvey's car with Mike Burke and Tracy Barnes of the Frankfurt station. Harvey got behind the wheel with a gun jammed in his belt, turned to an aide sitting next to him and barked, "Finger the turns"-FBI lingo meaning point the way. "It was like a grade-C movie," Burke related.

Later, when Wisner was preparing to return to Washington aboard an ocean liner, he received a bon voyage telegram from Barnes saying, "Don't forget to finger the terms"—meaning gulls.

The same men who enjoyed their bons mots at Harvey's expense had put him where he was, and Berlin during the Fifties was the front line of the secret war between the CIA and the K.G.B .-

and the site of the most daring foray in the secret war. Carl Nelson of the CIA's Office of Communications had recently made a discovery that promised to yield the biggest intelligence bonanza since the wartime code break that had uncovered source Homer. Nelson had invented a way to tap into Soviet telephone and telegraph lines and monitor the traffic, not in its encoded form but in plain text. Very simply, he had discovered that as the Soviet cipher machine electrically encrypted a message from the clear text to a meaningless jumble of letters, it gave off faint echoes-Nelson called them transients or artifacts—of the clear text, which traveled along the wire with the enciphered message.

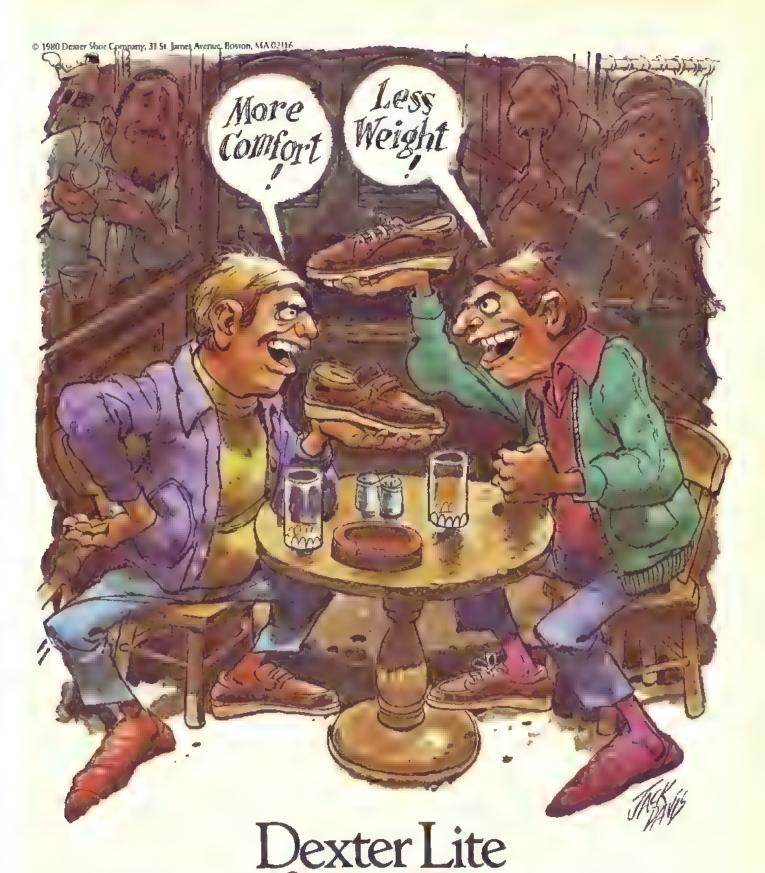
The CIA moved rapidly to exploit Nelson's discovery in Berlin that, second only to Moscow, was the hub of the Soviet communications system. The only way to reach the Soviet land lines in East Berlin was via a tunnel that would have to originate in the western sector and burrow hundreds of yards across a heavily patrolled border into the eastern half of the city. No one had ever attempted anything like it. British intelligence had some experience in the highly specialized art of vertical tunneling and had developed a method for digging upward through soft soil without having the roof collapse. For this operation, the Americans and the British would have to pool their resources. The project was code-named GOLD and Harvey was placed in over-all command.

The cables made their closest approach to Western territory at the city's extreme southern edge, a sparsely settled expanse of farm land and refugee shacks known as Altglienecke. Still 1000 feet from the border, they lay just 18 inches beneath a drainage ditch on the far side of Schönefelder Chaussee, a heavily traveled highway linking the main Soviet air base in Germany with East Berlin.

Harvey flew back to Washington to brief Dulles, Wisner, Helms and other senior agency officials on the plan. "There were those who manifested reservations," a CIA document noted dryly, but those reservations paled in the face of Harvey's fervor, "Without Harvey there would have been no tunnel," one officer said. 'The easy thing was to say no and be on the safe side and not take a chance, but Harvey would keep badg ering the chiefs, stripping away their objections "

Early in 1954, two teams of Army engineers began work on the tunnel at sites 6000 miles apart. In Berlin, a Corps of Engineers unit started construction of a warehouse directly over the spot chosen for the mouth of the tunnel. In New Mexico, at the White Sands Missile Proving Ground, 16 hand-picked Army sergeants sank a test tunnel in the desert

The commander of the engineers in



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Berlin could not understand why a warehouse had to have a basement with a 12-foot ceiling. In the strictest of confidence, Washington explained that he was not really building a warehouse but a radar-intercept station designed to look like one. Washington did not explain that no sooner would the basement be finished than another crew of engineers would start to fill it in with the 3100 tons of dirt that would be produced by a tunnel 1476 feet long and six and a half feet in diameter.

In New Mexico, the crew of 16 sergeants successfully completed a 450-foot test tunnel through soil of approximately the same composition as in Berlin. Abandoning the New Mexico tunnel, they flew to Richmond, Virginia, where the material needed for Operation GOLD was being assembled in a real Army warehouse. The 125 tons of steel liner plates that would be bolted together to form the tunnel walls were sprayed with a rubberized coating to prevent them from clanging during construction. All the equipment was packed in crates labeled spare parts and office supplies, shipped by sea to the German port of Bremerhaven, placed aboard the regularly scheduled supply train for Berlin and, finally, trucked to the new warehouse in Altglienecke.

By August of 1954, the warehouse was ready. The ground floor was stocked to capacity with crates of "spare parts" and "office supplies." Below, the cavernous basement stood empty, waiting to be filled with dirt.

Starting from a point in the easternmost corner of the warehouse basement, the soldiers sank a vertical shaft 18 feet in diameter to a depth of 20 feet, then drove pilings halfway into the floor of the shaft. Next, a steel ring six and a half feet in diameter and fitted with hydraulic jacks around its circumference was lowered into place. Braced against the exposed section of the pilings, the ring, or "shield," was fitted flush against the tunnel's face. Everything was then ready for the long subterranean journey eastward toward Schonefelder Chaussee.

Three men attacked the tunnel face with pick and shovel. After excavating to a depth of two inches, they shoved the shield forward by jacking it against the pilings. Over and over again, the process was repeated. Excavate, jack for ward, excavate, jack forward. After ad vancing a foot, the diggers were able to bolt the first ring of steel liner plate into place After another foot of progress, a second ring of liner plate. Plugs in the lace of each plate were uncapped and mortar was pumped under pressure to fill any voids between the tunnel walls and the surrounding earth, leaving no toom for "slump."

The sergeants worked in eight-hour



"Well...uh...no, your Eminence...it's not exactly a flying machine."

shifts round the clock—three men at the face with pick and shovel, two loading the spoil into a box that was picked up by a forklift and hauled back to the mouth of the tunnel, where a winch raised it to the basement. Some was packed in sandbags and stacked along the sides of the tunnel. Venulation ducts were placed on top of the sandbags, bringing a stream of chilled air to the sweating men at the tunnel face.

The tunnel was completed on February 25, 1955, a long, thin catheter ready to draw off the secrets of the Soviet military command in Berlin, Harvey walked along its length until he stood directly beneath the Schöneselder Chaussee. The final 50 feet were separated from the rest of the tunnel by a heavy door of steel and concrete designated against the mevitable day the operation would be blown and the Vopos would come storming through. At Harvey's instruction, the door bore a neatly lettered inscription that warned in both German and Rus-SIZD: ENTRY IS FORBIDDEN BY ORDER OF THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

Now it was up to the British to install the taps. A second shield was brought in to dig the vertical shaft up to the cables. The technique was the same as before, except that the face of the shield was fitted with slats to keep the ceiling of the shalt from crashing down on the workmen. Finally, three black rubbersheathed cables, each one as thick as a man's arm, emerged from the ceiling. With the help of a hydraulic jack, they were pulled downward into the tap chamber, so that the technicians could have some headroom in which to work. The British technicians painstakingly clipped wires to the rainbow of colorcoded circuits at their finger tips. The wires carried the signal down to banks of amplifiers in the tunnel and back up to rejoin the circuit.

Processing the take was a task of staggering proportions. The three cables contained a total of 172 circuits carrying a minimum of 18 channels each. Record ings of the telegraph circuits were flown to Washington, where Nelson's invention could sort out the plain-text artifacts from the encoded signals. Tapes of phone conversations went to London, where a team of White Russian émigres waited to translate them. In Washington, the tapes were delivered to building T-32, one of the World War Two "tempos" that disfigured the Mall. The floors of T-32, known as "the Hosiery M.II" because of the many strands of communications intelligence that came together there, sagged under the weight of the machinery assembled to process the tapes.

The heart of the system was "the bumblebee," so called because, like the real bumblebee, all the laws of physics decreed that it would never get off the



The "American James Bond" was no one's leading man—except in the CIA's war with the K.G.B. At left, William K. Harvey's FBI photo; at right, he and first wife, Libby, with a young mece.



In 1951, British intelligence officer Kim Philby was identified by Harvey as a Soviet spy. Philby later defected to Russia.



After 11 months, Harvey's Berlin tunnel was finally capped with this sign: YOU ARE NOW ENTERING THE AMERICAN SECTOR.



Harvey enlisted matiosa Johnny Roselli to kill Castro. Here, Roselli leaves after testifying at the 1975 Senate hearings.

ground. The bumblebee played the tapes at 60 inches per second, four times the speed at which the captured signals had originally been transmitted, breaking down the 18 channels of each circuit into separate recordings—"demuxing," in the communicators' jargon. The 18 separate recordings were then placed on slow-speed recorders linked to teletype machines that printed out the message in clear text at 100 words per minute. The printed messages, still in their original Russian or German, were ripped from the teletypes and hand-carried to translators and analysts on the floors above.

On April 21, 1956, the microphone in the tap chamber picked up an alarming sound—voices exclaiming at what had been found. A CIA document attributed the discovery to "unfortunate circumstances beyond our control—a combination of the fact that one of the cables was in very poor physical condition . . . and a long period of unusually heavy rainfall. It appeared that water entered the cable in sufficient quantity to make it inoperative, thus necessitating digging up sections of the cable and causing discovery of the tap."

But for 11 months and 11 days, the tunnel had kept on the Soviet pulse. The Russian army could not have made a military move anywhere in Europe without tipping its hand via the tunnel. When the CIA was set up in 1947, Secretary of State George Marshall was reported to have said, "I don't care what the CIA does. All I want from them is 24 hours' notice of a Soviet attack." Harvey's Hole, as the tunnel became known, had put the CIA in a position to do just that, and had done it at a time when the agency had virtually no other assets behind the Iron Curtain.

At a secret ceremony, Dulles singled out Harvey for special praise and awarded him the Distinguished Intelligence Medal. It was a moment to savor as Dulles heartily slapped him on the back for a job well done. In the years since Harvey had been cashiered from the FBI, he had earned a reputation as America's top spy, the man who had both uncovered Kim Philby, the K.G.B.'s most valued penetration of the West, and overseen Operation GOLD, the CIA's most valued penetration of the Iron Curtain. But for William Harvey, life would never again be so sweet.

Over Christmas of 1960, a Polish intelligence officer named Michael Coleniewski crossed into West Berlin and into the waiting arms of the CIA. Goleniewski had planned his defection well. In the months before his flight from Warsaw, he had stashed hundreds of pages of photographed documents in a hollow tree trunk. By defecting at the start of the long Christmas holiday, he had given himself and the CIA a few extra days before his absence would be

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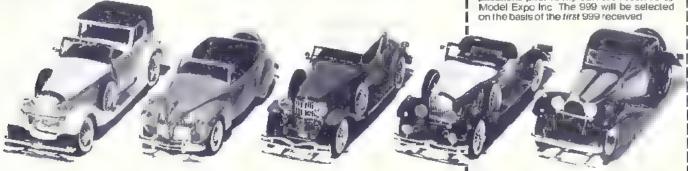
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noted and the alarm sounded—time enough to signal the lone CIA man in Warsaw to empty the hollow tree.

Spirited away to a CIA safe house in a suburb of Washington, Golemewski told his interrogators about a Soviet spy inside the MI6 (British Intelligence) in Berlin, a lead that aroused suspicion against one George Blake.

Over Easter of 1961, Blake was recilled to London for questioning. "Blake broke at a time when there was hardly another question left to ask him." one CIA officer said "If Blake had held out, they would not have had a case." After a brief trial, conducted almost entirely in secret. Blake was sentenced to 42 years in prison, one of the longest sentences ever handed down by a British court. The information that Blake had passed on to the Russians "has rendered much of this country's efforts completely useless," the judge said

William Harvey didn't need a British judge to tell him that. In December 1953 he had sat at a conference table in London and discussed plans for the Berlin tunnel with his British counterparts while Blake kept the official minutes of the meeting "He knew every detail of what we were doing" said Carl Nelson mastermend of the tunnel

By 1961. Harvey had been reassigned to CIA headquarters as head of Soft Dassmall agency component responsible for communications intercepts. There at the direction of Richard Bissell, then head of the CIA's clandestine services, Harvey had began work on the application of ZR. RHELF program to Cuba."

B ssell called it "executive action" Harvey called it "the magic but, on" and the "last resort beyond last resort and confession of weakness." He made a note to himself never to call it by its true name. "Never mention word assassination," he scribbled

The CIA had tried to kill Fidel Castro at the time of the Bay of Pigs invasion, but the attempt had disintegrated into what one of the plotters called 'a Keystone comedy act." Muc i more stringent requirements were Lid down for Harvey's operation "Maximum security and "nonattributability" were the primary guidelines specified in the executive action file "KUBARK only." the file commanded employing the cryptonym used internally to identify the CIA.

The first step would be the "scarch"—
to find and recruit the assassin.
KUTUBE D, the agency's cryptonym for
Staff D, was already conducting a search
for agents who could be recruited to
steal the code books of other nations.
That would be used as the cover for the
search for a killer. The KUTUBE/D
search had been given the code name
RTLE, which, now that it served the
ends of executive action, was an appropriate description of what was involved.

To conduct the search, Harvey already had the perfect asset. According to one of his CIA handlers, the man codenamed Q1 WIN was capable of anything. A CIA memo said that he was recruited in Frankfurt November 1, 1960. to undertake a one-shot mission to the Belgian Congo, a mission that "potentrally involved great risk." The memo was characteristically vague about what exactly the mission had been though the author must have chuckled over his reference to "one-shot," since other documents left no doubt that WIN had been dispatched to arrange "the assassination of Paurce Lumumba," Lumumba liad died exactly as the CIA planned, but the agency for all its scheming was not responsible. It had not had such good Inck with Castro, and Bissell hoped Harvey could thange that

ZR RIFLE was only a small portion of what the Kennedy Administration proposed to throw against Castro, A major new covert-action program would burd a revolution inside Cuba. Agents assigned to Task Force W would be inplicated to make contact with what few prockets of political resistance remained after the Bay of Pigs and to build an insurgent movement gradually that would gather support from a population increasingly disgrantled with Castro's mismanagement of the economy, a mismanagement aided and abetted by economic warfare waged overtly with a trade embargo and covertly with sabotage. The program would require a Government wide effort, for which the President's brother, according to a White House memo, "would be the most effec-

tive comm, nder "

Instead, Kennedy chose as his Cuba commander Brigadier General Edward Lansdale, a CIA operative who had lought against Communist insurgents in the Philippines and Vietnam Lansdale was a romantic figure of considerable proportions—the stuff of which two novels. Graham Greene's The Quiet American and William Lederer's The Ugly American, were made.

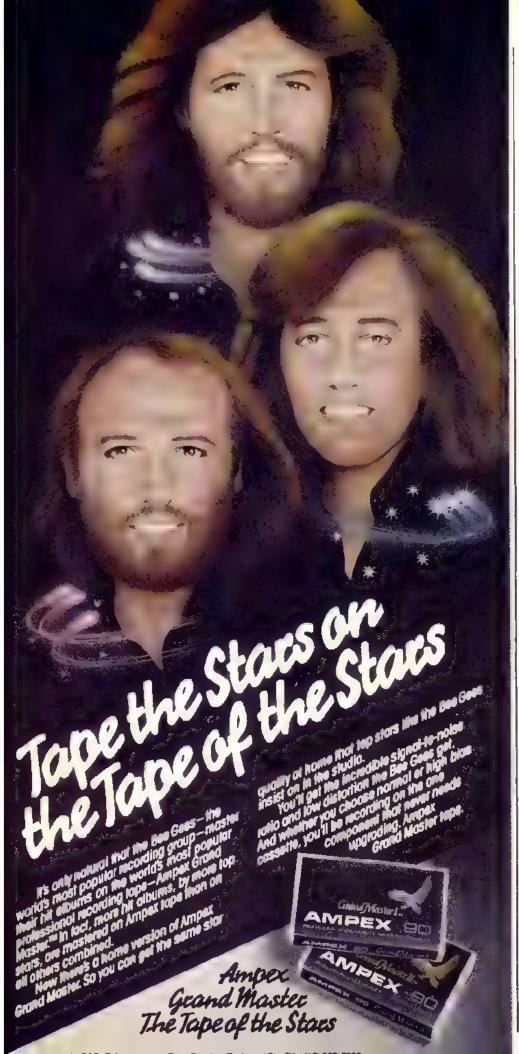
To oversee Lanscale, a special panel was formed chaired by the President's military representative. General Maxwell Laylor, and including national security advisor McGeorge Bondy and GIA director John McGone, among others. The panel was augmented by one other member, the President's brother Bobby Kennedy would give the panel both its oficial tatle—Special Group (Augmented)—and its sense of urgency.

Code named MONGOOSE, the operation with Harvey once again the CIVs point man was doomed to fall from the start. The CIA's Board of National Estimates had already concluded that "it is highly improbable that an extensive popular uprising could be fomented' against Castro. Even Castro's death would almost certainly not prove fatato the regime "But the Administration's obsession with overthrowing Castro was beyond the reach of reason, "We were hysterical about Castro," Defense Secretary Robert McNamara acknowledged The CLA's pessinism was viewed as one more indication that the agency had not regained its nerve since the Bay of Pigs.

Harvey moved Task Force W into the basement of the CIA's new headquarters in Langley, Virginia, and set up the command bunker for operations against



"Well, I don't believe this is Eat Your Secretary Week!"



Cuba. Lansdale had already drawn up a basic action plan for MONGOOSE de agned to culminate in the "open revolt and overthrow of the Communist regime"-"the touchdown play" as he liked to rall it-by the end of October of 1962. The timetable was preposterous. and members of Task Force W decided that Lansdale's October deadline had more to do with the November elections than with the realities of insurgency Even the Special Group (Augmented) found Lansdale's basic action plan excessive and issued guidelines stating that simple intelligence collection would be the "immediate priority objective of U. S. efforts in the coming months." Cov ert actions should be kept on a scale short of those reasonably calculated to

inspire a revolt."

A total of 400 CIA officers was assigned to Task Force W. "We were running a ferry service back and forth to the island with agents," a member of the task force recalled. Teams of Cuban extles were dispatched in the dark of the moon for the 90-nule run from Florida to Cuba. Once ashore, they headed inland toward their native provinces, where they could seek out relatives who might give them food and shelter while they went about the tedious task of building an under ground network. The exiles sent out radio reports on the condition of the transportation and food-distribution systems, the status of power and water supplies, the schedules of police patrols and all the other measures of Castro's grip on the island. They urged their compatriots to commit minor sabotage such as leaving the lights on and the water running. They carried condoms filled with graphite to dump into an engine's oil system

But minor sabotage "didn'i appeal to the Cubans," Maxwell Taylor said They wanted to go in there and throw a bomb at somebody." The official records of Operation MONGOOSE contained only the slightest hint of the ferocity with which that secret war was waged. Sabotage missions were launched against bridges, power transformers, microwave towers, tank farms and rathroad lines within reach of the beach. The commandos set their mortars in the sand, lobbed a few shells inland and retreated to the sea. "Sometimes mortar rounds go long and they land in a village," the chief of Task Force W's paramilitary operations said philosophically

"People died," Harvey's executive assistant said, "no question of that "

The rationale behind the sabotage was that it would result in economic dislocations that would sow discontent among the people and provide fertile ground for nurturing a resistance network. But the Special Group (Augmented) repeatedly balked at approving the



"Actually, once you've had one of them, you've had them all."

kind of assault that would work any real economic hardship.

Exasperated, Harvey complained to McCone. "To permit requisite flexibility and professionalism for a maximum opcration effort against Cuba, the tight controls exercised by the Special Group (Augmented) and the present time-consuming coordination and bricking procedures should, if at all possible, be made less restrictive and less stultifying," he wrote in his long-winded fashion.

"You could see trouble coming," Helms's assistant said,

Bobby Kennedy browbeat Harvey and his aides so relentlessly that after one session. Laylor turned to him and said, "You could sack a town and enjoy it." The Attorney General would call a junior officer in the Task Force W bunker at Langley, bark out an order and hang up, leaving the CIA man wondering whether he had just talked with the President's brother or a prankster. He gave one officer the name of "a man who was in contact with a small group. of Cubans who had a plan for creating an insurrection." When the officer reported back that the Cubans did not seem to have a concrete plan, Kennedy ordered him to fly to Guantánamo and "start working developing this particular group." The officer protested, saying that the CIA had promised the Defense Department not to work out of Guanta namo. "We will see about that," Kennedy snapped. Sometimes the Attorney General would take though into his own hands and the CIA would not find out about it until after the fact. He sent Lansdale down to Miami in a futile effort to form a cohesive government in exite and kept the trip a secret from the GIA. It was vintage Bobby Kennedy, tarning the bureaucracy upside down and shaking it by the heels. Such tactics served him well in most endeavors, but not when it came to the business of spying, with all its reverence for "tradecraft"

To Harvey, it was all so much amateurish meddling. Soon he started referring to Kennedy in private as "that fucker" and began suggesting that some of the Attorney General's actions bor dered on the traitorous. It usually happened after he had been drinking, and it made his friends wince. "He said some things about Bobby Kennedy that were unwise, which he couldn't support but which were part of his dislike for the man," a friend said, "Bobby was wield ing so much power and Bill distorted this into intent to do harm." In short, the friend said, "he hated Bobby Kennedy's guts with a purple passion."

For his part, Kennedy thought that Harvey was "not very good." The Berlin. tunnel "was a hell of a project," Kennedy conceded, "but he did that better than be did this. . . [Harvey had] this great achievement and then he ended in d sas-262 ter by working out this program." Stories began to circulate. One had it that Harvey had flatly refused a direct order from Kennedy, then slapped his gun down on the conference table and spun it around so the barrel pointed at the Attorney General. The story was almost certainly apocryphal, but its very existence signaled that something was drastically wrong.

Relations with Lansdale were no better To Harvey, Lansdale was a security risk. "Harvey seldom really talked to me. Lansdale said. "He would never mutiate conversations. It was very hard to get information from him." Harvey displayed his contempt in other ways as well. At meetings, he would "lift his ass and fart and pare his nails with a shorth kmfe," Helms's aide said. One day at the Pentagon, Harvey took his gun from his pocket, emptied all the ammunition on the table and began playing with the bullets in an elaborate show of boredom. The incident caused such a ruckus that the CIA issued new regulations regarding the carrying of brearms by employees.

The final break with Lansdale came on August 13, 1962, after he sent a memoto State, Defense, the CIA and the USIA, laying out plans for the next phase of operations against Cuba. There, in black and white, Lansdale wrote, "Mr. Harvey: Intelligence, Political (including liquidation of leaders), Economic (sabotage, limited deception) and Paramilitary

Harvey scratched out the offending words from the memo and called Lans dale, raging against "the inadmissibility and stupidity of putting this type of comment in such a document." Lansdale didn't know it, but he had stuck his big foot right in the middle of ZR RIFLE

Lansdale was the least of that operation's problems. Harvey had abandoned the intricate stratagem of using QJ WIN in the KUT UBE/D search for a suitable assassm as the original executive-action file had specified. Instead, he had reverted to a more tightly controlled version of the Keystone comedy act that had been concocted for the Bay of Pigs. On April 21, 1962, Harvey met with a dapper Mobster named Johnny Roselli in the cocktail lounge at the Miami autport. The bulbous Harvey gulped his double martini while the sleek Roselli, wearing a custom tailored suit, alligator shoes and a \$2000 watch, sipped vodka on the rocks, Harvey handed him four poison capsules and assured him that they would "work anywhere and at any time with any thing." Although Roselli soon reported to Harvey that the pills had arrived in Cuba, nothing happened.

Still Castro flourissed. It had been a full eight months since Bisself had first mentioned to Harvey the "application of ZR RIFLF program to Cuba" and since the President had recorded his decision to "use our available assets . . . to help Cuba overthrow the Communist regime.

During that time, the only result that could be discerned was that the Rissians had begun shipping vast quantities of military supplies to Cuba

Early on the morning of October 14, a U-2 reconnaissance aircraft picked out a total of 14 73-foot MRBMs lving in various stages of readiness in a heavily wooded area near San Cristobal. The presence of nuclear missiles in Cuba signaled the final further of MONGOOSE.

In the heat of the moment, Harvey ordered ten more teams to Cuba, not for saborage but to be in place with beacons and flares that could light the way if the President ordered a military invasion. The Attorney General learned of the order by accident when "one of the fellows who was going to go got in touch with me and said . . . we don't mind going, but we want to make sure we're going because you think it's worth while

Kennedy ordered the scrubbed, but Harvey said that three of the teams were beyond recall. "I was furious," Kennedy later related. "I said, 'You were dealing with people's lives . . . and then you're going to go off with a halfassed operation such as this!" On whose authority had Harvey dispatched no fewer than 60 of those brave men into Cuba at a time when the slightest provocation might unleash a nuclear holocaust? Kennedy demanded to know. [Harvey] said we planned it because the military wanted it done, and I asked the military and they never heard of it." Kennedy demanded a better explanation and said, "I've got two minutes to hear your answer." Two minutes later, Harvey was still talking. Kennedy got up and walked out of the room.

That evening, when McCone returned to CIA headquarters in Langley, he told Ray Cline, his deputy director of Intelligence, "Harvey has destroyed himself today. His usefulness has ended.

McCone removed Harvey as head of Task Force W. Harvey would never again be allowed near an operation in which the White House was likely to take an active interest. Rome was the first available slot for an other of his rank. and the irony cannot have escaped Harvey that it was he, the loval Government servant, and not Roselli, the mafioso, who was being deported to Italy

"He was an otter disaster in Rome," the head of the CIA's Western Europe Division said.

"Italians are highly sophisticated smooth and slowgoing," a member of the Rome station said, describing attributes guaranteed to dash with the blunt, hard charging new station chief

"This was just not the kind of milicu-Bill Harvey prospered in," a sympathetic friend said. "He preferred if e dark alleys of Berlin."

Still, said an aide to McCone, "he would have been able to carry out his If only everything in the world were this smooth.

MELLOWED IN AGED ONL



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assignment had he not impaired his effectiveness with drink,"

When he first came to Rome, he tried to be very careful about his drinking," a member of the station staff said. "At cocktail parties, he would drink ited tea."

But soon "he was hitting the bottle very hard early in the morning," another colleague reported, "By noon, Bill was no longer Bill." When a colonel in the local carabinieri took him on a tour of check points along the Yugoslav border, Harvey slumbered drunkenly through the entire trip. When the American ambassador, Frederick Reinhardt, called an emergency meeting one Saturday, Harvey arrived "blotto" and fell asleep slumped over the arm of his chair. His gon fell out of its holster and onto the floor, "For Christ's sake," Reinhardt snapped, "who sent him to this town"

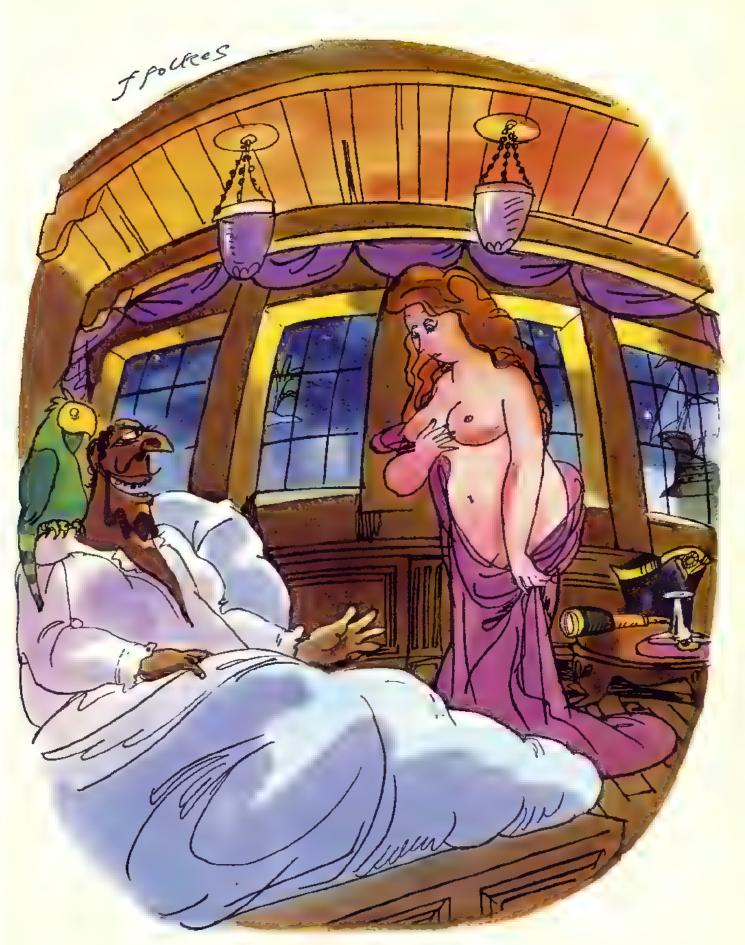
Helms and Angleton had sent Harvey to Rome for a mamber of reasons. After nis run in with Bobby Kennedy, Harvey had to be got out of the country fast But he was not to be demoted. The ailure of MONGOOSE had not been his fault and there was a feeling that he had been "unfairly treated" by the White House Rome was "the assignment Helms could find at the time that was high-level enough to accommodate him," one par-

ticipant in the decision said.

The station relied on the Italian services for its intelligence on Soviet agents, but "there was no help from the liaison services, who were afraid of antagonizing the Soviets," an Italian hand said. The situation cried out for a hardnosed operative like Harvey, who would install some "plumbing" of his ownsurveillance teams, wire taps, bugs and all the other paraphernaha of espionage Whatever else had happened to him, Harvey certainly had not gone soft. When a longtime Irrend in the Rome station wrote him a warm letter of congratulations on his appointment, Harvey reported the man to the Othce of Security for discussing classified material in the open mails

I his new man was a queer bird, indeed. Harvey tried to turn the station around from a largely overt mission to an increased claudestine effort against the Soviets," one officer said. No longer relying on the timid efforts of the Itahan services, Harvey formed bis own surveillance teams to track the Russian operatives. Others who had made then living over dinner with Italian politicians found themselves pounding the pavement at all hours of the night, "People had to work a hell of a lot harder," one officer said, but "I don't think we succeeded in recoming any Russians."

Relations with the Italian services grew steadily worse under Harvey's heavy hand, "He pushed too hard," a veteran officer said. If only he'd had a little more tact. . . . Barvey forgot that



"Don't mind the parrot; he handles the pillow talk."

we were dealing with the owners of the country."

Soon the "horror stories" began to filter back to Washington, stories of Harvey's walking into a glass door or running over a roadside klosk. "You heard about the time the gun went off in his office, didn't you?" said an officer. "The girls in the outer office were afraid to open the door. They were afraid he'd blown his damn brains out. When they finally opened the door, there was Harvey, sitting there as if nothing had happened."

At first the reports were discounted as the petty spite of a small cl'que of officers who had grown too accustomed to the good life. "The gentlemen who were trying to pull him down in Italy were gnats buzzing about a bull," Harvey's immediate superior in Washington said The K.G.B. added its menacing buzz to the swarm. Harvey would find the air let out of his tires or he awakened in the middle of the night by anonymous paone calls. One morning, two sewer rats were found hanging from his front door with their heads chopped off.

Harvey suffered a heart attack. After the crisis had passed, the chief of the Western Europe Division said, "Things looked up for a while."

But the drinking resumed. Then came a cable saying Harvey wanted a number of officers recalled. Headquar ters temporized by asking for more in formation. Harvey's wrath focused on one officer in particular, Mark Wyatt. was in charge of haison with the Italian services. Urbane, sophisticated, bilingual independently wealthy, Wvatt was everything Harvey was not Harvey submitted a special fitness report which tore Wyatt limb from limb

Desmond FitzGerald, the new head of the clandestine services, arrived in Rome for a firsthand look. He supported Harvey against Wyatt, but at the same time, he concluded, in the words of a senior oficer who accompanied him, that "Harvey was not in a condition to continue as chief of the station. . . . He was sick and coming apart at the seams." Fitz-Gerald cabled a lengthy report to Helms. and Helms ordered Harvey relieved of command. "I got the job of going back to Rome and relieving Bill Harvey," FitzGerald's companion said, "It was a night I shall not soon forget." For seven hours, he sat across from Harvey, explaining that he was through, "Harvey was drouking brandy with a loaded gun in his lap . . . paring his nails with a sheath knite" Harvey never threatened him, but the barrel of the gun was always pointing directly at him

At CIA headquarters in Was rington, Harvey was placed in charge of something called the Special Services Unit, where his job was to study countermeas ures against electronic surveillance. Fitz-266 Gerald told Harvey he hoped that would be only a brief interlude until he could legain his health and return to the front lines Lawrence "Red" White, the agency's executive director, was assigned to watch over him-

"I'm sorry if I've embarrassed the agency in any way," Harvey said to White. 'If I ever embarrass you or the agency again, I will resign."

Before long, "we began finding gin bottles in his desk drawer," one of the UA's most senior officers said. White called in Harvey, who reminded him of what he had said about resigning the next time he embarrassed the agency.

"That would probably be the best thing to do," White said.

"At your pleasure," Harvey replied. He was finished.

Alter a brief try at practicing law in Washington, Harvey went home to Indione as the Miewest representative of a small investigative outfit known as Bishop's Service.

People who had not seen him for many years were shocked at how obese he had become, In 1978, he returned to Maysville, Kentucky, for the first time in nearly 20 years, for the funeral of his first wife, Libby, "I was really horrified when he came here," Libby's sister said. "The change in him was unbelievable, He was a very thin young man when he married Libby." Like Harvey, Libby had never been able to free herself from alcohol. She had died by her own hand

Such private tragedies attracted no public interest, and Harvey remained a man of indeterminate past and no future. When he applied to Bobas-Merrill for a \$9000-a-year job as a law editor. "Bill said nothing at all about his CIA employment," said Dave Cox, head of the firm's law division. "He used phrases bke having worked for the Government,' as if I was supposed to know something independenta "

Cox did not know any more until the spring of 1975, when Harvey was pubhely identified as the man who had directed Johnny Roselli in a plot to poison Castro. Harvey was called to testify before the newly created Senate Select Committee on intelligence activities. He surprised the committee with his willingness to talk. After all the stories they had heard, the Senators could not resist asking Harvey whether or not he still carried a gun. No the said, he was not carrying a gun, but ae did have a tiny device that would erase the tape recording that was to be the official transcript of his testimony. He withdrew a small object from his pocket and slapped it down onto the table in front of him The stunned silence in the mom was broken by Harvey's chuckle as he removed his hand to reveal a cigarette case,

Nowhere did Harvey cause a greater scusation than at the Bobbs Merrill of-

fices in Indianapolis where he worked. Executives at International Telephone and Telegraph, the parent company of Bobbs Merrill, were aghast at the prospect of being linked to yet another CIA scindal, I.T.T. collaboration with the CIA in attempting to block the 1970 election of Chilean Marxist Salvador Allende was already the subject of one Congressional investigation

Harvey was about to be fired. "The fact that Bobbs Merrill is a subsidiary of LT.T. had some bearing on it," Cox acknowledged, but the main reason was that "his drinking started to get out of control "

Cox called Harvey in for a talk, 'T've drunk heavily all my life," Harvey told him, "I just can't handle it anymore. It's out of control. I just have to realize I'm an alcoholic."

Harvey began seeing a doctor regular ly and, according to Cox, "got squared away on the booze problem." Cox said that "after Harvey got back . . . he came over to thank me for giving him a second chance. He said he couldn't guaran tee the treatment would work. If it didn't, he said, he could forget about leading a meaningful life."

Harvey awoke with thest pains at 5.45, Tuesday morning, June 8, 1976. By seven o'clock, he was in the intensive-care unit at Methodist Hospital, On Wednesday, he uncerwent open-healt surgery, For four hours, surgeons worked to inplant an artificial valve that might somehow overcome the toll taken by obesity, tigarettes and alcohol. He died, holding his wife's hand, at ten minutes past two in the afternoon of June ninth,

"Bill was 60, too young to go" his wife wrote in a letter to his colleagues at Bobbs-Merrill "He had meny plans ahead. He had lived a very full and satisfying life by his own estimation. He said few men were blessed with the opportunity he had to serve his country' At the funeral home, she proudly announced that he would be buried wearing his favorite boots and silver belt buckle. Then the bitterness broke through Standing over the casket, she launched into a tearful tirade against 'that awful Frank Church," chairman of the Senate Select Committee on intelligence activities. She was entitled to her venoin. It was unfair to leave Harvey stranded in the public record as the CIA's but man. He had been that, but so much more-the nemesis of Philby; the fore man of the Berlin tunnel. He had been the CIA's point man in the secret war and, although he had never heard a slot fired in anger, he was a combat casualty. a burnt-out case who, as one other put it. "was asked to do things that nobody should have been asked to do."



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people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

THAT SPORTING LIFE

The next time you head for the hills or shoot a rapid, pack your camera in an inflatable, waterproof, floatable and shock-resistant Sports Pouch that's made of heavy-gauge vinyl with a Velcro closure. Sports Pouches come in two sizes (14" x 12" for \$17.95 and 17" x 17" for \$24.95) and two colors (bright yellow and olive drab). Most sports and camera stores stock them. And if you don't own a camera, load the pouch with something equally fragile—such as a couple of bottles of bourbon.





LET A SMILE BE YOUR TWINBRELLA

Mary Poppins would love this: a sturdy dual umbrella called, appropriately, a Twinbrella, that H & S Distributing Company, Suite 1019, 79 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois 60603, is selling for \$42.50, postpaid, in a choice of three colors—black, navy and tan. Best of all, Twinbrella closes to the size of a normal umbrella and features an opener that operates at the push of two buttons. Now you do have a reason to go singing in the rain.

PINNEY FOR YOUR THOUGHTS

Richard D. Pinney builds egos: solid-wood personal sculptures that are one-of-a-kind symbolic statements depicting the stuff of which a person's life is composed. The price for the privilege of seeing your interests in a 36" x 40" bas-relief begins at \$1500 and travels upward, depending on size or how complicated you are. (For more info, contact Pinney at 519 Indian Road SE, Gedar Rapids, lowa 52403.) Of course, if you don't have any interests, the price of the finished product will be cheaper.





UNCLE SAM WANTS YOU

Who knows what evil lurks in the Internal Revenue Service? A publisher named Books for Business does and it has packed its knowledge into a 67-page easy-to-read soft-cover publication tuled How the Internal Revenue Service Selects Individual Income Tax Returns for Audit, available from B.F.B. at 1100 17th Street N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036, for \$5.50, postpaid. No, it doesn't give you the phone number of a good lawyer.

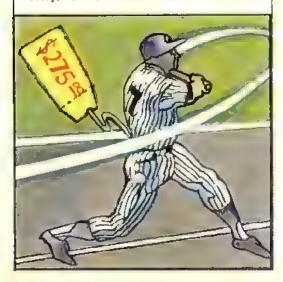
TAILBONE CONNECTED TO THE HI-FI

The theory is that there are two kinds of sound: waves transmitted through the air and vibrations conducted through the body. The latter is named bone conduction and it's what you'll feel when you come in contact with a Pioneer Electronics' Bodysonic cushion that—along with an amplifier—is selling in stereo stores for about \$110. For a kick in the ass, hook a Bodysonic cushion up to your car's stereo. The road won't be so lonesome.



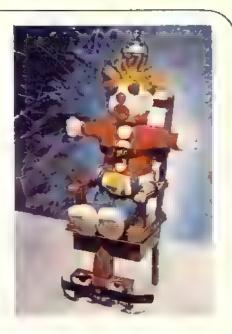
MANTLES OF GREATNESS

Ever wonder what happened to Mickey Mantle's old uniform? It ended up at M. Friedman Specialty Co. (P.O. Box 5777{P], Baltimore, Maryland 21208), a business that sells gamy big-league-baseball togs to zealous fans. Mantle's uniform goes for \$275; Reggie Jackson's is \$125 and Rico Petrocelli's is a bargain-basement \$99. M. Friedman publishes a catalog for 50 cents and, if you don't dig used clothes, it also sells team jackets. Sorry, no secondhand Pete Rose.



HOT LITTLE SEAT

Ooohhh, nnnoooo! Mr. Hands has just strapped our Play-Doh model of Mr. Bill in a miniature battery-powered electric chair that actually gives you a sluggo of a shock when you pick it up. (You can handle the chair without getting a shock, but we won't tell you how.) Who is selling this evil adult toy? A company called The Game Room, P.O. Box 4290, Washington, D.C. 20012, for only \$8.40, postpaid. And when you're not frying your own Mr. Bill to a crisp, you can give your girlfriend the chair as punishment for being late, lipping off or dating someone else-as if we'd blame her.



NEW STOMPING GROUND

You'd think that the gentle folks in Hancock, Vermont, would be into quilt making and canning preserves, wouldn't you? No, a group of them have set up a business called the Top Drawer Rubber Stamp Company (the zip code's 05748) and they're reproducing the work of such underground cartoonists as R. Crumb, Jay Lynch and Bill (Zippy the Pinhead) Griffith, among others, priced from \$2 to \$6.25 per stamp. To view their wares, send \$1.50 to them for three catalogs depicting weird images, comix characters and zodiac signs. Bizarre.

KINGDOM OF CLUBS

London is the mother city of men's clubs. Cavilized leatherand brass men's clubs with smoking rooms and billiard rooms and quiet corners by the fire where one can sip a glass of port. Writer Anthony Lejeune and photographer Malcolm Lewis have combined their talents to produce what surely is bookland's ultimate tribute to English clubland The Gentlemen's Clubs of London, published by Mayflower: a \$35 tour of that city's male bastions of retreat from The American Club and Boodle's to White's. You may not be able to join these yeddy British sanctums, but they're wonderful places to visit.



(continued from page 192)

"Doyle Legg did not have the type of personality to withstand much sincere abuse from the stands."

clubbouse and throughout the park for when the not happened

As we walked to the dressing room one little kid asked for an autograph from one of my men and was slapped by his mother

We took batting practice without incident, because quarter beer didn't go on sale until a half hour before the game.

The strategy was relatively simple

Our computer tells us that the Boston pitchers throw 83 percent of their pitches on the outside part of the plate to our right handers because of that horseshit wall. Boston wins a lot in its park because everybody tries to pull outside pitches, which is ignorant.

"Anybody trying to pull an outside one is fined a hundred dollars," I said

"Why don't you just shut up?" Sammic Land said

The men scared me a little with their quiet determination

Tes nothing personal "Samme Land said. "We know what we have to do."

"What we have to do is murder the

sons of bitches," Doyle Legg said I heard some loose change in his pocket, probably for the quarter heer.

Doyle Legg was the meanest looking person I have ever seen. Our bat buy placed Legg's shoes slightly to the left of his locker.

Don't ever screw up like that again." my big first sacker said to the kid

'No su " the kid said.

A man named Pine was throwing for Boston. He has a big curve and a notbad slider, but uses his fast ball only to set up the other stuff.

"Please don't swing at the man's fast one "I said "It's hardly ever a strike."

Our computer also indicates that when this Pine of theirs smoothed his handle bar mustache, nine times out of ten, he came with the slider next

"His what?" Doyle Legg asked

Sader * pitching coach Ozwald said.

"The bastard has a mustache? A han dle bur mustache?"

Yeah." pitching coach Ozwald said 1450,211

So this!"

Doyle Legg kicked a bench over Simps with mostaches are a menace to society."

Easy Legg," I said.

'Yeah, right.'

Rudd said ae felt like a millionstrong and sharp and full of virtue.

I told Rudd that during this series I wasn't going very long with any starter If a person couldn't keep the bad down, he was the hell out of there Jack Roebuck my starter reliever was the long inning man in the bull pen.

There was a cop stationed behind our When we wandered onto the field, this cop yelled, "The hell with you bums,"

I got his badge number.

before the game even started

The umpire behind the plate was a gentleman named Overholster, and as the managers and their seconds (the captains) met at home plate before the game. Overholster said that he was aware of the importance of this series.

We had some fans in the park They

were easily recognized. They were trying to blend into the woodwork for when the lighting started. Our wives and loved

BOSTON that somebody took a knife to

ones sat behind the first-base dugout Mrs. McBroom put up a sign BEAT

"No bullshit," Overholster said. 'Not

Keep the crowd off my people," I said.

"No rough stuff." Overholster said.

"We're going to beat your ass," Fish, the Boston manager, said to me

I told him to sit on it

"Have a good game," Overholster said after receiving the line up cards

Previously, Overholster and his crew had explained the ground rules partieular to this Beabag of a park.

Any questions?"

"Yealt, I said "What is it when a ball goes over that outhouse in left."

You'll never know " Fish said

"A home run," Overholster said I said I would be damned

Although there's not that much strategy that really goes on during a baseball game, there is some that happens on the perimeter, so that's why we brought up Ferrazano from the triple-A club. Ferrazano is an average player, but I started him at first in a last second change, in place of Doyle Legg

Legg went crazy until I explained the strategy, then he settled down

It was obvious to me that Doyle Legg did not have the type of personality to withstand much sincere abuse from the stands so I started Ferrazano as the sacri ficial goat

The crowd tries to intuindate you, and I didn't want to have to worry about any of that crap. The bigmouths who yell personal things like, "Hey, first base, your old lady stinks," don't really want to light. These people are cowards, It's like yelling at car number 54 in the Indianapolis. 'Hey, buddy you're a bum-A ballplayer doesn't have the option to stop the game and defend limiself against personal and vile attacks from biginouthed drunks in the crowd

We went out one, two, three in the first, which really inspired the drunks





behind our dugout.

The game started on a rotten note

Jimmy Netherlands took a strike in the butt

Umpire Overholster didn't award Jimmy first because he said my man's rear was turned into the strake zone. I argued and the crowd really got on me

Their pitcher Pine threw all garbage and we pounded it into the ground

What's one inning:

When Ferrazano went to play first in the bottom balf, a drunk really got on him, saying, "Hey, pizza-face wop, how come your wife isn't wearing no panties to the game here tonight?"

Ferrazano caludy placed his glove on the base and charged the stands. He leaped the railing and lunged for the drunk, who was about four rows up-This mancover caught everybody off guard, including the cop, who was busy calling Rudd names while he was warming up

The coward drunk about had a heart arrack

What was supposed to happen was Ferrazano would mind his own bus ness and everybody behind the dugout would think the drunk was a real tough guy.

The drunk tried to hide beliefed sevcral women and children, but Ferrazano got him by the leg and dragged him back down the aisle.

Ferrazano slapped the hell out of the bigmouth and then kicked his ass.

The cops arrived.

I told Ferrazano he would have to give his body up for the cause. The club, of course, would go the bail and provide a lawyer if the drunk pressed charges, which he didn't, since he was a cowa.d.

All that happened was Ferrazano and the bigmouth were separated and unipire Overholster threw Ferrazano the ligh out of the game.

Ferrazano might not ever be able to bounce his grandson on his knee and tell him how he hit one over the lights in the top of the ninth to win the world series, but the contribution he made to the cause was, nevertheless, very meanmgful

It was like a morgue behind first where the drunk was.

You could have heard a beer drop.

The drunk was so humiliated at having his number called and having his face slapped like the punk he was, he slinked out of the stadium.

So, naturally, I put Doyle Legg in as a replacement.

When this was announced to the crowd, everybody but the drunks by first screamed and booed.

After leaving the dugout, Doyle Legg stared at those behind our dugout like a lawyer getting ready to speak to the jury

When nobody said anything personal, Legg trotted to first.

Somebody had conked Ferrazano on 272 the head

Doc Cooper said it was only a flesh wound.

"Good job. son," I said.

Sammie Land's display of contempt for the left-field wall about brought the house down

This also happened in the bottom of

Nobody had any idea what Sammie had planned. When he left the dogout there was a gleam in his eye. He wasn't carrying anything

After Ferrazano dapped out the bigmouth and Rudd completed his warmip. Sammie Land called time out by waving his arms to the second-base

As everybody watched, Sammie Land removed a blindfold from his back pockct. He held it up for the people to see You should have heard them. Some beer cups came from the stands behind Sammic Land. The public address announcer asked that this practice be stopped.

Sammie Land motioned for Bone to come out from short

My men spoke for a moment.

Sammie Land then removed his cap and Bone put down his glove. He tied the blindfold around Sammic Land's eyes. Land had been quoted in the Boston paper as saying that wall was so fudicious and had so reduced the skil. required to play left field, an idiot could play the position. To show how the wall had detained the game of baseball, Sammic Land was going to play left field blmdfolded!

After the initial reaction of comedy and tattalls and hysteria, the crowd became very quiet.

It was no trick-

My man was going to play left field

Wacn Boston's first hitter stepped into the box, Sammie Land was positioned so that he was facing center field, not home plate.

Our men in the dugout were going crazy, laughing

The Boston lead off batter was so upset with being treated so contemptuous ly, he struck out on three pitches from Rudd. The Boston guy had been trying so desperately to lut one Sammie's way, he fanned on a pitch in the dirt, as did the second hitter

"Watch this," pitching coach Ozwald

He called time with ampire Overholster and trotted to left

Ozwald tapped Sammic Land on the shoulder Sammie Land jumped.

Ozwald then turned Sammie Land so he was facing home plate.

The crowd then about ripped the place apart, and they booed so long the game had to be stopped ten minutes.

Umpire Overholster came to our dugout and asked what the hell was going on. "I his is a encus."

I told him there was nothing in the rulebook preventing a man from playing left field blindfolded and the game resumed. Boston's third hitter tried to get a fly to left so hard he about threw his left shoulder out of its socket. He fouled one toward Sammie that curved foul. Samme didn't move. The Boston guy also struck out.

At the completion of the inning Bone went out to left to bring Sammie Land

On guys mobbed him

Sammie Land removed his blind.old and went up to bat to lead off the second. The Boston pitcher Pinc, was so mad he hit Sammie in the leg. Sammie Land was wild-pitched to second and was singled in by Edgar, bless his old. bruised heart, so it was 1.0 us.

Cliff Masterson hit one into the Bay of Fundy, which is up by Nova Scotia, in the third

It went out in dead center

The circus ended in the fourth, when a guy from Boston popped one to left The crowd rose. Sammie Land sprinted in and put the out away, casy as you please. He removed the blindfold and held it up so the people in the left field bleachers could see tiny eyelioles. The game was postponed 15 minutes to clear off beer cups.

Sammie Land's diversion let us get alicad 2 0 after four-

We had two pormal muings, the fifth and sixth, then the beans but the fan in the seventh

Between innings, Mrs. McBroom and a couple of the wives climbed onto our dugout and led cheers for our fans

Between halves in the sixth I heard somebody behind our dugout make a less than complimentary comment about me-

They re a bunch of hoodlums. Moss couldn't manage his way into a whore-

"You shut your filthy mouth," some body said.

It was Ina.

The spark from Sammie Land's fool's play carried us into the seventh, leading 2-ир

Rudd had been cooking along like a champion, throwing everything at their ankles. Three of them had managed lousy singles was ad. In and out, up and down, Rudd had looked like he had a string on the ball and could jerk it away from their bats whenever he wanted

It was the top of the seventh when Doyle Legg went berserk.

The fact that a man would wear a handle bar mustache in public had been gnawing away at Legg's better judgment all evening

Several times he asked men on our bench, 'You know why a person covers his face with hair, goddamn it? I'll tell





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you why It's because the man is ashamed of the way he looks It pisses me off so bad I can't stand it."

He believed that people who wore beards and mustaches were an inferior breed, and he thought they should be punished for it.

"It's against God to change your looks," Legg said once, "Plus, it pisses me off."

He wanted to rip Pine's handle bar oft so much it burt

He called him every name in the book, and when that didn't work he did it again

"God had a beard" our Christian Rudd said

"Yeah, well. That's because they didn't have electric razors then. They shaved with glass It's different now."

Doyle Legg explained how most short men had beards and how most bald men had beards, and how all short, bald men had beards

"Now, what does that tell you?" he asked Mulebach, who shrugged

"It tells you they are not man enough to live with the way they look, that's what."

When Doyle Legg led off our half of the seventh, he was in a foul mood. He pointed his finger at Boston pitcher Pine, who pointed back. Usually, you see a man charge the mound after he has been offered a high, inside hard one, a brush back pitch. You hardly ever see a min throw down his bat and rush the mound after being thrown a strike, but that's what Doyle Legg did

It caught the entire city of Boston off guard.

Pitcher Pine saw batter Legg charging Pine didn't know quite what to do so he stood there. Doyle Legg went right for the hindle bar and managed to grab some of it. Pine put his fixts up in a classic boxing pose to defend himself, but Doyle Legg didn't throw a punch; rather, he went right through Pine's fixts and grabbed at the mustache.

Both men fell backward off the mound. The Boston infielders ran to the mound and piled onto the two warriors.

Our bench emptied and piled onto

The Boston bench emptied and piled onto our bench

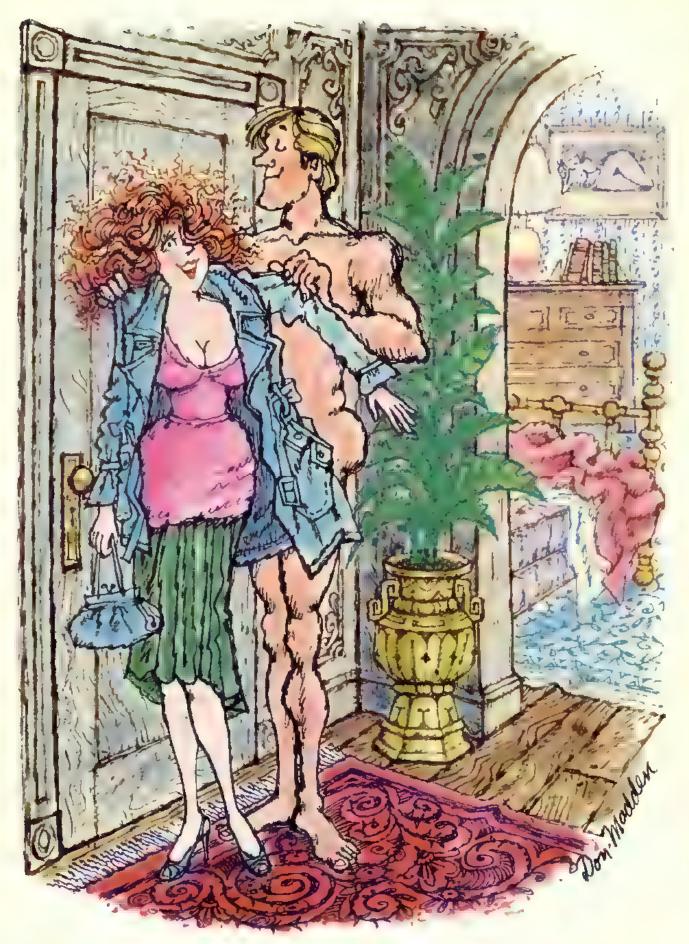
Hats and gloves and shoes flew in all directions from this mass, which rolled along the ground toward first base, like The Blob

The police did a hell of a job keeping the lans in the stands.

The ampires diligently ran up to the ball of bodies but decided it would be ignorant to try to separate 32 lighters, so they backed off

There wasn't much I could do so I stayed by our dugout and said hello to Ina and McBroom.

McBroom's head was in his hands and



"Thanks for having me!"

he was weeping slightly.

After about three minutes, which 's a long time for 32 men to fight, the city police got organized and they charged the pile and began prying bodies off.

The tangle of bodies had moved from the pitcher's mound to right on top of

hrst base.

The public address announcer was saying, "For the love of God break it up out there," it was that bad

One fan leaped out of the left field stands and tried to steal Sammie Land's cap and got punched in the nose.

The commissioner of baseball came onto the field from his box by the third base dugout and was promptly arrested by one of the cops.

Nobody was killed

A picture of the altereation half of the from page ran in the Boston paper the next morning beneath the headline "THE NATIONAL PASTIME"

After the bodies were pried off and separated by the police Dovle Legg and puther Pine still had a gup on each other. Legg's shirt had been ripped off and he was bleeding from the skull. His left shoe was missing. Puther Pine's upper lip had been stretched about down to his beh, but the mustache remained intact. The handle bar drooped pititully, however.

Head umpire Overholster threw Dovle Legg out of the game

The mayor of Boston threw Doyle Legg out of the city.

The governor of Massachuseus threw Doyle Legg out of the state

The commissioner of baseball fined Doyle Legg \$5000 and suspended him for two additional games

A call had allegedly been placed to the President of the United States, and there was some question as to how long Doyle Legg would be permitted to remain in this country.

Two cops led Doyle Legg to the

Order was restored after only 48 minutes. Boston went to its dressing room and sent a message back that it relused to play with heathers. The commissioner of baseball talked Boston into finishing the game for the good of America.

I searched the bench, found a bright and cager face and said, "All right, son, go out there and get them."

The bright face blinked and said, "Horseshu to that"

"Please, Matsudo," I said "We're out of first basemen."

I had called Matsudo up for assistance because I figured somebody might harelip Doyle Legg. At the time. Matsudo was batting .666 for our farm team down South.

"I hate this," Matsudo said, taking the field.

He thought first base was jinxed

Needless to say, we didn't get a smell 276 after the riot in the top of the seventh.

The altercation gave Boston new life and putcher Pine fluffed up his handle bar and threw some nice curves at us

The crowd did not want a mere victory; they wanted a rout

Even Rudd's faith and inner strength were severely tested

The crowd was so loud he got the hickups.

As the game went into the bottom of the eighth, it was time for a storybook ending.

The lead-off man for Boston banged one off the wall that almost took Sammue Lind's hat off. That was a double. I called time and went to the mound, It was so loud I had to yell instructions to Rudd.

"Proy for rain"

I had Mulebach, Jack Roebuck and Golden Rule warming up in the bull uch

The next man hits two foul home runs and then lines out to Masterson at third. It was a wicked shot that turned Masterson's glove hand purple

Runner at second, one out.

We are clearly on the ropes.

The next man walks.

I went out to talk to Edgar,

"How is he?"

"All right. He just missed an inch with two pitches. The last one was a strike."

"Beat down," I told tump.re Overholster

"511 down," he said

First and second one out, 2-0, us.

The next man pops one up behind first that Matsudo chased like a real trooper. It fell foul one inch.

"That was a good sign," I told pitching coach Orwald

"What I am wondering is how are we going to get out of this park alive? he asked

The guy who hit the foul then ripped one to right, a clean single, scoring a run But our religious combo was lutting on all cylinders and Jesus El Dorado threw the man on his, out as he tried to take third. Gregory, Peck, Masterson, was spiked on the arm, but he held on to the ball and tagged the burn out for the second out.

I wo outs, man on first, 2-1, us

Before I could say 'What the helb" a man had a single and the next man Lad a walk to load the damnable bases

The crowd was beside itself

"What do you think?" Lasked Ozwald of a possible pitching change

Ozwald leaned out of the digout and said, "Mulebach just threw one that bounced."

Ozwald said he would just as soon go with God as anybody

Edgar called time and came to the dugout.

"He stays in," I said.

If I went to the mound, Rudd would have to come out.

"Fine," Edgar said

Edgar went out to talk with Rudd, parted him on the shoulder and returned to his position behind the plate

Bottom of the eighth, 2-1, us, bases loaded two out

Rudd stepped off the mound, straightened his cap. booked to the heavens and logged a nice lintle slider for:

Foul behind the plate into the scats, strike

Ball

Another foul, this time into the seats behind third.

B.dl

I wo balls, two strikes.

The Boston hitter was named Sands He was a right handed batter with minmal power, but a scrapper. He was hitting about ,280. Very competent. The way he fouled those two good sliders off, it didn't look like Radd could sneak one past him. He was choked way up on the bat.

Curve his ass, I thought.

Edgar gave the signal.

Rudd shook him off

Edgar gave another signal.

Rudd shook it off.

Batter Sands stepped out.

Edgar gave two more signals.

Rudd shook them both off.

Batter Sands stepped out of the box and yelled something at Rodd.

Edgar called time out and went to the mound.

He removed his mask and listened intently as Rudd explanned something, hen Edgar threw his glove to the ground and stomped off the mound toward our diagout.

The crowd really let us have it

"What in the hell is going on out there?" I asked, meeting Edgar at the steps

Edgar was flustered and red in the neck. You won't believe this."

I swore I would

"He wants to throw a screwball to this guy."

"A what?"

Screwball "

"He doesn't know how to throw a screwball "pitching coach Ozwald said.

"He said God just told lum to throw it." Edgar said.

You're kidding." I said.

 $^{\circ}N_{0}$

A screwball to a right-handed hister in this situation would be very good strategy, as it would break away from the hitter, if, of course, the pitcher knew how to throw it.

Each team scouts the other's habits with the computers,

Batter Sands knew Rudd was coming with his best, the slider, when it was all on the table.

"He has never thrown one," I said to Edgar

"It doesn't seem to matter to him,"

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KING. 16 mg. "wi", 1.1 mg. nicetine, 100's. 20 mg. tar 1.4 mg. nicetine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report DEC. 79. Edgar said, gesturing to the mound, where Rudd stood with his hands on his hips.

"What's going on heree" umpile Overholster asked, "I ve had enough of this

crap."

I explained that our little chucker out there was just told by God to throw a screwball, which he had never thrown before

"So be ready," I told Overholster, the ump

You know," he said, "I believe you."

"We're going with it?" Edgar asked.

'Why in the hell not?" I said

"I'll ask when I get down there," Edgar said, trotting back to the mound and then back behind the place

All our men stood at the edge of the dugout.

A screwball is a very unnatural pitch. The guy who threw it bost, Carl Hubbell, had an arm that looked like an elephant's trunk, all curled up and distorted. With a curve, your wrist and arm

rotate outward, which is natural; but with the screwball, your wrist and arm rotate inward, so if you throw it a lot, your arm falls off about the age of 37. It puts terrible pressure on the elbow.

The screwball is the wordest, ugliest pitch in baseball.

Somehow, this screwball piece fit right into this puzzling team.

Batter Sands about lost his pants.

He was expecting the slider and got screwed

He took a half-assed swing when the ball was about a foot from Edgar's glove. Sands looked like he was figating off a very big mosquito.

He was the hell out of there.

The men mobbed Rudd.

"It broke this far," Edgar said, holding his bruised old bands a foot and a half apart, "I barely could catch the damn thing,"

Now, if that isn't enough to frost you, there was even more frosting, the bottom of the minth

US PATENT INQUIRIES 103

"It's amazing how often two people, working independently, come up with the same time."

We went out one, two, three in the top of the minth, so the "game" went into the last half inning, 2-1, us.

The lead off little for Boston banged one off the whore in left for a double Poor Sammie Land was on the verge of shell shock. Playing a ball off that wall was like a game of handball. Samme managed to step on the ball and hold the Boston guy to two bases.

Then it rained.

Usually, rain starts.

This rain began in the middle and it came down hard in waves, causing "thuds" on the mheld. The wind kicked up and blew Edgar's mask off. After a minute, you couldn't see the left-field wall. Our men ran for cover. The Boston manager, F.sh., protested to unipire Overholster because we left the field of play during a "sprinkle."

Play was suspended.

The men eyed Rudd with a combination of administion and fear.

"I swear I didn't pray for rain," he said.

Home plate disappeared in a pool of water. The puddle at first had whitecaps.

Well give it five more minutes," ampire Overholster announced

"Then send (or boats," pitching coach Ozwald requested.

The game was officially called after lightning bit very near first base.

"See," Matsudo said of the pmx. All of left field was under water.

So we won, 2-1.

The Boston guy who had doubled refused to leave second base until the last minute

"Hey, fool," Arnette Blackwelder yelled, "You don't get credit for that hit. The official books stop, List inning.

The poor guv waded to his dressing room.

If this didn't take the spunk out of Boston, they were stronger people than I gave them credit for

Our men stood in the downpour in front of our dugout and then wandered bappily to the dressing room.

The stands had emptied. We had no trouble staying safe

"It was like none of it happened" Edgar said, looking it the empty seats.

I had to admit thengs felt furner but that feeling lasted only until we but the clubbouse.

"We got them by the ass," Doyle Legg was yelling. He watched the last couple of minings from the right field bleachers with a hat pulled down over his eyes

The from page headling in our paper was, "screwball nexts boston."

I heard the newsstand edition of this paper sold the most copies since World War Two, everybody wanted to see which screwball it was who had done all the good.

Lost in a blizzard!



We came to bury a case of C.C. near the site of the Winter Olympics...and almost got buried ourselves.

We headed to Lake Placid to cross-country ski and to hide a case of C.C. near the Winter Olympics. But skiing deep into the forest, we forgot to watch the sky.

A serious mistake among the unforgiving Adirondack Mountains.

By noon the wind was howling and, faster than we could believe, the ski tracks we hoped to follow were under new snow. We were lost in an Adirondack blizzard! But intent on hiding our case of Canadian Club, we blindly followed our sixth sense finally, creating a steep hill, we found ourselves in an open field. Driving winds were more intense here, but we followed a fence row until we could make out the silbouette of towering Whiteface Mountain. With our bearings restored, we hid our treasure in a place where those who seek gold will miss by a quarter of a mile

Toasting our luck with C.C. before a roaring fire.

Soon we were regaling friends with our chilling adventure as we enjoyed drinks of Canadian Club before a warming fire. We knew the case wouldn't be easy to find. Those who seek it may have to brave the same bitter conditions that challenge the Olympians. But if you prefer to confine your search for "The Best In The House" to the warm fireside simply tell your host, "C.C., please."



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"Which rocker said, 'I don't want to see any faces at this party I haven't sat on'?"

(10) And now match these stars with their prestardom occupations: Screamin' Jay Hawkins

__Chuck Berry

Elvis Presley

Paul Anka _Bonnie Bramlett

Flyis Costello _Melissa Manchester

_Rita Coolidge

__Deborah Harry Grace Slick

(a) computer programmer

(b) Playboy Bunny

(c) Ikette

(d) hairdresser

(e) prize fighter.

(f) Harlette

(g) model

(h) drove a truck

(i) theater usher

Mid Dog.

(11) What emmently forgettable ballad was on the thip side of Goe, by The Crows2

(a) Gosh

(b) If I Loved You

(c) Pm Just Your Fool

(d) Flip, Flop and Fly

(c) I Love You So

(f) Golly

(12) What's in a name: Countless now famous rockers labored in obsturity for years under names that just didn't make it into our consciousness. Match these stellar names with their humble anteced ents.

The Doobie Brothers

Creedence Clearwater Revival

_The Coasters

___The Byrds

___Beach Boys

___ Beatles

___Amazing Rhythm Aces

Levon Helm

(a) Nuclear Clyde

(b) The Robins

(c) The Jungle Bush Beaters

(d) Kenny and The Cadets

(e) The Golliwogs

(i) The Quarreymen

(g) Brefeaters

(h) Pud

(13) The Beatles had more than good looks, sex appeal and tremendous talent. They also knew how to borrow from the right places. Who had the original hits of these Beatles cover versions?

Boxs

Dis y Miss Licy

Honey Don't

Long Tall Sally

Roll Over, Beethoven __Twist and Shout

__Words of Love

You Really Got a Hold on Me

Please Mr Postman

Money

Chains

Mare Down

(a) Larry Williams

(b) The Isley Brothers

(c) Buddy Holly

(d) The Marvelettes

(c) Chuck Berry

(I) Carl Perkins

(g) Smokey Robinson & The Miracks

(h) The Cookies

i) Barrett Strong

rg) Little Richard

(k) The Shirelles

(l) Larry Williams

(14) Old folkies never dies they turn to rock. Match the former folkie with his/ her dark secret.

Stephen Stills

Jors Garcia

Inn McGuinn

Natl Young

John Phillips

Kenny Rogers

John Stewart

Maria Wuldang

Don Williams

(a) The Journeymen

(b) Jan Kweskin Jug Band

(c) New Christy Minstrela

(d) Pozo Seco Singers

(e) The Kingston Trio

(f) An Co Co Singers

(g) Chad Mitclell Trio

(h) Mother McCree's Uptown Jug Champions

a) The Squires.

(15) March the real name with the de-

Apollo C. Vermouth

... I mied concert promoter

__Rock a billy star now in C&W

_ You know what he likes

__ հոր հուտուհերա

__.Dommigne

"Don't go breaking my heart" Not Tennille's Captain

(a) Gent Chaudler

(b) Jamue Deckers

(c) Don Van Vhee

(d) Harold Jenkrus

(e) Wolfgang Grajonca

Paul McGartney (g) J P Richardson

(h) Pauline Matthews (16) Words of love, so warm and tender: In a mosdy oldic who uttered this speech after fatally shooting Inssweetie. "And then, realizin' what you've done, you say, 'Baby, forgive me. I'm soney.' And with her last dyin' breff, she look up and say, . . Doo doo doo wo Yeardord

ta: John Denver

3b) Mitch Rydor

to. Cluck Willis

adi An as Milborn

Bobbs Marchan

Percy Sledge

og Gary Colmore

(17) Woofers & Tweeters. Who said what? Choose from this list, (a) Trank Zappa (In Elvis Presley, (c) Bette Midler, (d) Bonnie Ratt, (e) Gene Simmons. (l) Tule Kupferberg, (g) Art Garfunkel, (li) Pater Smale

> Li unk Stükespeire is shit. Absohar shit! He may have been a genius for his time but I cin't relate to that stuff. Thee' and 'thou'-the guy sounds like a fag-

> If your children ever found out how lame you are, they'd kill you

in your sleep."

"I don't know anything about music -in my line you don't have

"L too, slept with Jack Kennedy."

"Those who will not dance will have to be shot?

,"I don't want to see any faces at this party I haven't sat on "

(18) Jerry Lee Lewis took a child bride in his third marriage. But how old was he at the time of his first marriage?

(a) 16

(b) 11

(c. 17

(d. 21

10 28 (19) Match the original jukebox classic with its original flip side

See You Later Alligator _tl Can't Get No) Satisfaction Please Mr. Postman

Space Oddaty _ 1 on Can't Set Down

Soul Man * Expressiony to Your Heart

Bora to Be Wild _ Hannd Dog

(a) Night Marc

(b) So Long Baley

(c) Everybody's Next One

(d) The Under Assistant West Coast Promotion Man

(c) "Hey Grp"

(I) Wild Eyed Boy from Freecloud

(g) Stompin' Everywhere

(h) May I Baby

(i) The Paper Boy

(20) Which of these groups recorded Juilbuit in the mid-Fitnes?

(a) Paul Evans & the Curls

(b) Hank Ballard & The Midnighters

(c) Andre Williams

(d) Johnny & the Hurric mes

(e) Nino and the Ebb Tides

(f) Dickey Doo & The Don'ts (g) Somethin' Smith and the Redheads Thazzit, fans. Answers on page 282.



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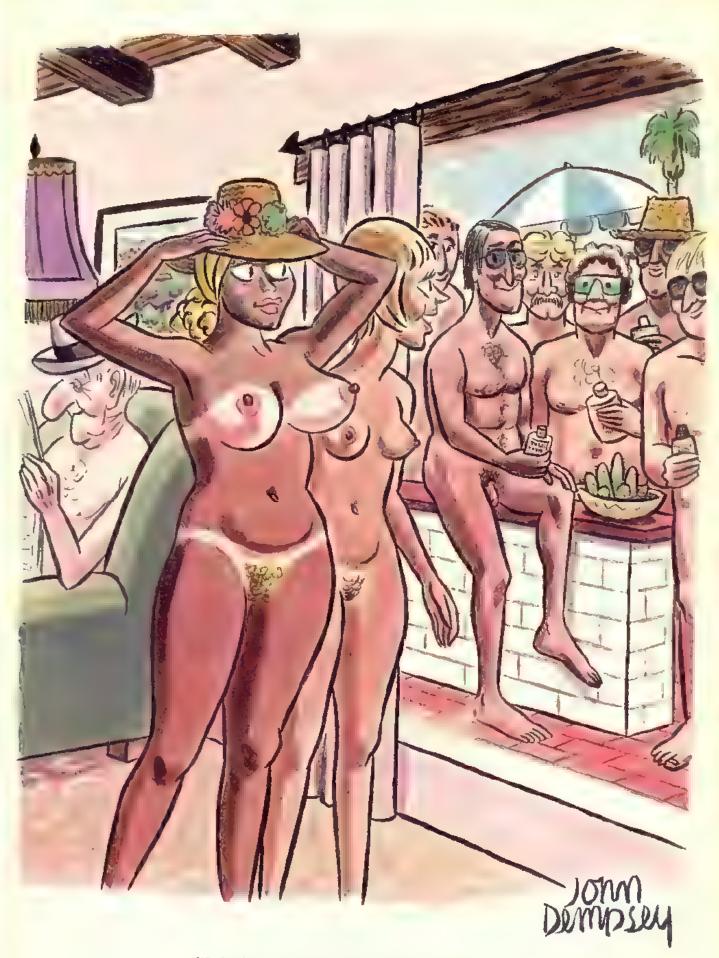
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 Tellon* is Du Pont's registered trademark for a fluorocarbon resin

ROCK-'N'-ROLL QUIZ ANSWERS (from page 280)

- (1) (b) and (c)—apparently, a continuity man blew it. ♣
- (2) Fee Waybill (h); Grace Jones (a); Nona Hendryx (e); Bette Midler (d): Wendy Williams (c)
- (3) Brian Jones (f); Jum Hendris (a), Cass Elliot (g); Otts Reddang (c): Sam Cooke (b), Keith Moon (d); Jum Morrison (c)
- (b) (b)
- (5) (d)
- (6) (b)
- (i) (c)
- (8) (d)
- (9) Eddie Cochran (b); Jerry Lee Lewis (d); Roy Orbison (a); Middy Waters (e); Hank Wilhams (f); Lou Christie (c)
- (10) Screamin' Jay Hawkins (e); Cl uck Berry (d); Elvis Presley (h); Paul Anka (i) Bonnie Bramlett (ε); Elvis Costello (a); Melissa Manchester (f); Rita Coolidge (j) Deborah Harry (b); Grace Slick (g)
- (11) (e)
- (12) Doobie Brothers (h): Creedence Clearwater Review (e): Coasters (b): Byrds (g): Beach Boys (d); Beatles (f): Amazing Rhythm Aces (a); Levon Helm (c)
- (18) Boys (k), Dt., y Miss Lt., zy (a) of (l), Honey Don't (f), Long Tall Sully (j), Roll Oner, Beethoven (c); Twist and Shout (b), Words of Love (c). You Really Got a Hold on Me (g), Please Mr. Postman (d); Money (i), Chains (h); Slow Down (l) or (a)
- (11) Stephen Stills (f): Jerry Garcia (h): Jim McGuinn (g): Neil Young (i): John Phillips (a): Kenny Rogers (c): John Stewart (e): Maria Muldaur (b): Don Williams (d)
- (15) Apollo C. Vermouth (f): Famed concert promoter (e): Rock a billy stat (d): You know what he likes (g): Top hat and cape (a): Dominique (b) "Dom't go breaking my heart" (h): Not Tenmile's Captain (c)
- [16] (c)
- (17) Correct sequence is: (e), (a), (b), (c), (f), (d)
- (18) (b)
- (19) Correct sequence is: (i), (d), (b), (f), (g), (h), (e), (c), (a)
- (20) (c)



"It looks like you're going to get lots of offers to have tanning lotion rubbed on you."

For the looks that get the looks

Good looking hair. That gets noticed. That's a Command Performance haircut. A haircut that will hold its shape more than just a few days.



A haircut that won't try to force your hair into a style that's not right for it.

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No appointments necessary, ever.

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PLAYBOY PUZZZLE

HRYFRHLLYWD!

here can you find 25 disenvoweled movie titles? On the marquee de Sade, naturally. To cruelly tease you, we've taken some titles of Hollywood's finest, cut out the vowels and punctuation and spliced the rest together. Pretty much what they'd look like if they'd been edited for TV. Guess, if you can, these tantalizingly stripped-down titles.

-BY DOUG AND JAN HELLER AND THE STAFF OF "GAMES" MAGAZINE

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BLZNGSDDLS	FRMHRTTRNTY	THWZRDFZ	CSNRYL	PCEVPSNW
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16.	17	18	19.	20
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21	22	23	24.	25.
THKNGND	LFFBRN	STRSBRN	BNNS	WHTDYSYTNKOLDY

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Get electronic simulated stereo sound from your TV Don't miss another show without listening through your stereo and speakers! The teledapter easily connects to any TV & stereo system. TV and stereo can be any distance apart. Quality electronic circuitry assures correct impedence matching for best frequency response and chassie isolation for protection of your TV and stereo. The teledapter comes complete with instructions, cables and two year warranty, 15 day trial or money back if dissatisfied.

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Address		
Chy	State	7 In

Answer to puzzle on page 285.

- 1 Blazing Saddles
- 2 From Here to Eternity
- 3. The Wazard of Oz
- 4 Casino Royale
- 5 Apocalypse Now
- 6. Some Like If Hot
- 7. Easy Rider 8 Deliverance
- 9 Love Story
- 10 Ben Hur
- 11 Coming Home
- 12 What's Up. Doc?
- 13. True Grif
- 14. The Stewardesses
- 15. Beau Geste
- 16. The Naked City
- 17 Myra Breckinridae
- 18 Stor Wors 19 Dr No.
- 20 Ice Station Zebra
- 21 The King and L
- 22 Life of Brian
- 23. A Storts Born
- 24. Banaros
- 25. What Do You Say to a Naked Lady?

TURNED TABLES (continued from page 136)

"Superdiscs offer an enhanced dynamic range that can trigger acoustic feedback from turntables."

be -60 dB weighted or a number more negative than that; say, -65 dB. Sometimes, rumble is expressed as a turntable's signal to noise ratio, in which case it becomes a positive number; this time, the higher the number, the better (e.g., 75) dB is quieter than 70 dB). Note that all specs must be derived from the same measurement system to offer meaningful comparisons

One very important feature of a turn. table that is not given by the numbers, but that can make a major difference in a turmable's suntability in certain systems, is the method by which its internal parts are suspended under the chassis top. That particular factor has become virtually critical with the continuing burgeoning of the so-called superdiscs (the direct-cut types, the digital tape processed albums, the dbx-encoded releases and the records that are produced by several labels with more than the usual lavishing of tender loving care) Those records ofter an enhanced dynamic range that can trigger acoustic feedback from turntables that never before suffered from that noise Sometimes, placing special feet under the turntable can help but the real cure lies in the machine's internal suspension. It must not be too stiff. That doesn't really say a hell of a lot, but it's something to ask about when you're contemplating spending a few hundred bucks on a new turntable on which you hope to play any new record that comes along.

A closely related leature is the tonearm and the cartridge fitted in it. The key concept here is low mass and its concomitant benefit in reducing the resonance between the arm and the cartridge. In general, the arm supplied as an integral part of a given turntable can be counted on to represent an optimum neiting with that turntable, at least from the standpoint of the product's designer But note that what looks good to, say, Proneer or Technics-both of which favor the bent, or "S-shaped," arm-does not get the nod from Thorens, which uses a straight arm with a slightly offset head. How's a body to know? I don't believe you can tell merely from the arm's shape. If you get to that kind of critical crossroads in your decision about which unit to buy, you would do best to listen to both fitted with the same cartridge playing the same record

Two recent trends in tonearms are

worth mentioning. One is the integrated arm and cartridge, those two elements being designed for each other in a mutually exclusive relationship. The Danish firm of Bang & Olufsen has long espoused that approach; more recently, it has surfaced in the Dual ULM (for ultralow mass) series in which a new tonearm is mated with an Ortofon-made pickup designed especially for it.

The other news in arms is the sudden increase in the number of true radial arms. Instead of pivoting from one end. these arms move the cartridge across the record in a straight line, the same radius with which a record is cut. Known also as tangential tracking, this system is credited with eliminating the small angu-Lir error that must perforce occur with a conventional pivoted arm. Whether or not you can bear the difference may be a moot point. Less debatable, however, is the fact that a radial arm does away with the need for antiskating compensation. since the skating problem arises in the first place as a direct consequence of an arm's being prvoted. A well-designed radial arm probably also will permit you to use a given cartridge at its lowest possible vertical tracking force, which could prove (over some years, anyway) to help extend the longevity of your records Among the companies recently offering radial arms are Phase Linear, Technics, Aiwa and Revox.

Having bestowed most of its recent technology on the single play turntable. a portion of the industry is embellishing that product with a new kind of automation Optonica for example has an nounced a turntable with a built in microprocessor that can be programmed to play not only individual bands of a record but also portions of bands. A digit al readout system also tells you what has been programmed and what part of the action is going on. Digital readout of speed also is featured on several brands, as well as very smooth cuing controls for setting the stylus onto the record and lift mg it off at the press of a button.

Fillips like those do nothing to help the sound of your records, but they can make playing them perhaps a little more intriguing than in the past. With or without them, it seems fairly certain that on today's turntables, your records never had it so good. In fact, they may sound so great that you may find yourself asking: Who needs digital sound, anyway?



"Choose carefully, Jack—we've had a rash of agediscrimination suits around here lately!"



The Club is the largest-selling cocktail in the world. And now everyone can see why!

We've just put that big, bright, beautiful taste on the outside to show just how mouth-watering it's always been on the inside.

Pick from fifteen different bar-strength cocktails and see if they don't look as good as they taste.

THE CLUB* COCKTAILS -25 Proof - Prepared by The Club Distilling Co., Hartford, CT



GEAR_

NET GAINS

versized tennis rackets have been on the market several years and, judging from the number of court appearances they've made at clubs we frequent, it's certain that the concept is rapidly making net gains on tra-

ditional styles. The advantages are obvious. Aside from an increased bitting surface, a bigger racket gives a player extra power, better control and a larger-sized sweet spot for that killer shot. The ball's in your court, Bjorn, Game! Set! Match!



THERE'S FUN AFOOT

ith the continuing popularity of the boat shoe and the fact that the price of leather footwear has skyrocketed, more and more designers are creating shoes that go equally well with suits and jeans. Fabric shoes in natural shades, perhaps, have the most versatility. But there are other treatments previously thought of as strictly for

casualwear (especially looks in nontraditional colors) that, in today's less rigid fashion mood, work just as well in a multipurpose role. Some have crepe soles and heels, others are perforated models and there's even a pair of modified Western boots. And about those perennial boat shoes: Watch for yet another lease on life as they begin appearing in even hotter colors. — DAVID PLATT



Following the numbers 1. Natural color linen city Western boot with leather piping, by French Shriner, \$100. 2. Natural linen moccasin-toe slip-on with contrast leather trimming, leather lining, leather sole and rubber heel, by Johnston & Murphy, \$85. 3. Cotton mesh/calfskin saddle shoe with leather heel and sole, from Valentino Cardinali by Fantasia, \$65. 4. Canvas Jace-up shoe with six eyelets, mudguard detail and canvas wrap heel, from Jean Pier Clemente by Italia Bootwear, \$65. 5. Sailcloth Jace-up oxford with rubber sole, by G. H. Bass, \$55. 6. Canvas Jace-up oxford with crepe sole and heel, by Bostonian, about \$38. 7. Natural buft-leather Jace-up oxford with rubber heel and sole, by Florsheim, about \$48. 8. Linen/nubuck suede saddle shoe with leather sole and heel, from Yves Saint Laurent by Harwyn International, about \$65. Who says casual can't be classy?

1. Calfskin oxford with leather sole and heel, from Yves Saint Laurent by Harwyn International, about \$100. 2. Cowhide tasseled slip-on with hand-sewn trim, cushioned inner sole, leather sole and heel, from Handsewns by Frye, \$67. 3. Casual calfskin lace-up with leather sole and heel, by Smerling Imports for Pierre Cardin, about \$65. 4. Latigo leather lace-up with leather heel and sole, by Jeffrey Banks for Lighthouse Footwear, about \$70. 5. Gabardine oxford with leather sole and heel, by Peeples, about \$80. 6. Perforated nubuck suede shoe with leather sole and heel, by Knight-Irrant for Rayley, \$36. 7. Linen oxford with crepe sole and heel, by Cole Haan, \$120.



DAVID PLATT'S FASHION TIPS

If your plans for the season include the purchase of only one or two new suits, it's advisable to think about styles that can work as sports coal/trouser separates for added wardrobe f exibility and include. Textured, tweed and linen styles work best as opposed to stripes and plaids.

The uniform air-traveler outfit of double-knit leisure suit appears to have been replaced by the solid-color blazer combined with a pair of plaid slacks. While the blazer is a tried-and-true staple of any wardrobe, it goes best with slacks that have less contrast, such as flannels, tweeds or even jeans.

Whife not one to advocate make-up for men, common sense does suggest that a number of skin treatments are worth a try. If your face is often exposed to the elements, you should consider a moisturizer. Cracked, leathery skin may be a manly image, but it ain't good for you.

The Decade of the Designer Score Card: Latest entry from the world of women's wear is Parisian Emanuel Ungaro, who has signed with an American manufacturer to do a line for men this fall. It will be expensive and feature handsome Italian fabrications.

If you choose to cool your feet by not wearing socks—some shoe manufacturers have you in mind and are lining their shoes with terrycloth.

It seemed like a good idea at first, but its passing goes unlamented: trousers without back pockets, so that the close fit had no bulges. (The male handbag still makes sense, but the first time you leave it in a restaurant with your wallet inside, you'll be wishing you had pants with a back pocket)

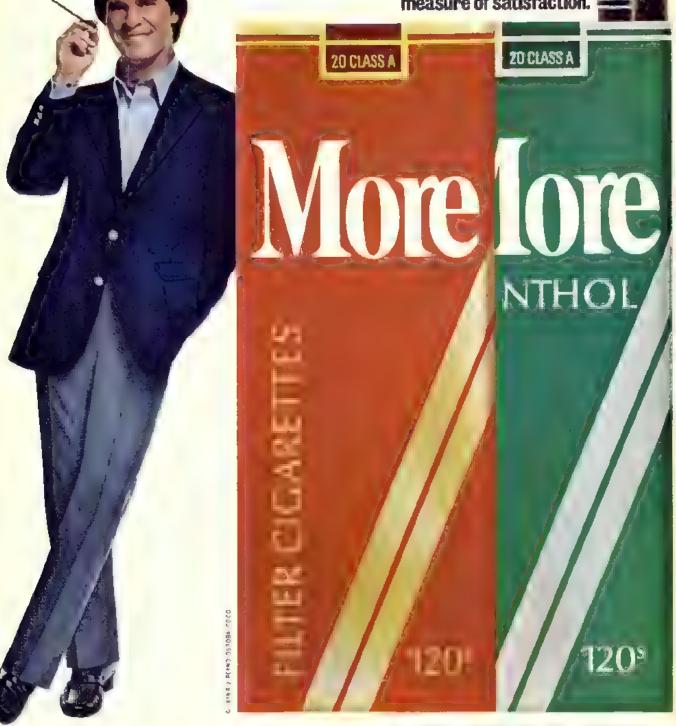
"I'm More satisfied."

"I really enjoy More's great, satisfying taste. And since More is 120mm long, the great taste lasts longer. That's why I get extra satisfaction."

"More also has the style that could only come from a long, slim, brown cigarette. Am I more satisfied with More? You bel."

More. For that extra measure of satisfaction.





Warning The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health

PHOTO FINISHERS

are walls do not lend an air of homeyness to living quarters. And what with the price of Rembrandts and Rauschenbergs going through the roof, more affordable, if not more modest, wall decorations must be found. Photographs—yours or others—may be the answer. In the hands of a professional photo-lab technician, an original image can be cropped or photographically enhanced to create a special effect and, from it, a custom print can be made to your specifications. Because they stock photographic paper in 40-inch and 52-inch widths, many color labs can produce murals or superwide shots

and the seams can be matched when installed, just like wallpaper. Experts recommend that the original image be taken from at least 35mm film; two and a quarter inch format or large sheet film is better yet. You can shop around for a local color lab, but good old Eastman Kodak is already one jump ahead of you, as it has assembled a brochure listing, in Zip Code sequence, 182 professional color labs that specialize in processing outsized photos. To obtain it, write to Eastman Kodak, Department 412L-533, 343 State Street, Rochester, New York 14650. Once you pick a lab, the fun really begins. Your walls will thank you for the memories.



These interiors, designed for Kodak by Ron Doud, Lisa Elfenbein and Brian Thompson, show some of the possibilities of photo art. At left: A simple subject—a loaf of bread—becomes a design element complementing the monochromatic scheme of the kitchen with blasts of color. Below: A photograph of the large window in the main room—including the moldings, blinds and outside view—was printed the same size and placed opposite the real McCoy to create a startling trompe l'oeil.





At left: Photo planks of the moon walk coincide with a changing moon series. Photo planks— with wood backing, faced with parallel strips of U-shaped molding brackets—can be adapted easily and inexpensively. An extravagantly enlarged photo of a floral bouquet is suspended from the ceiling.

OF 1273 ROBERT MATHEU

What Sort of Men Read PLAYBOY?

The first family of American punk started out singing about sniffing glue. Now, after the success of Rock 'n' Roll High School, a cinematic ode to student self-determination, THE RAMONES are movie stars. Although we happened to catch them checking out the Playmate centerfold, we know the boys regularly buy PLAYBOY for the articles.

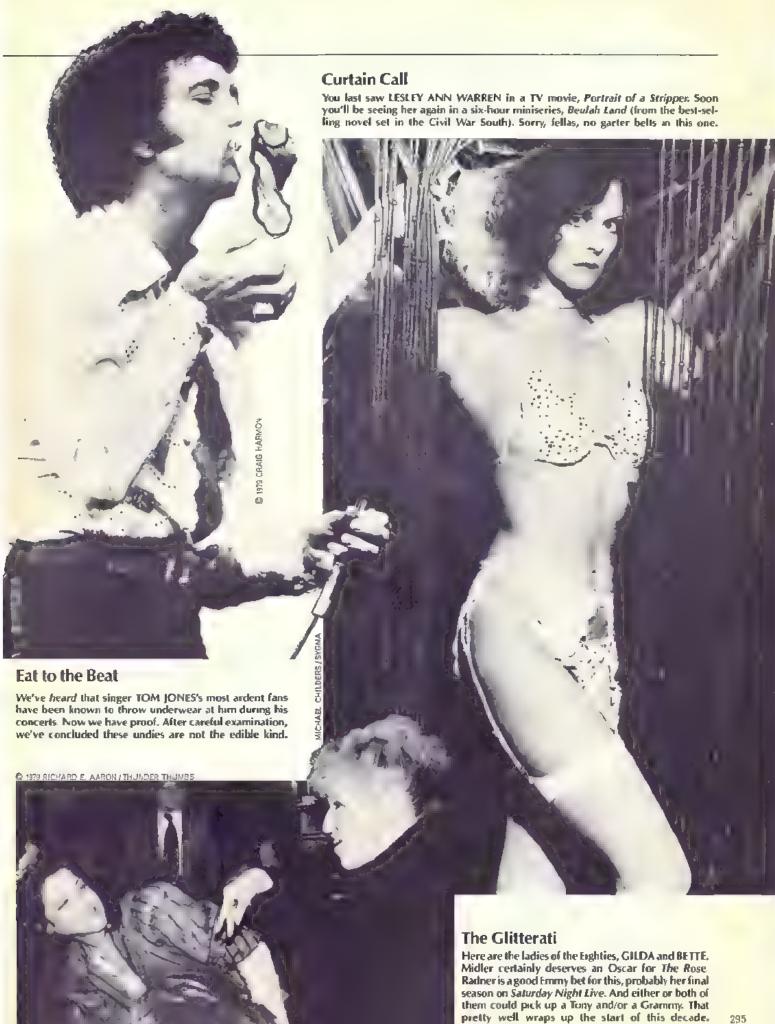
101/2

Bo Derek isn't the only 10 around Hollywood these days. This month's celebrity breast award goes to gorgeous model/actress BARBARA CARRERA. Back in 1977, we photographed her with a bunch of men who turned into animals. Do you have to ask us why?



Svelte Belt

Singer TEDDY PENDERGRASS oozes sexuality onstage, say his female fans. So, for his own protection, he's considering beefing up his security force before his next tour. Here are a couple of attractive prospects who look as if they'd get a kick out of the job.



WE NEVER MET A BREAST WE DIDN'T LIKE

A number of recent studies seem to show that women in authority command less esteem from both men and women than do their male counterparts. Psychologist Edward B. Klein claims that it all goes back to infancy, when we were clutching at Mother's breasts for sustenance. Citing the work of Melanie Klein, a psychoanalyst in the Thirties, the contemporary Klein reports that early unpleasant feeding experiences coaxed us to divide the bosom into good breast and bad breast. We learned to associate our baser, less agreeable feelings with the bad breast and our pleasant, well-fed satisfaction with the good one. According to Klein, the bad breast rears its ugly areola whenever we meet a woman in power.

MACHO MAN

Anthropologists studying populations in southern Spain asked members of the working class to define the word

We all know that cleanliness is next to godfiness and/or nothingness. Private Lives, an Evanston, Illinois, bath shop, sells some sexy products (above) to get nearer, my God, to thee.

macho. Here are some of the replies: A macho is a man who would make love to a shovel if you put a dress on it; a man like the bull or the goat; a highly sexed animal he conquers and ravishes the female; he lets no nubile woman pass on the street without eating her up with his eyes; he cannot be Platonically friendly with a woman unless she is very, very ugly and he is very, very stupid. Oddly, another part of the report said the Spanish woman is

even more macho than the man. In folk songs, she is perceived as powerful and sexually insatiable—an animal that must be tamed.



You may have seen these ceramic panties on TV. Don't let your girl wear them—they're uncomfortable and inhibit normal sexual relations. But they make a fine plant hanger.

IONGUE DEPRESSOR

Dentists claim that the popularity of oral sex has created an increase in oral gonorrhea. Right now, says one

> researcher, two percent of all gonorrhea cases reported are of the oral variety. Often, the telltale lesions go undiagnosed because the victims never suspect that they ve got anything more than a cold sore. The mucus of the mouth rivals the genital area for fecundity, so many genital infections (such as herpes II) will spread to the mouth when given the chance, Tsk-tsk. Maybe you should brush after every meal.

SEX ED NEEDED— BADLY

Maybe you've seen the statistics: Nearly 40 percent of all 16-yearolds have had sex. About 35 percent have either given or gotten oral sex by the age of 16. Good for them; but don't assume they know what

they're doing. While studying male sexuality, a group of Florida researchers discovered a wellspring of misinformation when they interviewed fellows between the ages of 17 and 19. Nearly half of the Tallahassee youths thought that an I.U.D. should be inserted each time sex takes place. Thirty-six percent believed that postcoital douching is a reliable contraceptive. Almost a quarter of the lads figured that female orgasm is necessary for pregnancy. Life is cruel,

guys, but it's not that cruel. And of the 20 percent who think the rhythm method really works, we ask an old question: Do you know what to call people who use the rhythm method? Parents.

RAPE: NEW VICTIM

Eftorts by women's groups have rightfully generated more attention to the plight of the rape victim. Now professionals recognize a previously over ooked victim—the husband or boyfriend of the female who has been raped. Men react with a variety of emotions to the rape of a loved one. Some express guilt that they weren't there to prevent the crime-or they want to "kill the s.o b." Others respond with realousy, as though their mascu-Jinity had been threatened. Some men even ask the size of the rapist's penis. The complaints seem to boil down to a loss of self-esteem. Maryland psychologist Dr. Robert A. Phillips, Jr.,



urges that such men should organize groups to express their feelings and reclaim their lost pride. He believes that would draw out feelings that would otherwise be repressed. Also, men might be better prepared to deal with the rape-related problems of their spouses or guiffriends.

Efficiency Experts

Before you go out and buy a pair of power-hungry, wattguzzling speakers (and a monster amplifier to drive them) consider the intelligent solution: efficient speakers. The kind of speakers you can now get from the new

Fisher.

The Fisher ST460 speaker system will accurately reproduce live concert hall sound levels of 110 dB with only 30 watts of amplifier power. (Some acoustic suspension speakers need 400 watts for the same sound level!)

Suddenly, it becomes obvious that instead of a completely new audio system, all you may really need are new speakers — from the new Fisher.

Efficient speakers let even

Foam half-roll surround Highly demped cone-Dust cover-High temperature atuminum bobbin 4-layer voice coll-Special stepped pole piece High-energy ferrite magnet Back plete Spider -High strength steel freme

modest amplifiers coast along within their operating limits. That means undistorted amplifier power delivering true-to-life music - which is what you're really after, right?



Building high efficiency into speaker systems isn't easy, which is why it isn't done so often. It takes a lot of engineering savvy. For example, take a look inside the ST460. We make the 15" woofer especially sensitive to low-power amplifier signals. To accomplish this we built a short-throw voice coil immersed

> in an intense magnetic field. This required a huge 40 ounce magnet with specially designed T-shaped polepiece to focus the magnetic lines of force. Then we mated the woofer to a computer-designed vented enclosure that reinforces the bass output for an impressive low end response.

We make the woofer ourselves in our modern Milroy, Pennsylvania plant. And we follow the same design approach to enhance the efficiency of the ST460's midrange drivers and tweeter. To further increase efficiency without compromising performance we put special low-

loss ferrite-core inductors and non-polarized capacitors in the crossover network. The result is a circuit that minimizes phase shift distortion.

Then we added midrange and treble controls on the ST460 to let you fine-tune the music to your liking. And because the ST460 can handle a lot of power (130 watts) as well as a little, we incorporated a circuit breaker

to prevent damage to the drivers under overload conditions.

More and more audiophiles are coming to appreciate the distinct advantages of high efficiency speaker systems. Their demand for our products has made Fisher one of the world's largest speaker manufacturers. And while we build many speakers to keep up with this unprecedented demand, each and every one is made with the same care and craftsmanship that has made Fisher the premier name in high fidelity for over 40 years.

The best way for you to appreciate our high-efficiency speakers is to hear them. That can be arranged at your nearest Fisher dealer, where the ST460 and other fine Fisher speakers and high fidelity products await your audition.

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HIGH FLIERS

PAPAGENO'S HIDFOUT

"THE ISLAM CONNECTION" —AS HEAD OF AMERICA'S LARGEST MOSLEM GROUP, WALLACE MUHAMMAD IS THE MAIN LINK BETWEEN THE MIDDLE EASTERN FOLLOWERS OF ISLAM AND U.S. BLACKS, WHAT HE DOES MAY AFFECT YOU. A PROFILE BY BRUCE MICHAEL GANS AND WALTER L. LOWE

"ETIQUETTE FOR THE EIGHTIES"-SHOULD A GENTLEMAN SERVE CAVIAR WITH QUAALUDES? IS THERE A PROPER WAY TO INVITE YOUR FRIENDS TO A V.D. CLINIC? ANSWERS TO THOSE AND OTHER PRESSING QUESTIONS—BY BRUCE FEIRSTEIN

GAY TALESE TELLS WHAT IT WAS REALLY LIKE TO SPEND SEVEN YEARS STUDYING THE SEXUAL MORES OF THE U.S. IN PREPARA-TION FOR HIS BLOCKBUSTER- BOOK THY NEIGHBOR'S WIFE IN A HARD-HITTING PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

"THE YEAR IN MOVIES"-THESE ARE THE AWARDS YOU WON'T SEE PRESENTED ON OSCAR NIGHT. A NEW FEATURE IN WHICH WE CELEBRATE THE THINGS WE LOVED (AND HATED) AT THE FLICKS: THE GORIEST MURDER, THE DUMBEST DEATH, THE STEAMIEST SEX, THE MOST NAUSEATING TOY, ETC.

"PAPAGENO"-TENSION MOUNTS AS AN IVY LEAGUE HIT MAN HAS TO HIDE OUT IN THE DESERT AWAITING HIS NEXT ASSIGN-MENT. A COMPELLING TALE-BY ASA BABER

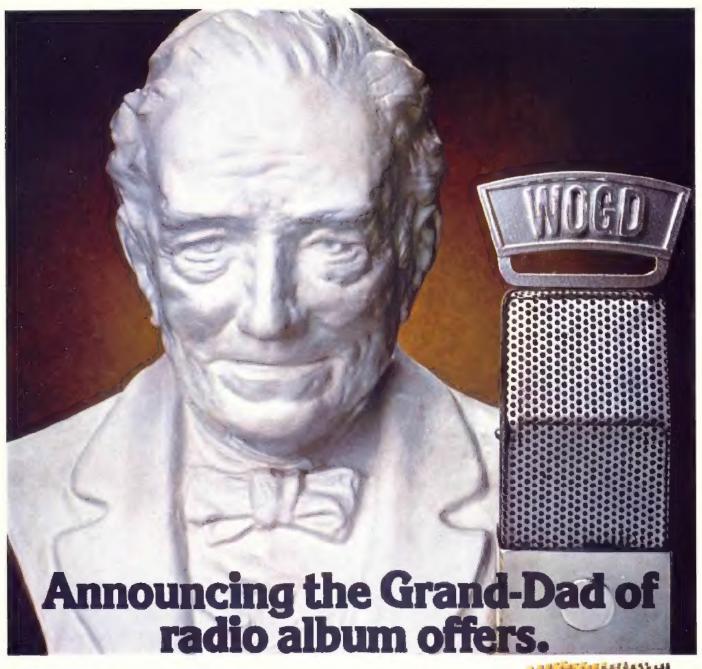
"STEWARDESSES"-WILL OUR UNVEILING OF FLIGHT ATTEND-ANTS FULFILL YOUR FONDEST FANTASIES? TUNE IN NEXT MONTH AND FIND OUT. YOU MAY BE SURPRISED. .

"THE TOUGHEST JOB IN SPORTS"-IS IT HARDER TO BE A BASEBALL CATCHER OR A HOCKEY GOALIE? WILL YOU GET ULCERS FASTER FROM DRIVING THE GRAND PRIX OR FACING ALI? JAY STULLER KNOWS-AND TELLS

"THE (SUR)REAL MISS WORLD"-WHEN LATIN LOVELY SIL-VANA SUAREZ LAID DOWN HER BEAUTY-QUEEN CROWN, SHE STEPPED INTO A MAGRITTE SUITE, A TANTALIZING PICTORIAL

"SEX IN AMERICA: BOSTON"-ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES OF ARTICLES TESTING THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF OUR CITIES. BOSTON IS A GOOD PLACE TO GET SCROD, SAYS KEN BODE

"MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE RANCH"-EVEN THE MOST CITIFIED OF DUDES CAN HAVE A BALL RIDING, ROPING AND WRANGLING AT A WESTERN GUEST RANCH, OUR TRAVEL EDI-TOR, STEPHEN BIRNBAUM, HELPS YOU CHOOSE





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That's where you'll find the order forms. If you can't find our display, send a check or money order to "Old Grand-Dad Radio Offer," Nostalgia Lane, Inc. 200 West 57th Street, New York, NY 10019. \$2.99 for records and \$3.99 for 8-tracks and cassettes. New York residents add 8% sales tax. Offer void where prohibited.

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